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LASELL LEAVES

"DUX FEMINA FACTI."

VOL. XXIV. LASELL SEMINARY, AUBURNDALE, MASS., OCTOBER, 1898. NUMBER 1.

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FRANCES G. ALLEN '99.

ASSOCIATE EDITORS.
GRACE HOUGHTON. LORENA FELLOWS '99. ELSIE BURDICK '99.

LOCAL EDITOR.
AVILA GRUBBS '99.

EXCHANGE EDITOR.
ELSIE REYNOLDS 1900.

BUSINESS MANAGER.
MABEL CURRIE '99.

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ADVERTISING RATES.

SPACE.	3 MONTHS	6 MONTHS	9 MONTHS	SPACE.	3 MONTHS	6 MONTHS	9 MONTHS
1-8 column	$2.00	$3.75	$5.00	1-2 column	$6.50	$11.00	$15.00
1-6 "	3.00	5.00	6.50	3-4 "	9.00	15.00	20.00
1-4 "	4.00	6.50	9.00	1 "	12.00	19.00	25.00

The Editors will be glad to receive from the students and Alumnæ any communications and items of interest to the school.

Editorials.

ONCE again the regular routine of school-life has commenced, and all are now settled down to their studies for the coming year. Many were the new faces we saw on the night of our return, faces that now have become familiar to us, and we hope that all the new girls by this time feel at home at Lasell. We offer you the heartiest of welcomes, to a home which those who have been here before hold very dear. May you find its pleasures many, and may our year be a very happy one for us all.

THOUGH Auburndale looked very pretty when we left it last spring, it seemed to look even lovelier when we returned and began anew our daily walks to our favorite haunts. From the radiant looks of the girls' faces on the night before school opened, we infer that all had undoubtedly had a very pleasant vacation; but notwithstanding this, on all sides one heard it said, "How good it seems to be back again!" School opened with a great deal of enthusiasm on the part of the old and the new girls.

There seems to be more tranquility this year, now that the war agitation is over, and nobody deems it necessary to keep her trunk packed so as to be ready to leave if the Spanish should come into Boston harbor, and storm the city. The newspapers are not in such great demand as they were last spring, and there is not such a wild rush for the "front page." Three papers a day, all the extras, and any news from any source, whether false or true, were then eagerly sought and circulated, while now the morning paper is read with comparative indifference and that same front page condemned as dull.

WHEELING seems to be one of the chief amusements this year. There are certainly some beautiful rides about Auburndale, which any girl with a wheel ought not to miss. The roads in the Newtons are all excellent, and then there is the boulevard, and the road to Wellesley. On a wheel one has a very good chance to acquaint oneself with the beautiful college grounds which are rather too extensive to attempt on foot. There cannot be a more lovely scene than the view across the lake from Hunnewell's gardens, in the autumn when the trees are decked in their vari-colored foliage. Probably by this time all have been on their walks to the prettiest spots in Auburndale. At this time of the year Nature is looking her best, and those that have not been to the "Look-out," to Pulsifer's, to Norumbega, and have not seen the river from the Weston bridge, should by all means visit these places before the "sunset of the year" fades out.

A Day in Rome.

LIKE most tourists who travel with a purpose, we rose early in the morning, and contrary to foreign custom ordered a hearty breakfast. We were all impatient to be off, as our program for the day was most interesting. Our morning was to be spent in St. Peter's and the Vatican; the word was given to the driver, and soon we were being rapidly conveyed through the streets of Rome.

In about half an hour we reached the Papal residence, which dates from the eighth century, and within the walk of which the present Pope, Leo XIII., lives, considering himself, they say, a prisoner. This mansion, palatial in size, if not in magnificence of exterior, contains eleven thousand chambers of varying sizes, eight grand and two hundred smaller, staircases. Our party alighted at the entrance, and being admitted by the gaily dressed Swiss guards, proceeded through long halls, and up marble staircases until we reached the Sistine Chapel. This chapel was built under Sextus IV for whom it is named, and in it take place many of the great ceremonies of the church. The walls and ceilings are beautifully frescoed by the most celebrated Florentine and Umbrian masters. The ceiling frescoes, begun by Michael Angelo, vie with the Raphael Stanze for the honor of being the greatest productions of art in any age. The ceiling forms a flattened arch, and is divided into sections. The central portion contains a series of pictures depicting the Creation, the Temptation, the Flood and the Story of Noah; in the large triangular spaces on the vaulting are the sitting figures of the Prophets and Sibyls; over the altar is Michael Angelo's great painting,—The Last Judgment; and the other three sides of the room are decorated with scenes from the New Testament.

Leaving the chapel, we visited Raphael's Stanze, a series of three rooms decorated with frescoes by the great masters for whom also they are named. The first, which is called the Stanza d'Elidora, shows the Church triumphant over her enemies, and the miracles by which her power has been demonstrated; the second, the Stanza della Segnatura, contains frescoes illustrative of Theology, Philosophy, Poetry, and Juris-

prudence; and the last, or Stanza of the Incendio del Borgo, depicts the triumphs of the Church, as seen in various events occuring in the reigns of Leo III, and Leo IV. The frescoes in each of these rooms deserve long and diligent study, but we will be obliged to defer this till another visit.

It was now necessary to leave the Vatican, and visit St. Peter's. After a walk of only a few minutes we were at the door of this famous cathedral. On pushing aside the heavy leathern curtains at one of the doors, "the interior burst upon our astonished gaze, resplendent in light, magnificence and beauty, beyond all that imagination can conceive." As we walked slowly up its long nave gleaming with the richest and rarest marbles, and caught glimpses of the many chapels, altars and tombs on each side, we were impressed more and more with its magnitude and splendor. When we reached the bronze statue of St. Peter, we followed the long established custom of devout worshipers, and with a purse in our right hand, kissed the toe of the saint, now worn smooth by the lips of thousands of devotees and sight-seers. As we were wandering about in the great church, we suddenly came to a chapel in which a service was being held, of which fact we had not been aware until we found ourselves among the worshipers. This circumstance will give some notion of the immensity of this cathedral. After spending two hours in St. Peter's we reluctantly left the glorious temple at which we had thus far taken only a glance.

In the afternoon we took a carriage and drove through the Corso. This is the principal business street in Rome, and in spite of its narrowness and bad pavements, is the finest street in the city. The stores are very small, but the goods they contain are pretty fully displayed in the show windows, making them very attractive. This street is lined with balconies which during the carnival, are filled with gay groups of maskers; and the crowds of people that frequent it at all hours of the day are as cosmopolitan as are found anywhere in Europe.

Presently we left behind us the crowds and confusion of the Corso, and reached the Piazza del Popolo. In the center of the Piazza is one of the twelve Egyptian obelisks now in Rome. This was perhaps the first object that met St. Paul's eyes as he entered the "Eternal City", by the Porto del Popolo, and still stands, a relic of bygone centuries. We continued our drive across the piazza to a winding road which leads to the summit of the Pincian, one of the seven hills of Rome. From this point the view of the city is unsurpassed. Just below us we saw the thousands of buildings huddled together,—the Castle of St. Angelo, on the bank of the Tiber; the lofty dome of St. Peter's, clearly outlined against the sky; and far in the distance, the blue hills of the Campagna. After feasting our eyes awhile on this inspiring view, we rode through the beautiful drives of the park, the place to see all the grand turnouts and the society people of Rome. Most conspicuous in the long procession, was the royal coach with its showy trappings and bright red livery. The Queen, Marguerite, drives on the Pincian every pleasant afternoon. As we saw her bowing so graciously to right and left, we did not wonder at her great popularity, or at her reputation of being the ideal Queen. We were glad to linger on the Pincian, and sip our tea in the quaint cafe, while we listened to the popular airs played by the military band.

Not far from the Pincian is the Church of Sta. Trinita de 'Monte, where we went to vespers to hear the famous choir of nuns, for whom Mendelssohn composed some of his pieces. It was a most impressive service, and as the last rays of the setting sun fell across the crucifix on the high altar, the exquisite voices of the unseen choir filled the church with the divine strains of the Ave Maria. This was the fitting end to our never to be forgotten day in Rome.

C. S. B.

ANACHRONISMS OF PAINTERS.

In the gallery of the convent of the Jesuits at Lisbon, there is a picture representing Adam in Paradise, dressed in blue breeches with silver buckles ; and Eve with a striped petticoat. In the distance appears a procession of Capuchin monks bearing the cross.

In a country church in Holland there is a painting representing the sacrifice of Isaac, in which the painter has depicted Abraham with a blunderbuss in his hand ready to shoot his son. In Spain they have a picture of the same incident, in which the patriarch is armed with a pistol.

At Windsor, there is a painting by Antonio Verrio, in which the artist has introduced the portraits of himself and two titled gentlemen of his time,—all in long periwigs, as spectators of Christ healing the sick.

A painter of Toledo, in representing the three wise men of the East coming to the Nativity, depicted three Arabian or Indian kings, two of them white and one black, and all in a kneeling posture. The position of the legs of each figure not being very distinct, he inadvertently painted three black feet for the negro king, and but three white ones to serve for the two white kings, and did not discover his error until the picture was hung.

In another picture of the Nativity is introduced a multitude of little figures finished with true Dutch exactitude. One is accourted in boots and spurs, and another is holding up as a present a little model of a Dutch ship.

In the same collection is a picture of the martyrdom of Saint Stephen, by LeSœur, showing the martyr attired in vestments of a Roman priest at high mass. —*Ex.*

—When the leaves begin to turn.—The day before examination.—*Ex.*

ECONOMY THAT PROVED FATAL.

Years ago, a high granite block was built in Boston. When it was completed, it was considered one of the best blocks in the city. To all appearance, it was as lasting as the granite of which it was built. Tenants were numerous. The builders had the utmost faith in it. They could " pile it full of pig lead." But, alas! before it was half stocked with goods, it went down, filling the street with stones, bricks, broken timbers and bales of goods; and several persons were killed. We saw the block when completed ; we saw it in ruins. Why did it fall? Down in the cellar were a few feet of an old wall ; and to save a few dollars, it was left ; and, when the enormous weight of the structure commenced to bear upon it, it could not stand the pressure, and the entire block fell in ruins. A hundred or two hundred dollars' worth of work saved in the foundation was over a hundred thousand dollars' loss in the end, and that was a trifle in comparison with the lives sacrificed which no money could replace.

The Pemberton Mill, at Lawrence, Massachusetts, fell while in full operation. The ruins accidentally took fire, and one hundred and twenty-five lives were sacrificed. It was the result of the grossest carelessness on the part of the superintendent, or master-builder. Iron columns were put in that were defective in casting. They were thin as paper on one side, and as thick as a plank on the other, when they should have been true to a hair-line all around. When the pressure came upon them, they were quickly broken. All this came by trying to save a little money by getting work done cheaply. No man can afford to cheat himself in the foundation. So it is in character building. Everyone must look to the foundation. If that is defective, he cannot be very strong, and may fall at an unexpected moment.

—Cold comfort--Overcoat.—*Ex.*

THE LACK OF THE AGE.

The great lack of the age is want of thoroughness. How seldom you find a young man or woman who is willing to prepare for his life-work. A little education is all they want, a little smattering of books, and then they are ready for business.

Not long ago, a professor in one of our universities had a letter from a young woman in the West, asking him if he thought she could teach elocution, if she should come to the university and take twelve lessons.

But, as Pope says,—

> A little learning is a dangerous thing;
> Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring;
> There, shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
> And drinking largely sobers us again.

"Confidence is conquerer of men; victorious both over them and in them;
The iron will of one stout heart shall make a thousand quail;
A feeble dwarf, dauntlessly resolved, will turn the tide of battle,
And rally to a nobler strife the giants that had fled."

Locals.

—It was very encouraging to notice with what promptness the girls arrived this year. By Tuesday evening nearly half had assembled and the tardy list has been comparatively small. Wednesday evening, an orchestra played throughout the dinner hour, and afterwards in the gymnasium, lending a more pleasant social character to the evening and thus fathering the new girls in their efforts to become acquainted, and to throw off the feeling of strangeness in the enjoyment of the hour.

—On Thursday evening, the fifteenth of the month, we were glad to welcome Col. Homer B. Sprague, who delivered a lecture on "Shakespeare's Crown and Scepter." To those who had heard Col. Sprague before, the lecture demonstrated anew his power and charm as a speaker; and to those who had not, it came as a new and unlooked-for pleasure, and an earnest of what is yet to come.

—On Saturday afternoon Mr. Bragdon took a large party to visit Bunker Hill and the navy yards. Although the weather was threatening, the trip was much enjoyed, and a good view was obtained from the top of the monument by those who were energetic enough to attempt the climb.

—Tuesday morning, September 20th, we were pleased to see among us again our former pastor and teacher, Dr. Steele, who offered the morning prayer. Later in the week the seniors expected to give an informal reception in his honor, inviting all those who had known Dr. Steele during the years which he spent here, but unfortunately a previous engagement of his denied the class this pleasure.

—This year there has been a change in the Shakespeare class, Dr. Rolfe being here only once a month, while Miss Wilder, a Shakesperian scholar under Dr. Rolfe, occupies the chair on the remaining three Thursdays in the month. The class this year is quite large, and will surely profit by the united efforts of both teachers.

—Another new member of the faculty to whom the LEAVES extends a welcome is Mr. G. M. Winslow, who has charge of the science department, so long under the care of Mr. Rich. Mr. Winslow prepared for college at Lyndon Institute, Vermont; was graduated A. B. from Tufts in 1895; held the Olmstead Fellowship in natural history for the next two years, and last year continued his post graduate studies, taking Ph.D. in Biology, June, 1898. Prof. Rich expects to do some special studying at the Johns Hopkins University. Not only do we welcome Mr. Winslow, but extend our best wishes to Mr. Rich in whatever work he may hereafter take up.

—Despite several preceding days of disagreeable weather, Monday, September 26th,

proved to be an ideal day for the Nantasket trip, and many of the new girls improved this opportunity to get a glimpse of this beach, and to enjoy an ocean ride.

—Sunday, September 20th, we were given an opportunity of hearing Rev. John Clifford of England who preached in Tremont Temple, Boston. Many expected to attend but on account of the rain and a slight misunderstanding as to the trains, the party was comparatively small. Those who went, however, were amply repaid, the sermon being exceedingly fine.

—At the first meeting of the missionary society, Sunday, September 18th, Miss Ruth Sites, a returned missionary, gave an interesting account of her work in heathen China and telling us also many new things of Marguerite, who was once a student at Lasell. At the Christian Endeavor meeting the following Sunday, Dr. Clark, founder of the Young Peoples' society, addressed the girls, giving them an earnest talk upon the duties and privileges of the "Christian Endeavor," or of any Christian. It was a helpful and sympathetic address and lent inspiration and up-lifting to all who heard. By the efforts of these two speakers, many new members were brought into both societies.

—Mr. Harry Russ is also a new member of the faculty and will this year have charge of the art department. He was born in Boston and studied there at the school of drawing and painting, before continuing his work abroad. In Paris he studied at the Julien Academy under Constant, then in private studio work under Bonnat. In the salon of '89 Mr. Russ exhibited some of his work. He now has a studio at 246 Boylston street, Boston.

—Rubber stamps "A" and "G" of small size, and an "A" of larger size, were found here in the Seminary. If any one wants them, let her send postage.

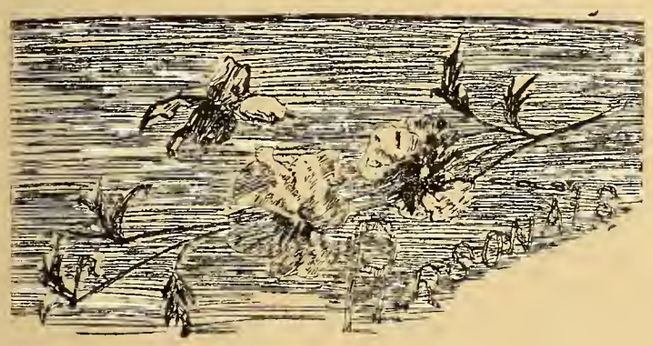
LIST OF THE NEW GIRLS.

Albrecht, Carrie V.	Miamisburg, O.
Allen, Edith K.	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Bailey, Edith L.	Streator, Ill.
Barber, Ethlyn F.,	Milford, N. H.
Barnes, Edith M.	Pittsburg, Pa.
Betts, Cora M.	Jefferson, O.
Boles, Maude	Cambridge, Mass.
Brewer, Florence	Duluth, Minn.
Brown, Frances A.	Rockford, Ill.
Browse, Frances L.	Grape Island, W. Va.
Campbell, Bessie A.	Cheney, Kansas.
Campbell, Helen M.	Peoria, Ill.
Cole, Marion	Chester, Ill.
Cook, Daisy B.	Peoria, Ill.
Cornell, Ethel S.	Chicago, Ill.
Courtnay, Irene G.	Lincoln, Neb.
Dudley, Therese	Washington, D. C.
Dustin, Edith	Gloucester, Mass.
Eaton, Emily A.	Denver, Colo.
Eckhouse, Jessie F.	Indianapolis, Ind.
Ellenbogen, Elsie T.	Paterson, N. J.
Ellwood, Sally E.	Sycamore, Ill.
Fisher, Margaret E.	Red Oak, Ia.
Flaherty, Agnes E.	Massena, N. Y.
Ford, Elizabeth M.	Rochester, N. Y.
Fry, Anna D.	Vermillion, S. D.
Gamwell, Mabelle C.	Pittsfield, Mass.
Hammond, Clarissa D.	Lyons, N. Y.
Harris, Evie L.	Orange, Mass.
Hart, Edith L. C.	Newark, N. J.
Hasbrouck, Helena J.	Kingston, N. Y.
Hills, Maude L.	Jefferson, O.
Hitchcock, Elizabeth W.	Chicago, Ill.
Hodsdon, Mary E.	Centre Ossipee, N. H.
Horstmeyer, Nellie E. L.	Schenectady, N. Y.
Johnson, Florence G.	Muncie, Ind.
Kemp, Jessie C.	Lansingburgh, N. Y.
Kothe, Emilie	Indianapolis, Ind.
Lair, Sue T.	New Castle, Pa.
Levi, Thekla E.	Paterson, N. J.
Lord, Georgiana R. W.	Irvington-on-Hudson, N. Y.
Marsh, Susie L.	Bayside, R. I.
Martin, Mabel	Springfield, O.
Maxwell, Jennie G.	Chicago, Ill.
Meagher, Mary B.	Mankato, Minn.
Metcalf, Bertha L.	Plainville, Mass.
Moore, Ethel	Clayton, N. J.
Muth, Lucy A.	Cincinnati, O.
Myer, Lillian	Columbia, Mo.
Nickerson, Bessie C.	Leominster, Mass.
Pinkham, Annie M.	Haverhill, Mass.
Porter, Rhoda E.	Port Huron, Mich.
Raymond, Eva S.	Salem, Mass.
Reed, Mary B.	Milford, Pa.
Risser, Bessie	Kankakee, Ill.
Robbins, Clara W.	Nashua, N. H.
Smith, Mary A.	Wheeling, W. Va.
Smith, Sarah E.	Kansas City, Mo.
Snow, Elizabeth W.	Greenfield, Mass.
Spalding, Ella M.	Sioux City, Ia.
Stewart, Adeline M.	Rockford, Ill.
Taylor, Alice R.	Buffalo, N. Y.

Thompson, Florence N.	Wareham, Mass.
Thompson, Margaret E.	Oshkosh, Wis.
Thompson, Sarah M.	Malone, N. Y.
Waite, Eleanor J.	West Newton, Mass.
Walker, Lelia A.	Milford, Mass.
Watts, Hortense E.	Sewickley, Pa.
White, Katharine V.	Parkersburg, W. Va.
Wilber, Florence B.	Peoria, Ill.
Woodbury, Elsie O.	Beverly, Mass.
Woodward, Mabel E.	Batavia, N. Y.

NUMBER FROM EACH STATE.

Massachusetts,	29	Minnesota,	3
New York,	18	Nebraska,	3
Illinois,	15	West Virginia,	3
Pennsylvania,	11	Rhode Island,	2
Ohio,	9	Wisconsin,	2
Maine,	8	Colorado,	1
Missouri,	6	District of Columbia,	1
Connecticut,	5	Kansas,	1
Indiana,.	5	Michigan,	1
New Jersey,	5	South Dakota,	1
Iowa,	4	Vermont,	1
New Hampshire,	4		
		Total,	138
West of Hudson,	84	West of Chicago,	36
East of Hudson,	54	East of Chicago,	102



—News comes of the engagement of Blanche Ford to Mr. Arthur B. Emmick of Toledo.

—Gertrude Taggart writes that Bess Bailey visited her during the May Musical Festival. Good times then, though all too short. The Taggart family are her captives, and even her photograph is not allowed to be any one's individual possession, but belongs to all. Lillian Taggart is not very strong. Flora Ketcham, too, is hardly so well as she ought to be. Too much practice, Gertrude thinks, but out door life will remedy the evil. Avila Grubbs was in Indianapolis awhile during the summer, and was seen of the Taggarts. Gertrude also reports having seen Annie Young at Bay View, Michigan, during the summer, and gives Lasell greeting and best wishes for success this present year, as in others. Thanks!

—From Nettie Fulton a nice long letter. She speaks of having seen Miss Tappan last winter, also Miss Richardson, another of our teachers whom many Lasell girls remember with pleasure. Sadie, Nettie's daughter, has been attending Carleton College for a year, and is turning her eyes Lasellward, may come, perhaps, another year. Some winters ago, she and her mother were several months in New Orleans, and liked it so well that they may go again soon. The latter says that she had a pleasant visit, some two years ago,from Eva Morgan, whom she calls the salt of the earth. Jessie McMillen's father has died, so that now her mother has charge of Jessie's two little girls —children of her first marriage.

—Grace Loud has just returned from Ossipee, N. H., where she whiled away part of the vacation days. Ethel has been visiting Bessie Roper at Lake Sunapee, same state.

—Milla Anderson, we hear, is attending a training school for nurses in Palmyra, Wis. She is well, and though doubtless entering heartily into her new work, "thinks with longing of Lasell and Lasell friends."

—Martha Baker and her mother have been settling a home for themselves and the rest of the family at Wellfleet, Mass. At the time of her letter Captain Baker and two of Martha's brothers were yet to come, but the third brother was already with them. He went, she says, to Cuba twice on the dispatch boats,—once before the big sea-fight, and again "on the smoking Oquendo, slew some roasted Spaniards, and brought back some Spanish bullets." Capt. Baker has had some trouble about the Belvidere, but expects ultimately to accomplish his purpose in the matter. Martha sends us a proof of the ship taken as she lay on the

rocks of Cuba. We are glad to have this, as the Belvidere case is very interesting to us.

—Nan Watson's father has married again. Nan is now visiting in Chicago.

—Zella Robinson took an A. B. at the Ohio State University last spring. Shows pluck.

—Gertrude Early Potts is one of the faculty of the Detroit Conservatory of Music. She teaches drawing there,—school-room drawing and color work. She teaches also, as before, charcoal drawing, china painting, and painting in both oil and water-color. Together with this information she sends us a prospectus of her work, and a clipping which shows that her abilities are receiving public recognition there. Perhaps there are those who would like to know her address. It is, Studio, 18 Van Huson Building, No. 106 Miami avenue, Detroit.

—Lillie Potter writes that her mother, who had been seriously ill, was recovering, and that they expected to come East again soon. She sends also clipping of an interesting patriotic service in the First M. E. Church, in the program of which appears her own name.

—Irene Thomas has been seriously ill, and has not yet wholly recovered, though we are hoping to hear this good news from her very soon.

—Maud L. Stone, who called at Lasell during the summer, writes from Hinsdale, N. H., that her summer work at Cambridge was successful, that she expected to spend the following Saturday and Sunday with her father in St. Louis, and to return to her work as director of physical culture in the State Normal, at Emporia, Kan., September 5th. She is bound to be at the front. Mame Hathaway has developed, she says, into a strong, sweet-souled woman. Maud visited Mame during the summer, enjoying the visit greatly. By the way, Maude has now an assistant, and her salary has been increased to $1200.

—Dessie Milliken Bevans says that Dr. Bevans went to the war as one of the surgeons of the Fifth Regiment of Illinois—first assistant surgeon. He returned in September and was soon to be mustered out of service. Dessie "stayed home and kept house" and cared for her little five-year-old Dorothy, and wee Stuart, of six months. She promises us their photos soon.

—From Fräulen Stuven came in July a card of greeting from "Deutschland," the card loyally ornamented with a picture of "die drei ältesten kaiserl, Prinzen," the jaunty looking little fellows. She is with us again now, and gives her greetings personally, without doing this honor to her little princelings.

—After their home-coming in June, Nelle Robertson and Elizabeth had each the pleasure of being formally presented in society, at a brilliant reception given in their respective homes, Virginia, Ill., and Jacksonville, Ill. Beautiful floral decorations, lovely music, throngs of guests—everything necessary to complete the success of a "coming out," was theirs. Among the guests were Ettiemay Pierson and her mother, and Daisy Null, who were visiting Kathryn.

—Frâulein Roth did go abroad this summer, as she proposed, notwithstanding the Spanish war. Miss Orton, Miss Webb, and herself made a very pleasant party, we are sure.

—Susie Montgomery sent us in June an invitation to the commencement exercises of Wilson College, on the occasion of her graduation.

—Mary Fisher Buffington is a happy home maker, as well as housekeeper, for her husband, two little folks, father and grandmother. She promises a picture of the children, and says that she saw Lois Soule

Smith and her two children, a short time before the date of her letter. Lois' little ones are a small maiden of two years, and a little boy, now some four or five months old.

—Mary Noyes Starrett (Mrs. Frederick L. Starrett) lives now in Malden, Mass.,—Main street and Wilson avenue. She sends kindly greetings to Lasell. Thanks.

—Edith Partridge Thomas and her husband have established a home for themselves in Montclair, near Denver, having as she says, "chosen to be country people." "We have a fine view of the mountains from Pike's Peak in the south to Long's Peak in the north." The cars make a trip into the city very easy and convenient, and the neighborhood is a delightful one. With the letter come photographs of two lovely children,—Dorothy, a sweet laughing little elf of two years, and Donald, a round-cheeked, alert looking little fellow of five months. Welcome additions both to our album of grandchildren.

—Carlotta Elling goes West this fall with her family to San Diego, Cal., for the winter. She expects to return to us next year, she says. Inez Hill visited her during the summer. Carlotta pleads for a Lasell in California. Ah! but *then* she'd be going south, wouldn't she?

—Ida Phillips, class of '77, was here in the summer, and called with Mrs. Bragdon, and Lizzie Whipple, of Wellesley. Both of Lizzie's sisters are engaged in philanthropic work in Boston.

—Mrs. Frank A. Siberling (Gertrude Penfield) has a little boy born July 3rd.

—Mildred Faxon had the sad experience of losing two very dear friends by the dreadful wreck of the Bourgoyne. Twin daughters of a Mr. Perry of the city, who with their mother, brother and sister were on their way to Paris. All, we understand, were lost. A heart crushing blow, certainly.

—From the Crawfordsville (Ind.) *Journal* is sent us a clipping containing a description of a fine musical entertainment given July 21st, by the Crawfordsville Musical Amateurs, at Lafayette. Among those who thus delightfully entertained the folk of Lafayette, was Edna Dice, of Lazell '92, who captivated her listeners in "Ah, 'tis a Dream," and in "May time." May Kline, also a member of this club, sang a soprano solo with fine effect, on the same occasion.

—Willie Kennedy, here in '86–'87, called this summer with her father and mother. She has studied art in New York since leaving us, and says that the pictures at Lasell first suggested it to her. Has been in Europe a good deal.

—Carolyn Ebersole's father and mother, and niece Florence, respectively of Avondale and Walnut Hills, O., spent a week with Mr. and Mrs. Bragdon in the summer.

—Laura Munger Ninde sends a bewitching picture of her four babies,—Murray, Charles, Emily and Jane, all bright, wide-awake looking little people.

—From Julia Hogg Powell comes a picture of her little Margaret, contentedly snuggled up in the arms of her father; frank and open little face, she has lit up with a most winsome smile. Julia, we learn, has now a little son.

—It is an old saying, perhaps, but one the truth of which is continually being demonstrated anew, that that is the most valued which costs the most. In college life especially is this seen, where those who give most earnest endeavor to securing an education reap the most valuable results, and appreciate most justly the training thus gained. We should estimate the cost of such things as this, not by money paid, but by personal effort put forth, since it is this alone which brings the results aimed at. In our own school, last year, one of the five who stood highest in scholarship was of

that plucky number who are so bravely winning their own way through. All honor to her, and to all of like metal!

—From Mrs. Henry D. Kerr (Grace Ackerly) of Huntington, L. I., was received a tiny card bearing the name of Margaret Jane Kerr, born May 22 of this year.

—Emily Bissell had, during the summer, a delightful trip abroad, visiting Norway and Sweden, Russia, Germany, France, and of course, England.

—Edith Howe and Beulah Smith have exchanged visits recently. Edith spent part of her summer among the mountains of New York, where she had fine times, we hear.

—Emeline Carlisle gave us the pleasure of a little visit when she came North with her sister Anna, who entered Wellesley this year. It was good to see her again, and chat with her about old times and new.

—Gertrude Burdsal is at Ann Arbor University now and likes it amazingly. Her address is 720 South State street. She is ambitious of a new diploma, which is to be hers, they say, in June. During the summer she saw Alvina Chase, Jessica Talbot and Ephra Vogelsang,—the last two in Chicago, Alvina in Sandusky. Gertrude was a bridesmaid at a friend's wedding in Cleveland, before going to the University.

—Edith Dresser is now in Charlotte, N.C. She is studing music, and is a member of a Shakespeare club. She says that the inhabitants of Charlotte, formerly Mecklenburg, insist that the Declaration of Independence was first drawn up in their town, May 20, 1775, and they celebrate this day instead of the Fourth of July.

—Nellie Feagles has been enjoying a visit from Zella Robinson, who has been East since July, looks extremely well, and is evidently having a very good time of it these days.

—Lucia Shumway visited Clara Krome and Nora Burroughs last summer.

—Edith Blair and Katharine McDowell are to visit Lestra Hibberd soon, if indeed they are not already with her.

—Kittie Pennell, it is said, is engaged.

—Clara Roesing Taylor has a wee daughter,—Louise.

—Anna Warner spent part of her summer with relatives in Pennsylvania, and part in Atlantic City. Anna's brother returned recently from a trip abroad, and by the same steamer that brought Elizabeth Stephenson back to "home and native land." A year abroad is in store for Anna herself, so she tells us.

—Through the medium of the LEAVES Mr. Bragdon desires to assure his girls, both of the past and the present, that he has no intention of leaving Lasell, now or ever.

—Bessie Shepherd is this year teaching German and French in Illinois Wesleyan University, Bloomington, Ill. With so good a preparation as she has received, and her fine personal qualities, she cannot fail of success.

--Mrs. Charles E. Warrens (Josephine Steel) is now living at 450 Montgomery street, Portland, Or. Mrs. Carrie, she writes us, is having a fine time, at present in the Harz mountains.

—Mae Burr writes us from her home in Lincoln, Neb., a pleasant, cheery letter expressing her fondness for her old school home, and promising us a visit some day.

—Another "Lasell reunion," in Crawfordsville. This time the reunited ones were Edna Dice, May Kline, Mary and Caroline Thompson, and Frances Wood. The occasion of the reunion was a pleasant little dinner party given by Mary and Caroline. Lasell memories awakened by the chat about by-gone times, brought it to pass that they

wrote Mr. Bragdon a letter about it all, which he was glad to receive.

—Bessie Bailey and Margaret have perfected their plans for going to Germany this fall, for a year of study. At the time of Bess' letter, they expected to leave September 29. They were going with two ladies from Knightstown, Indiana, one of whom is Eva Kennard's cousin. Bess thought they'd go to Leipzig, but was not quite sure.

—Maude Littlefield sent us word of her engagement to Mr. Baillard, the baritone singer of New York. They were to be married in September, and are to live in Brooklyn. [Our congratulations.] Maude spent the summer at Lake George, and often saw Charlotte White, since she was quite near Glens Falls.

—Here are a number of addresses, which it may be convenient for some of our readers to have: Jennie Myrick, 7 St. John street, Jamaica Plain, Mass. Mrs. Winnie Wagner (Minnie Ransom,) Depew, N. Y. Lila Warren, 328 Putnam ave., Brooklyn.

—Lila Warren, by the way, visited Georgiana Adams at Roxbury, not long since, and both called.

—Jennie Rich is teaching in the high school at Berlin, N. H., and is a splendid teacher.

—Lotta Procter is teaching at Hingham, Mass.

—Dorothy Chapman, living in Evanston, has two fine sons.

—Jessie Hunter Rouse and Mollie Taylor Rathburn are both keeping house in Toledo, and are very happy. Mabel Case expects to visit Mollie this winter. Alice Kimball is visiting Edith Knight now.

—Ethel Walton was present at Fannie Gibson's wedding. It was a home wedding, a quiet one, only a few near relatives and close friends being present.

—Bessie Legg is very busy studying at Worcester high school. She was greatly pleased to be able to enter the junior class there.

—Flora Allen, now at her home in Brookfield, Mass., writes her friends that she has very pleasant memories of her year at Lasell.

—Mrs. James E. Evetts (Elizabeth Davis) is, we hear, very happy in her home in Chicago. She has lately written to one of the girls.

—Luella Houghton is at home—Red Oak, Ia., and is going to take a position as typewriter in her father's bank.

News of May Emery's engagement to Mr. Washington Yale of Minneapolis, Minn, has reached us. Mr. Yale is a rising young lawyer, who finished his law course at the University of Minnesota.

—Ella Cotton and Mabel Currie spent the last two weeks of vacation with Marretta Sisson, at her home in Binghamton, N. Y.

—LeRoy, N. Y., rejoiced last summer in the presence of five Lasell girls at once,—Mabel Currie, Marietta Sisson, Ethelyn Prentice, Ione Tucker and Anna Wells. How these nice little reunions continually recur, all over the land! Indiana, Colorado, Pennsylvania, New York,—what state has not had now and then that delightful thing, a Lasell reunion?

—Gertrude May is visiting Alice Conant.

—Beulah DeForest spent part of her summer with Ella Brightman.

—Jennie Maxwell saw Emma and Blanche Goll in Chicago, before she came East. They were well.

—Elfleda Bond has been visiting Mary and Caroline Thompson.

—We are sorry to say good-bye to Mr. Rich, this year, but his plans of study call

him to Johns Hopkins where he expects to devote himself chiefly to his specialties of physiology, hygiene, and food values, in which he has already made no little advancement. We wish him all success.

—Elizabeth Stephenson is to christen the United States battleship Wisconsin, so we learn, through reports both of friends and of the press. The *Evening Wisconsin* of October first has her picture, together with an extended notice of Elizabeth's election to perform this distinguished service, and a descriptive sketch of her. What fame for one so young! She will do the honor with grace and charm, we are certain.

—Among our summer callers was Mrs. E. P. Nettleton, Mary E. Tuaker '55–'56, whom we were glad to see; as also Mrs. John B. Dougan of Richmond, Ind., our Helen Scott of former years.

—Anna Howe Shipley writes us a pleasant letter, part of which she devotes to the subject of a school for her young daughters, inclining naturally to her own old school, Lasell. It is a significant fact that Lasell's hold upon her girls does not relax with the ending of their school days.

—Jennie Myrick and Alma Widstrand came to see us one bright October day, and took dinner. Glad they made us even so short a visit. They will come again and tarry longer we hope.

—That "Lasell reunion" of six in Crawfordsville resulted in a pleasant letter from Caroline Thompson, in which she enclosed a charming photograph of the whole party, standing valiantly in line, Frances Wood leading the van and Elfleda Bond bringing up the rear. Thanks girls! It's a very good picture of every one of you. Caroline says that Mary is singing in one of the best churches in the town, taking the place of Edna Dice in the quartette, while Edna has a fine position in an Indianapolis choir. Caroline is herself assistant to the organist of her own church. We are sorry to learn of the illness of Caroline's grandfather.

—Margaret Stewart, now Mrs. Harry S. Waite, called with her husband, to see us a few days since. She is very much the same Margaret as in bygone days.

—Julia Wolfe, (Mrs. George Harkness) is living at No. 4252a Cook ave., St. Louis, Mo.

—Lasell's Principal has been fully and delightfully repaid for spending the entire summer in Auburndale. First, not foremost, by the delicious quiet beauty of the village, and its attractive drives; second, by the calls of an unusual number of Lasell girls and their friends. Mabel Lutes and her mother, who are settled for the present in Newtonville; Grace Washburn, who was not too busy to come over more than once, and has helped much in opening; Gertrude Watson and a friend of *long standing* (six feet, three inches); Mildred Faxon, who brought Martha Kertley—a friend of Gertrude Jones and of her—and Master Nanson to chaperone the ladies, and who ran away without giving me a chance to say good-bye; Blanche Ford of Toledo, whose serious accident is referred to in another column, and her aunt, Mrs. Ford, with whom she has been spending the summer at Rockland, Me.; Mattie Baker, who found time to run up from Wellfleet about Carpenter Hall (if Martha takes hold of it, I think it will go through); Katie Gibbons Ashenden, who brought Tommy Scott, of Paris, Texas, to see where his friends Della and Etta and Nora Fowler went to school. [By the way, you see elsewhere what has "happened" to Dorothy, the sister.]

Zella Robinson, who has been summering at Swampscott, came twice, once with her aunts and cousins, one of whom has since given us the pleasure of Bessie Campbell's company; Ella Wassemer Martindale of Minneapolis, who has had the care of her family of five at Swampscott; Abbie Goodale, principal of one of the schools in Du-

luth, Minn.; Ida Clark of Salem, O., and her sister, Mrs. Prof. Luquiens, of Yale, on their way to Waterville, N. H.; Mrs. Henrietta Myer, here in Mr. Briggs' time.

Avila Grubbs, Ethel Johnson, Josephine Milliken and Elise Scott came to greet new girls Tuesday, and Mabel Lutes, Grace Washburn, Nellie Feagles, Mary Johnson, May Emery, Ruth Crandall and Belle Bragdon kindly came on Tuesday to make them feel at home.

Alice and Una Cole came to see their sister settled, who is taking their place in the ranks.

Besides these were others elsewhere mentioned.

—Jessie Law, who has been teaching in Plymouth, teaches this year in North Adams, having obtained there a more advanced position. We hope she will find her new work as pleasant and congenial as was the old.

—Miss Elizabeth Stephenson, who was recently selected by Governor Schofield to christen the battleship Wisconsin, has had a narrow escape from death in the lava beds of Mount Vesuvius. Miss Stephenson, accompanied by her sister Harriet, Miss Charlotte Holmes of Menominee, Mich., and Mrs. Frederick C. Austin and Miss Marion Austin of Chicago, was visiting in Naples. The party started toward the volcano early in the afternoon, and en route engaged three Italians who represented themselves as official guides. The Italians proved anything but guides, and the party lost their way. All night they wandered, frequently having narrow escapes from a terrible death in the boiling streams of lava coming from the crater above. At daybreak they got back to the road and reached their hotel almost exhausted. All the ladies are said to have been painfully scorched and almost exhausted from inhaling sulphurous gases.

—Hattie Freebey is teaching this year in Cook County, Ill. She has opened a night-school, or wrote that she was to do so very soon. She will make it "go," of course, she makes everything do that. Her little twelve-year-old sister wrote, she says, an essay on the war, that was published in the *Los Angeles Times*, and coming to the notice of an officer stationed at Manilla, called forth his admiration to such an extent that he wrote the child a letter, to tell her how well she had done. Hattie's address is Chicago Heights, Ill., p. o. box 187.

PASSED AWAY.

—Mrs. Susan G. Jones, last year our preceptress, died on September 15th, at the residence of her son, Mr. Lewis B. Jones, of Rochester, N. Y. More is given concerning this sad occurrence, in this column.

—Maud Shurtleff, we are grieved to hear, has lost her father, Mr. Stephen C. Shurtleff, who died at his home in Montpelier, Vt., August 27th. Mr. Shurtleff was a man of influence and reputation in Montpelier, honored, admired, and loved by his townsmen. Our sympathies are with his bereaved family.

Mrs. Jones.

To those of us who knew Mrs. Jones, our dear friend and preceptress of last year, but had not heard of her illness during the summer, the news of her death must have come with a sudden and exquisitely painful shock. We who returned this year learned with deep regret that she was sick and unable to be in her accustomed place, yet we hoped before a great while to see her cheery face and have the comfort of her presence again among us. How sadly that hope was quenched, when on Friday after school opened came the news of her death, following hard upon a telegram of cordial greeting from herself to us on Thursday! A brave,

true, sweet spirit had for a little while cheered and helped us, then gone on its way, leaving us with a deep sense of personal bereavement.

In very few of all we meet and mingle with do we find so sincere and earnest a desire to help, so truly sympathetic and friendly a spirit as was hers. It is impossible that she could ever have spent a week in any one place without winning to herself friends, attracted and held by the sweetness of her disposition and the power of her personality. Wherever she was known, there she was and is loved, and there abides the influence of this gracious hearted woman, such an influence as multiplies, and shall never finish. We may truthfully say of her that none ever came to her seeking sympathy and counsel without receiving of her best and sincerest; and hers was the helping that looks not alone to the present need, but to the future growth, to the shaping of a truer and nobler character, to the broadening and deepening, the strengthening and enriching of the personal life. Such help is help indeed, and a debt never to be repaid. We subjoin a brief sketch of Mrs. Jones's life :

Mrs. Susan George Jones was born at Lima, N. Y., where she received in part her education, being a graduate of Genesee Wesleyan Seminary. After her graduation she chose teaching for her work, a vocation for which she was exceptionally well qualified, being "a teacher in the highest sense of the word, which includes the guide and counsellor." For years she was preceptress at Dansville Seminary; she served in the same capacity as well as that of teacher, a long time at the Hackettstown Centenary Collegiate Institute, and was one year at the Woman's College in Baltimore, from which she came to Lasell Besides this, she taught in many of the district schools of the county in which was her home, and there are many of her old pupils here who still remember with gratitude her efforts in their behalf.

While teaching in Dansville Seminary she made the acquaintance of Professor Joseph Jones, the president of the school, whom she married after having taught there two years. A short but happy married life of seven years followed, and then came the death of her husband. There was one child, a son. After Mr. Jones's death she again began teaching, and to prepare herself the more fully, took a post graduate course, and afterwards a year of study in Germany. Always with her teaching and study went hand in hand. Literature, psychology, and French were the branches to which she gave especial attention. Her work both as teacher and preceptress was always such as to win for her the sincerest commendation and to give her a strong and wholesome influence over those she taught and guided.

The funeral services took place on Sunday, September 18, at the residence of her son, in Rochester, where she died ; the interment at Dansville, where her husband was buried. From Lasell Mr. Bragdon and Miss Hotchkiss attended the funeral, though many of us who were not able to be there in body, were present in spirit,—in loving memories, and saddened hearts, for we felt that we had lost a dear, dear friend.

MARRIED.

Florence Evelyn Bailey to Samuel B. Dorman, on Tuesday, June 28th, at St. Paul, Minnesota. Their address is Finca de la Florencia, San Juan Evangelista, Vera Cruz, Mexico.

Jean Edgerton to Carl Henry Hovey, on Wednesday, June 29th, at Charleston, South Carolina.

Alice Gano Beesley to Lester Burbank Bradaham, on Thursday, September 1st, at Denver, Colorado. Their address is 2025 Olive avenue, Park Hill, after November first.

Dorothy Fowler, sister of Della and Etta, to Edward Gibson Gibbons, on Wednesday, September 14th, at Paris, Texas. Their address is 518 Bonham street, Paris, Texas.

Frances L. Gibson to Ernest R. Woodbury, August 18th at North Conway, N. H.

Jean Hart to Edmund Powell Allison, on Wednesday, October 5th, at Halifax, Nova Scotia. They will live at Oakville, N. W. A.

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With Mushrooms. With Parsley.
Scrambled Eggs. Boiled Eggs.
Currie and Rice. Cucumber Salad.
Potatoes.
Lyonaise and Sauté.

French Rolls. Graham Rolls.
Coffee. English Breakfast Tea. Milk.

It bears on the reverse side a singularly interesting statement of the regulations regarding meals. This we give also, for its interest to the students of the English department:

Gentlemen who come in ward-room not say anything about their meals they will be charged for, and if they should say beforehand that they are going out to breakfast or dinner, are if they say that they not have anything to eat, they will be charged, and if not so, they will be charged, or, unless they bring it to the notice of the caterer, and should they want to say anything, they must order the caterer for, and not any one else, and unless they not bring it to the notice of the caterer they will be charged for the least things according to hotel rate, and no fuss will be allowed afterward about it. Should any gentleman take electric-lamp or candle-light from the ward-room, they must pay for it without any dispute its charges. Monthly gentlemen will have to pay the fixed rate made with them at the time, and should they absent day in the month, they will not be allowed to deduct anything out of it, because the caterer takes from them less rate than the usual rate of monthly charge.

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VOL. XXIV. LASELL SEMINARY, AUBURNDALE, MASS., NOVEMBER, 1898. NUMBER 2.

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1-8 column	$2.00	$3.75	$5.00	1-2 column	$6.50	$11.00	$15.00
1-6 "	3.00	5.00	6.50	3-4 "	9.00	15.00	20.00
1-4 "	4.00	6.50	9.00	1 "	12.00	19.00	25.00

The Editors will be glad to receive from the students and Alumnæ any communications and items of interest to the school.

Editorials.

ONE can hardly realize how many difficulties beset the path of the business manager of a school paper, until he has had actual experience in this line of work. There are many schools and colleges in and near Boston, and since in most cases each has its own monthly publication, there is much demand for advertisements. We feel sure that all in our own school will gladly help the LEAVES manager as much as possible to secure easily these necessary "ads," and for this reason we give you this suggestion about how best to do it, *patronize those who advertise* in the LEAVES. In making your purchases of these firms, let it be known that you are from Lasell; you will thus both secure your discount, and make it easier for the manager to secure a continuance of the advertisement inserted by these people. You can easily see that if no school custom comes to a firm as a result of its advertising, the chance of securing a renewal of the "ad" is very small, certainly much smaller at least, than if it were more obviously profitable to the advertiser. Please, therefore, examine the LEAVES' list of advertisements, before your next shopping expedition into Boston. You can, we

feel sure, find what you want at these stores, and by buying there help the business manager.

THE Publishing Association desires to express through the medium of the LEAVES, sincere and hearty thanks to Miss Grace Washburn for her faithful and efficient services as business manager last year. The fact that the returns were during that time a hundred dollars more than any previous year sufficiently demonstrates the value of her services, and reflects great credit upon her business ability.

GENERALLY speaking more interest is felt by our readers in the "Personals" than in any other part of the paper. This being so, everyone who is thus interested should lend all the aid possible to make this department of the paper a success, which can be done by sending to the editor such items of interest about the girls as they may chance to know. No item need be considered "too small to send," since any news of our friends cannot fail to be interesting.

Why Spain Has Declined.

SPAIN is admitted by all to have declined greatly in the last two hundred years. In the sixteenth century it was the first power in the world, now it is a third or fourth rate power in Europe. The people are ignorant and in a poverty-stricken condition; the royal treasuries are empty, and agriculture and manufacture almost at a standstill.

Spain was at the height of her glory under Charles V, from 1519 to 1596. When Charles came to the throne, he inherited Austria, Burgundy, Castile and Aragon. Later, by the death of his father, he fell heir to the Netherlands, and by the death of his grandfather, he came into possession of the crowns of Spain and of Naples, as well as the vast regions in the New World. As a crowning glory, he was elected Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire. Had Charles and his successors been liberal minded, justice loving rulers, Spain might have been one of the leading powers of the world today; but by their bigotry and intolerance, this great state, instead of growing and improving with her sister nations, has remained at a standstill, until now she is practically a mediæval nation, an anachronism among the kingdoms of Europe.

Spain's prosperity in the sixteenth century was, however, more apparent than real, for the power was entirely in the hands of the king, and of the church, the people being only a convenient machine. True prosperity in a nation is founded upon freedom of thought and action, and is marked by advancement in art and literature; improvements in industries, agriculture and manufacture; and in free commercial intercourse with other nations. Applying this test to Spain, we readily see that her prosperity even in the height of her power was anything but real. The King and the Church, as has been said, were supreme; the common people were scarcely more than slaves to furnish the King with men and money to carry on his cruel and bloody wars. The nobility were entirely exempt from taxation, thereby laying on the poor classes an almost unbearable load. The mind of the King was assumed to be the mind of the people, who must accept and obey without question. The country was rarely at peace. When Charles was not carrying on war with Francis I of France, he was suppressing his rebellious Germans or Netherlanders, thus all the time draining Spain of her money and her men.

The immediate causes of the visible decline of Spain were many. One of the most important was the expulsion of the Moors and Jews. The Moors, who held Granada in the southern part of Spain, were a peaceful and very industrious people. They had

flourishing manufactures of silk and paper, and they cultivated rice, cotton and sugar. The Spaniards considered it degrading to work, so that nearly all the important industries of the country were in the hands of the Moors and Jews, who, as a reward, were terribly persecuted by the Spaniards, thousands being killed or dispossessed of their property. Charles commanded the Moors to learn Spanish, and forbade them to read, write or speak their own language. Their ceremonies and games were prohibited, and they were obliged to give up their own style of dress. Even their bath-houses, public and private, were destroyed, because the Spaniards considered bathing a heathenish custom. They were finally expelled from the country after suffering untold cruelties. The Jew salso were banished. The loss to Spain was one from which she never recovered. The fairest of her provinces were depopulated, and her agriculture and manufactures killed at a single blow. The introduction of the Inquisition into Spain was another important factor in her decline. Thousands of people were hanged, burned, or buried alive, ostensibly because they had accepted the reformed religion, but too often more truly because they had lands or money which the King wanted. The destruction of the Invincible Armada in Philip's reign, also, we may suppose, helped on Spain's decline, as well as being a sign of her deterioration. For three whole years the King had been busy fitting out this tremendous fleet, with which he intended to conquer England. He spent vast sums of money in building it, and when it was finished he sent it away with many of his best soldiers, only to meet destruction. Many of the ships that were not destroyed by the English were dashed upon the rocks by the winds and waves, so that only a few, and they in an almost wrecked condition, ever reached home again to tell the story. The loss of Holland was another great blow to Spain. The people of Holland were proverbially industrious and prosperous. Their chief cities were noted for their manufactures and commerce, most of thecarrying-trade of Northern Europe being in their hands. Protestantism had made great progress in the Netherlands, and Philip II, Charles' son, determined to crush out the heresy, and at the same time to punish the people for refusing to pay a certain unjust tax which he had imposed. The Inquisition was introduced, and a decree issued that all the Netherlanders, 3,000,000 souls, should die, except a few whose names were given. This roused the people to an heroic defense of their lives and their country, and after a long and bloody warfare, they gained their independence.

There were many underlying causes for these occurrences. The religious spirit of the times was intolerant and bigoted. The Spaniards scorned the ordinary business pursuits of life, such as agriculture, trade and useful arts. There were several reasons for this; first, the taxes were so high that it was hard to earn a living in that way; secondly, such work was considered degrading, probably because the hated Moors and Jews were largely an agricultural people; and lastly, the ease of acquiring wealth in America led many to seek their fortunes in the New World. Most of the Spaniards joined the ranks either of the army or of the clergy, both these occupations offering sure revenues with honor besides, for such work only was thought noble. The misgovernment of Spain's foreign possessions led to their revolt and final separation from the mother country. The misrule at home, although not so apparent in the time of Charles V, had yet a terrible effect, and its results we can see today, in the ignorant and penniless condition of the masses of the people. Philip II, determined to stop the spread of the doctrines of the reformation in his kingdom, issued a decree that none of his subjects should leave the country to teach, to learn, or to reside in any university, college or school; and that all Span-

iards thus engaged at that time must return to Spain within four months. No Spaniard apparently was expected to receive or communicate ideas without the consent of Philip. Thus free thought was to a ruinous degree suppressed in the people. Popular education and improvements of every kind were neglected. The revenues of the kingdom were wholly at the disposal of the King, who nearly emptied the royal treasuries by wasteful wars and extravagant buildings, and then, to raise more money, sold titles of nobility. In spite of the immense amount of money which annually came into the kingdom from America, the country seemed to grow continually poorer. In the beginning of the seventeenth century, five-sixths of the domestic, and nine-tenths of the foreign trade were in the hands of aliens. In Castile alone there were one hundred and sixty foreigners who had gained complete possession of the industrial manufacturing interests. Hence the enormous quantity of gold and silver received from the colonies passed largely from Spain's treasury into the pockets of the French, English, Italians and Dutch. Two other causes, which tended to lower the morals of the Spanish people were the corrupt condition of her aristocratic government, and the brutalizing public sports. The ranks of the nobility had been greatly swelled by the sale of titles. Everyone who could raise money enough to buy a title became a noble; consequently the character of the nobility declined very rapidly. Bull fighting, the principal public sport, had a very demoralizing and degrading effect upon the thousands who gathered to see the bloody game.

The corner stone of national prosperity is a good government, and a good government is one in which the people have a voice. They should be free to speak and to act according to their consciences. Popular education should be within the reach of the poorest. Art, literature, and industries should be advanced and encouraged in every possible manner. An industrious nation is usually not only a properous one, but a happy and progressive one, as well.

This Spain must recognize, and must act upon the knowledge, ere she can again become a truly prosperous nation. That she will ever recover her former standing among the nations is a matter of doubt, since her people are so far behind the times that it is a question whether they as a nation can ever make up what they have lost in all these centuries of misgovernment, apathy, and ignorance.

A. H., '99.

Culture of the Voice.

By William Matthews, LL. D.

WHY is it so little attention is given by Americans to the culture of the voice? In no other way does a man so completely reveal his intellectual, and social qualities as by his speech. While in all respects we are "fearfully and wonderfully made," there is nothing in our mechanism more mysterious or marvellous than the power of the complex structure which we call the vocal organs to move and mould the hearts of men. The waves of sound, those vibrating molecules which, striking the sensitive membrane of the ear, travel thence to the brain, the seat of thought and feeling, have a power to awaken and compel deep, hidden sympathies, which, in its magical effects, surpasses any other power granted to man. Even persons who are unaffected by music are often subdued by the gentle tones of the voice, or roused by its deep intonations. Intelligence is plainly disclosed by the voice; its management indicates culture or its absence, delicacy or rudeness of organism, strength or weakness of will, and refinement or coarseness of taste.

A writer in the *Outlook* observes that "a voice in the dark is often a complete revelation of the character and associations of an unknown person; tones, modulation, ac-

cent, and the use of words all conveying intimations of what lies behind the voice in the way of tradition, association and training. There are few things so delightful as a worthily trained expression, including voice and speech. . . . There is in some persons a rhythmical quality of utterance, which discloses a thorough harmony of nature, and which gives to the entire expression a musical quality grateful to the ear, and full of benignant influence." To our mind, a fine, pleasant voice is the most winning charm of woman. We would have it soft, low, and faintly musical, like the straying of the south wind over harp-strings—an articulate breathing, mellow and rich with the earnestness of soul, soothing and gentle as the whisper of an angel.

Plutarch, in his life of Dion, tells us that he could tell one of his scholars when he met him simply by the grace of his speech. Cleopatra, Egypt's renowned queen, had, besides a surprising variety of other accomplishments, a voice which has been compared to an instrument of many strings. To the rarest literary acquirements, a knowledge of languages rivalled only by that of Mithridates, the finest taste in the arts, an unexplainable grace in her manners, and the most bewitching powers of conversation, she added a tone of voice which made those powers irresistible. Dion Cassius tells us that there was such a grace in her voice, that with whatever man she spoke, she could wheedle him with this charm, and could draw anyone, however averse to love by nature or by years, to be enamored of her.

It was to her voice that Madame Roland mainly owed the strange fascination which she exerted over all who came within the circle of her attractions. Persons who have once heard that voice could never forget its charm. The low, clear tones, so mellow, so deep, haunted them like a strain of exquisite melody through years, long after she who gave them utterance had perished on the scaffold. Lamartine, in his striking portrait of Charlotte Corday, says that the tone of her voice—that living echo which bespeaks the whole soul in a vibration of air—left a deep and tender impression in the ear of those whom she addressed; and they still spoke of that tone ten years afterward as of remembered music.

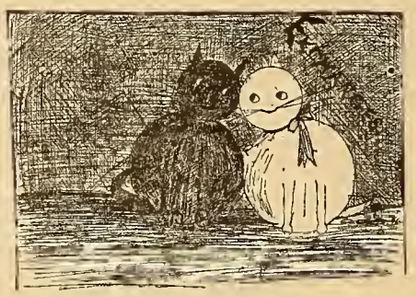
That there are voices today as magnetic, as thrilling, as those of former days, who can doubt? Mr. Gladstone had, in his palmy days, a voice as silvery as Belial's. A cathedral bell sounding far away over a river; a waterfall heard a long way off in the stillness of the night; the sea rolling slowly in over a pebbly beach; the summer wind blowing over a hill-top of pines—to each of these, with its strange, indescribable quality, which sometimes makes one's eyes fill and his throat contract from mere physical sympathy, has Mr. Gladstone's voice been compared. Henry Clay's voice had an indescribable charm. It could ring out in trumpet tones, or it could plead in low, plaintive notes which pierced and thrilled the hearer like the chanting of the Miserere at Rome. It is said that he used to utter the words, "The days that are no more," with such a melancholy beauty of expression that no one could hear them without a tear. It was said of Wendell Phillips that he gestured with his voice; the flexibility, the musical quality, the variation of emphasis and accent, constantly interpreted his thought by bringing out its most delicate and subtle shading.

Thomas Sully, the artist, says that in the best circles of English society, "speech is low and clear, with that delicious intonation which no schoolmaster can teach, and with a grace which is the *fine fleur* of education, yet cannot be acquired—which is one of the long results of time, the inheritance of generations generously bred." It has been recently said of an English woman travelling in this country, that centuries of culture seem to be audible in her tones.

Such being the charm which the voice is capable of manifesting, why is its culture so generally neglected by Americans? Almost all of us have a "head voice." The voice "soft, gentle, and low," which Shakespeare says is "an excellent thing in woman," is conspicuously wanting in American women. Their voices have generally a shrill and sharp cadence, which is very unpleasant to a sensitive ear; and when not shrill, they are apt to be harsh and coarse to a degree almost as objectionable. As we have already said, the voice is an index of character and culture. When it is like Cordelia's, as described by Lear, its owner is almost sure to have sensibility, tenderness, and largeness of soul. A loud voice is indicative sometimes of frankness and honesty, but betrays a certain coarseness and vulgarity of nature; a shrill one not only indicates an acrid disposition, but the whole "make-up" of its owner is apt, as another has said, "to be thin, meagre, and devoid of generous impulses and appreciations." Thinness of voice often accompanies frivolity of character. With the advance of years these disagreeable qualities tend to become more and more accentuated, so that it is sometimes a trial to the nerves to listen to an otherwise agreeable woman who has passed her tenth lustrum. In the use of the voice in laughing there is a defect even more unpleasantly noticeable. How rare a thing it is to meet with a woman who has a clear, happy, ringing laugh! These defects seem the more painful, when we think that, in most cases, a little care before a woman reaches twenty would correct them. The flexibility of the voice is such that in youth it readily admits of culture. Like the hand, the eye, or the foot, the vocal organs can be trained in early life to perform seeming impossibilities; and it is, therefore, one's own fault if the voice lacks the mellowness and sweetness, or grates on the ear when it might be "A voice that softer music speaks than summer winds a-wooing flowers."

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We are pleased to acknowledge the receipt of the following exchanges and hope they will come to us each month:—Argosy, University of Mt. Allison, Sackville, N. B.; Adelphian, Adelphi Academy, Brooklyn; Amherst College Monthly; Bowdoin Orient; Bowdoin Quill; Central College Magazine, Lexington, Mo.; Classic, N. W. Classical Academy, Orange City, Iowa; Converse Concept, Converse College, Spartanburg, S. C.; Distaff, Girl's High School, Boston; Fence, New Haven, Conn.; Harvard Lampoon; Haverfordian, Haverford, Pa.; High School Beacon, Chelsea, Mass.; High School Journal, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.; Jabberwock, Girls' Latin School, Boston; Kalends, Woman's College, Baltimore, Md.; Mt. Holyoke; New England Conservatory Magazine, Boston; Newsletter, John Hopkin's University, Baltimore, Md.; Oracle, Malden High School, Malden, Mass.; Polytechnic, Troy, N. Y.; Pennsylvanian; Racquet, Portland, Me.; Seminary Oak Leaves, Michigan Female Seminary, Kalamazoo; Tiltonian, Tilton, N. H.; University Forum, Syracuse, N. Y.; Vermont Academy Life, Saxton's River, Vt.; Yale Alumni Weekly; University School Record, Cleveland, Ohio; Ursinus

College Bulletin, Collegeville, Pa.; Crescent, Hill House High School, New Haven, Conn.; Bates Student, Lewiston, Me.

Carpenter Hall.

"Endowment made easy" is the taking title under which the Advisory Committee of the L. A. A. is presenting the enthusiastic appeal for Carpenter Hall. In response to their gracious invitation a representative gathering of the New England alumnæ and former students met at Young's Hotel, Boston, Wednesday, Nov. 16, popular President, Nellie Ferguson Conant presiding. Martha Baker and May Emery, '98, prefaced the business hour with choice instrumental and vocal selections.

The minutes of the last meeting of the Association were read. This report contained a timely reference to the creation of the Advisory, or Building Committee. At the invitation of this committee, Lillie R. Potter, '80, made a stirring appeal in behalf of the much needed hall. She said in part that this was the first opportunity offered Lasell's daughters to express their devotion to, and faith in Alma Mater. She paid a grateful and well-deserved tribute to the splendid management which has placed Lasell among the most progressive educational institutions of today. While hoping that the "old girls" might be touched by the grace of gratitude or loyalty to the present principal and his honored predecessors, she urged that we be actuated by higher impersonal motives, a noble desire to perpetuate a splendid school, and to serve those who come after us.

Mr. Bragdon's pledge to continue his connection with the Seminary, and the fact, recently made known that he has already taken steps to perpetuate the school, was, indeed, "good news," and produced a change of heart in members who previously either opposed or were half-hearted over the project. In her bright, inimitable manner Miss Potter succeeded in convincing us that the following plan of the Committee will easily secure the attention and co-operation of the old girls. The sum of $25,000 is to be raised. Mr. Bragdon has given the land and the last thousand. A number of loyal old girls and friends to the institution have already pledged the first thousand. It has been thought best to invite New England and the states contiguous to raise ten thousand, the remainder to be secured by our western constituency. We have taken into consideration, in making this division, that our silver and gold mines lie west of the Mississippi. In order that all may have a part we have divided the amount to be raised into ten dollar shares to be paid during the next three years. It is hoped that a number will take ten or more shares. In this way the problem will be quickly solved. Mrs. Silas Peirce, 86 Vernon street, Brookline, Mass., is the treasurer. We earnestly invite every former student or friend of Lasell to take some part in this noble enterprise.

CLEMENTINA BUTLER.

Glimpses.

—One who, in her classics, answers all the requirements of a sleeping beauty has been found within these walls. All wishing further information may inquire of a "Lady of Quality" (Row.)

—The Senior Bible Class has been informed that "Joppa is a sea port on the coast."

SUGGESTIONS TO XMAS SHOPPERS.

"Fra Angelico," by L. M. F. This neatly bound book contains a vivid discription of that gentleman's life, viewed from any standpoint but the religious, and shows from material gathered in a private interview, why he insisted on being a "bold, bad, man."

"St. Francis of Assisi as a Painter," by E. W. Even the title of this tasteful little volume is so suggestive that one can almost see the renowned gentleman's sandaled feet skipping nimbly along in his haste to get a snap shot at some favorite sight. Illustrations from life.

A Trip to the White Mountains.

OF all the excursions enjoyed by the pupils of Lasell, there is none more delightful than the trip to the White Mountains. This fall our party left on the first of October and was gone only three days, but the pleasure received in that short time might well be balanced against that of as many weeks of ordinary sight-seeing.

We left Lasell early in the morning, had dinner at Plymouth, and arrived at North Woodstock at about two o'clock in the afternoon. From there we went by stage to the Flume, a waterfall in a stream coming from the very heart of the mountains. We walked up between the hills for about a mile, and traced this stream to its source in a spring among the rocks. The broad, flat stones over which the water falls are worn away in many places by its constant flow.

After our visit to the Flume, we again took the stage and rode on through Franconia Notch. Here we saw the wonderful profile of the "Old Man of the Mountains," the famous rocky outline of a man's head, jutting out over the side of Cannon Mountain, so called from a peculiar rock on its summit. In a pool at the side of the road we saw another rock, shaped by the action of the water into the form of a human foot. The drive through the mountains, while the setting sun was shining upon the glorious colors of the trees, made a deep and lasting impression upon all of us.

From the Profile House, we went by train to the Mt. Pleasant House, arriving there about half after eight, a very tired and hungry crowd of girls. While on the train we passed Echo Lake, the newly risen moon lighting up the scene for us. Here the conductor kindly stopped the train and blew the whistle that we might hear the wonderful echo.

The next morning many watched the sunrise on Mt. Washington, and after breakfast we climbed to the top of Mt. Stickney. The climb was a hard one, but the grand view obtained of the Presidential Range fully repaid us. In the afternoon, through the kindness of Mrs. Stickney, an old Lasell girl, now the wife of the proprietor of the Mt. Pleasant House, we enjoyed a drive to Twin Mountain, and the beautiful falls of the Ammonoosuc.

Early the next morning we left, coming down through the Crawford Notch. As our train passed over the Frankenstein trestle, we could see for miles up and down the valley, and the marvelous blending of the colors of the trees made a picture better treated by brush than by pen.

Late in the afternoon we arrived at Lasell, feeling very tired, but happy in the memories that our delightful trip had left with us.

K. V. W.

"The Kitchen Club."

Under the above title an article in the "Lewiston Weekly *Journal*," for October 20, gives a summing up of the work of our cooking course, and emphasizes its value to the students. The practical thing is the thing that soonest gains recognition of its true worth. This is a case in point.

Locals.

CALENDAR.

Oct. 3. Excursion to White Mountains.
Oct. 4. Logic class decide that "All men are metal."
Oct. 5. Auction of periodicals.
Oct. 7. Enthusiastic meeting of Leaves Publishing Association.
Oct. 8. First symphony concert.
Oct. 10. Excursion to Concord.
Oct. 13. Dr. Rolfe in Shakespeare.
Oct. 14. Serenade by Yale men.
Oct. 17. First Excursion to Cambridge.
Oct. 24. Second " " "
Oct. 26. Rain, therefore auction of lost articles.
Oct. 28. Mechanics Fair.
Oct. 29. Senior's cake walk and Poverty Party.
Oct. 30. Miss Peck spoke in chapel.
Oct. 31. Excursion to Salem.
Nov 1. Drill commenced.
Nov. 5. Harvard-Pennsylvania foot ball game. Alas ! !
Nov. 5. No 2.10 mail from this time forth until further notice.

—Drill commenced November 1, with not as many in number as last year, but sufficient for three companies, and enough enthusiasm to make up any deficiencies. The officers are as follows:

	Comp. A.	Comp. B.	Comp. C.
Captain	Scott	Curtis	Case
Lieutenant	Moulton	Watson	Trowbridge
1st Sergeant	Bissell	Fellows	Grubbs
2nd Sergeant			Cotton
3d Sergeant	Houghton	Confer	McCarthy

—Cooking and gymnastics have also begun, Miss Barrows having charge of the former, and Miss Ransom of the latter. Once again we hear the patter of the gymnasium shoes through the bridge, and see white aproned figures glide down the hall, tightly clutching their "tasting" spoons. May Lasell graduate many experienced cooks, and many well developed girls this year.

—Friday, Oct. 28, Mrs. Martin lectured at Mechanics' Fair, her subject being, "Education of Young Women." We were delighted to be allowed to attend, and we enjoyed not only Mrs. Martin's talk, but the curious and wonderful exhibitions in the big hall, among the most instructive perhaps, being the electrical displays on the main floor, and the X-rays.

—Monday, Oct. 17, Dean Wright of Auburndale lectured on "How to Study," a subject in which we are always glad to be instructed. We were told that to pursue successfully a course of study, one must see observe, pay attention, understand, know and remember.

—Mrs. Norton, who gives at Lasell a course of lectures on "Home Sanitation" every other year, has again resumed this work. The course consists of instruction in the care of the home, and the chemistry of food, the study of which is being so much pursued in all schools at present.

—What lovely Mondays there have been this year, and to what good use they have been put. The trips to Concord and Lexington were delightful, not only for all that was seen after arriving, but also for the barge ride through the crisp October air. Mr. Bragdon and Mr. Winslow guided the party to all points of historical interest, and several of the inmates of houses made famous by the literary achievements of their former owners, opened their doors hospitably to the Lasell party. For such kindness we are truly grateful. After this excursion a Prep. was heard to remark, that Thoreau invented the Concord grape.

—The party to Cambridge was so large that it was necessary to divide it, and to take two Mondays for the visit of Harvard and neighboring places of interest. Salem has also been included in our "calling list," and a day was spent there very pleasantly in looking at the relics of witchcraft times found in that town.

—Mr. Bragdon has started a new movement for the benefit of Lasell, a mutual improvement society as it might be called. The future graduates of this institution must not only know their books from cover to cover, but must besides, be proficient in three other branches. In order to further his plan, Mr. Bragdon placed a paper in the bulletin board in order that all might sign their names thereto, pledging to help him in the matter. Before June 1, every girl must have (1) a better carriage, (2) a better speech, (3) a better voice. These are all much needed, for we are none of us quite perfect now, but have for the future "great expectations."

—A poster on the bulletin board attracted crowds for several days as was natural, for it announced the greatest event of the term, the "cake walk and poverty party," given by the seniors in honor of all Saint's Day, but for convenience, given a few days before All the "poor folk" were there and in such force that it brought to mind the nursery rhyme:

"Some in rags and some in tags
And some in velvet gowns."

The darkies were of course conspicuously present, that is, they sent their representatives, nine couple from the senior class, who walked for the cake. The judges, Miss Witherbee, Miss Hotchkiss, and Miss Kendrick, awarded the prize to Mr. and Mrs. Ebenezer Cimabue, who appear in private life as Miss Fellows and Miss Grubbs. Then followed a dance in which all joined, and the time passed merrily and quickly.

Come all ye darkies, yeller, black,
In all yer gayest clothes,
Fer dance de cake walk, cut up shines,
With all yer bestest beaux.

So down de center, up de side,
De bows and skips are made;
Each coon a walking for dat cake,
Like Rastus on Parade.

At last 'tis over; all is done.
De jedges 'ward de prize
Fer Ebenezer and his gal,
My! hear dem joyful cries!

—Miss Peck spoke in the chapel, Sunday, Oct. 30, telling us about the College Settlement work in the North End of Boston. As Miss Peck was once a Lasell girl, we feel especially interested in her efforts toward helping the unfortunates in that part of the city, and are always glad when she can spare a moment to tell us of some of her experiences, and of the progress and the methods of this grand work.

—Dr. Mara L. Pratt, former Medical Director at Durant Gymnasium, is delivering a course of lectures on Physiological Psychology before the members of the senior class and such others as especially desire to attend. The lectures comes three times a week, since as Dr. Pratt leaves for Europe shortly, longer intervals are not practicable.

—Our new science teacher, who was introduced by the LEAVES last month, should have been spoken of as Dr. Winslow. We have now Dr. Rich's address, 1319 Linden Ave., Baltimore. He is finding at Johns Hopkins' inspiring opportunity for the work he likes.

—The first evening of the school term, Mrs. Martin spoke in chapel, explaining to the new girls the object of her work among us for the year. By a slight omission, this was not spoken of in the first number of the LEAVES.

—The two girls of our Senior class, Thomasina Libby and Alice Jenckes, who were taken ill only a few days after their return to school this year, and have been since that time at the Newton hospital, are now convalescing rapidly. They have had the sympathy of all in their illness, and we now send hearty congratulations at their sure recovery. Both girls are expecting soon to go home for a while before coming back to Lasell.

—Among the things left over in June is a lady's watch, medium size, stem winder. If anyone thinks it is hers, please send description, whether silver or gold, and describe the chasing on the back, and how the face of it looks, so that we can be sure of identification, and give directions. Also a napkin ring marked "Ida," (with a beast on the side of it) and a watchchain, which please describe. Whose are they?



—Jessie Gaskill returned from the Adirondacks last May, much improved in health. She planned for the White Mountains in the summer, but an unfortunate illness interfering she did not go until last month, October 8, and then she and her mother had a memorable experience in trying to obtain board. She says, "We spent a day and a half at the Alpine (found Nellie Richards' name on the register as a guest of a few weeks before), then that closed, leaving but one place in the village to go to. The village

library was open only one hour a week, trains were taken off, hotels shut up—everything, in fact, seemed to be a 'has been.'" The fine mountain air, and the beautiful landscape, gorgeous October coloring against the pure white of the snow-capped mountains, were however their ample recompense for other less enjoyable conditions of their two weeks' stay. Jessie's brother was, she tells us, one of Uncle Sam's soldiers, until his recent discharge. He was at Camp Meade all summer. Another brother is a junior at Princeton, and one of the Varsity Mandolin Club.

—Mrs. Ida Capron Cook, of the class of '63, is now living in Chicago, and writes Jessie Gaskill, whose teacher in Sunday School she was for several years, an interesting letter about the Peace Jubilee in that city.

—Mary Seaman, whose address remains 1,006, No. Sixth street, Sheboygan, Wisconsin, writes a chatty letter, telling of her travels here and there with her father, and of sundry meetings with Lasell girls as she flits from city to city. They expect to spend a good part of the winter in Chicago. In the summer she met Florence Wells at Mackinac; at Duluth she saw Clara and Ella Eddy. Anna Crocker Brigham was at home this summer with her two fine little daughters (she lives in Cleveland, now you know); Louise Zschetzsche and Mabel Crocker are still at home.

—Nina Bartholomew Winter's little girl (there's eleven pounds of her they say), was five weeks old October 30.

—Mr. Shepherd has an attractive stock of foreign art objects, selected during his summer trip to Europe, on exhibition for sale at No. 372 Boylston street. Mr. Shepherd's taste in these things is of the finest, and it will pay any lover of the beautiful and curious to give him a call and look over his stock.

—Nellie Wilson has been having "an all 'round good time," as girls phrase it. In the summer she visited Claire Arnold at her home in Unadilla; later the mountains and Lake Winnepesaukee beguiled the time. She is now at home again. While at Claire's she met a Lasell girl of the 'fifties, who entertained the two girls much by tales of other Lasell days than their own. But she does not tell us the name of this old friend. Who is she?

—Emma Ferris is at Monson, Mass., teaching little folks—"eight to thirteen." She finds them bright and interesting, but prefers mathematics for her work, and an older class of pupils.

—At the Fair the other day, when Mrs. Martin made that good address of hers, Mr. Bragdon met Abbie Davis Vickery, Mary Davis, Isabelle Jennings Parker, Carrie Kendig Kellogg, Annie Kendig Pierce, Lillie Potter, Florence Williams, Alice Mayo Hicks, Mrs. Pliny Nickerson, Minnie Bigelow Peterson, Marion Gage, Musette and Cecile Lovell, Maude Oliver Harding and Miss Whitehead, Sophie Hall's cousin.

—Alice Fuller is taking this year a course in Domestic Science at Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, and finds it exceedingly interesting. It is a normal course, and she expects "to teach girls something that they will find practical when they have homes of their own." The work for this term consists in psychology, dietetics, evolution of the house, emergency nursing, cooking, chemistry, sewing and gymnasium work. She has also a few days practice in teaching. She had heard a short time before she wrote from Harriet Ollinger, who wrote on the eve of her departure from her pleasant summer home in Florida to her winter one in Georgia. Alice boards but a short distance from Katharine Pierce Martin's home, and said that she was going soon to call upon Katharine.

—Abbie Goodale writes from Duluth of the handsome school buildings they have there, and the good school, which she is do-

ing her share to make the best in the country.

—From Frances Wood comes word of sundry visits; those to Caroline and Mary Thomson and Elfleda Bond, and besides these, others to Niagara Falls and to friends in Tonawanda and Ilion, N. Y. She speaks of the pleasure she took in her dress-making this summer, and of the pride which her father takes in her ability to swim, and is sorry not to be back with us again this year. By the way, she says that Elfleda intended entering Vassar this year.

—Mabel Sawyer Rogers and her husband are housekeeping in Newton Centre, Post-office Block. They like this much better than boarding. Is coming to see us soon. Lasell training stands her in very good stead now, she says, and if this be so, she certainly ought to be able to find time to make us a call.

—Carlotta Elling writes from San Diego, Cal., (1,630 Fifth street) about her lessons which she is taking there, and about her plans for returning next year. She has learned to swim since she left us, and we may expect to see her name among those of next fall's canoe club.

—Gertrude May has been visiting Alice Conant, with whom she has had fine times. She half promises us a visit during the winter, sometime.

—Helen Morris's address is Iowa College, Grinnell, Iowa. She may be out to see us, she thinks at Christmas time.

—Susie Garfield Blodgett is now living at No. 8 Elm street, Brookline, Mass.

—Margie Reed (Mrs. Wm. G. Burbeck) called to see us recently. She is now living on Bowdoin street, Newton Highlands, Mass.

—Bernice McFadden has had a pleasant California trip. We may have her niece, Carrie Glover Langworthy with us next year. She speaks of hearing from Ida Sibley. Bernice's address is 606 W. 3rd street, Dubuque.

—Mary Noyes Starrett (Mrs. Frederick L. Starrett) is living at 111 Park Avenue, Rochester, N. Y.

—Ella Wilson (No. 37 West 86th street, N. Y.) writes of her nice new home; of her studies at the Art League, of which she is fonder than of "society;" of Marie's visit to Pittsburg, from which place she goes to St. Louis; of her sister Winifred's approaching marriage; and of the engagement of Alice and of Maud Littlefield. Carrie Van Sickle is to be married in two or three weeks, to a gentleman from Galveston; and Margaret Stewart is already wedded. Marie, Ella tells us, is to "come out" in January. Ella herself has the distinction of being secretary and treasurer of the New York Lasell Club. She speaks of having seen Mabel Currie and Maritta Sisson last summer at Shelter Island. She and the family were also at Loon Lake, awhile, and she and Marie attended in June the commencement of the University of Virginia. What a fine time! but now for art work and hard study.

—Edith Grant has no longer her home in Summit, N. J.; but is living at 128 East 34th street, New York City. She speaks in her letter of the appreciative gratefulness which she feels at having been last year under Mrs. Jones' sweet and helpful influence. (This is the sort of fruit which a sympathetic and loving spirit always bears.) Emma saw Jessie Hutchinson the other day at the Park Avenue Hotel. She has been abroad, Edith thinks. Ernestine Orton is studying vocal music in New York, and has recently had the happiness of a visit from her mother.

—Kate Ellis of Framingham was on the train the other day, and looked just like Kate Ellis of the days when she was here a pupil. I do not see she has grown old a minute. Her sister lives at Evanston and has had Mr. Bragdon's brother as physician. Isn't it queer how people meet?

—Arria Flint Fay of Roxbury jumped off of the Forest Hill car the other day as I was about to get on to it, introducing me to her father and mother, who were just getting on the train for California. She looked well, but was hardly so round cheeked as when here. I told her to come out, but received no promise.

—Emma Thornton, here in '77, is happy and successful as a professional nurse. "Headquarters" for her is Chicago; her address, 125 E. Oak Park avenue, Oak Park, Ill., though when she wrote she was with her sister Fannie, now Mrs. Brown, in Richmond, Va., nursing Fannie's little Emma through an attack of appendicitis. Mrs. Brown's address is, 1,012 West Main street, Richmond.

—Ione Tucker now hails from Saltillo, Mexico, or did on the second of the month, when she wrote this chatty letter. Her health is much improved. "If I don't take yellow fever," she says, "I shall probably soon be well." There was, she said, "great mortality in Monterey, from fifty to sixty deaths a day."

—A newspaper clipping tells us what a pretty affair was Anna MacKeown's wedding. "The officiating clergyman was Reverend J. B. Gould, D. D., of Newton, who married the bride's parents. The maid of honor was Miss Edith MacKeown, sister of the bride, and the best man William Ralph Brown of Cleveland, Ohio." One of the bridesmaids was Edna Makepeace. A reception followed at the Kernwood Club.

—Another clipping—this time about Margaret Morse's wedding. This was also a church wedding, and very stylishly managed. A reception followed the ceremony. Her address after January 1 will be, Mrs. Fred Dillon, No. 33 Summer street, Fitchburg.

—Emma White is still busy in Hartford, Conn.; is well and enjoying life. Alice was at home when she wrote us.

—Anna Howe Shipley sends the inviting little program of her Browning Club for us to look over. She was expecting to be in Chicago during the Peace Jubilee.

—Edith Gale continues her work with her pupils in vocal music, at 165 West Canton street, Boston. With her preparation, natural gifts, and winning personal qualities, her success was a foregone conclusion.

—At a recent reunion, in Holyoke, of our girls there were present Annie Chapin Whiting, Pearl Houston, Lena Thayer, Annie Potter Dickinson, Rosa Best and Jentie Johnson Gill. Pleasant times.

—Lily Flagg of Holyoke, sailed away recently on a nine month's trip abroad.

—Annie Chapin Whiting, mentioned above as one of those who were at the Holyoke reunion, is the mother of three nice boys. Wish we had their pictures!

The following have been favored with calls from members of their families:—

Misses Robbins, McCarthy, Safford, Reynolds, Wellington, Hart, E. Johnson, Trowbridge, Connell, Clarke, F. Thompson, Ives, Kemp, Pinkham, Bissell, Metcalf, Snow, Dudley, Dustin, M. Thompson, Case, Cleaves, Spalding, Walker, Vance, Scott, S. Marsh, Ellenbogen, Levi, Mason, Moore, A. Campbell, Fry.

Former pupils:—Alma Widstrand, Jane Myrick, Lillie Potter, May Emery, Myra Davis, Mabel Lutes, Emeroy Ginn, Edna Cooke, Eva Ferris, Elizabeth Cossar, Marion Stafford, Mrs. William Burbeck (Margie Reed, '80.)

Miss Cora McLaughlin, sister of Grace McLaughlin, here in '86, and Dr. Jesse Bowman Young, father of Annie Young '95, have called during the month.

MARRIED.

—Mabel Morse to Franklin Furman, October, 1897. Mr. and Mrs. Furman are living in Leominster, Mass.,—Boutell street.

—Cora Marion Watson to Charles Erastus

Dunton, on Tuesday, October 11, at Spencer, Mass. Address: 270 Main street, Spencer, Mass.

—Gertrude Sherman to Alfred Jennison Ellsworth, on Wednesday, October 19, at Wollaston, Mass. Address (after Dec. 1): Hollis avenue, Braintree, Mass.

—Mary-Anne Thomas Stafford to Lewis Crane, on Wednesday, October 19, at Decatur, Ill. Address (after Nov. 1): Kansas City, Mo.

—Mae Fowler to Woodward Davis Carter, on Tuesday, November 1, at Philadelphia.

—Anna Breed MacKeown to George Morton Chase, on Wednesday, November 2, at Malden, Mass.

—Blanche Grace Ford to Arthur Bieber Emmick, on Thursday, November 3, at Toledo, Ohio. Address (after January 1): 1,120 Madison street, Toledo.

—Martha Bernardine Fowler to Lucius Booth Sherman, on Wednesday, November 2, at Kenwood, Chicago, Ill. Address (after January 1): No. 4,598 Oakenwald avenue.

PASSED AWAY.

—Ida Northrop Woodward, here in 1875, died at her home in Sharon, Connecticut, during December of last year.

—Isabel and Emeroy Ginn lost during the past summer their dear mother, to whom they were so devoted.

—Florence Holmes, of Nashua, here in 1893, died in the latter part of October, of diphtheria. She was teaching in the Grammar School there this year.

—These sad occurrences admit of few words, for to those who remember the death-stillness on dearly loved faces, words even the tenderest and most reverent, seem often but empty sound in view of the great, inexorable fact of separation, complete, irremediable. The loving sympathy that would fain help if it could, would sustain in its measure of power, this we can and do give to those who have met and faced the great mystery of death. "When the mists shall break in splendor," it is then that we shall understand and shall be satisfied.

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—A professor once ordered a bottle of hock, saying, "Here waiter bring me a bottle of hock, hic, haec, hoc." The waiter, a college man, never stirred. "What are you waiting for," inquired the professor, "didn't I order some hock?" Yes, sir," replied the waiter, "you ordered it, but afterwards declined it."—*Ex.*

—"The next person who interrupts the proceedings," said the judge, sternly, "will be expelled from the court room."

"Hooray!" cried the prisoner.—*Youth's Companion.*

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The Editors will be glad to receive from the students and Alumnæ any communications and items of interest to the school.

Editorials.

WITH this issue of the LEAVES the present editors resign their duties to the newly elected board. After three months of the work, we now look back upon our term of office with satisfaction at the pleasure it has brought us, and a lively appreciation of the fact that even its trials have been helpful to us, since they have taught many useful lessons. To the incoming editors we give all good wishes for success and pleasure in the work before them.

HOW short seems the time since the opening of school in September! and now the holidays are near. On all sides is heard the joyful ejaculation, "Two weeks before Christmas," which time is steadily lessening as the days go by. To all a "Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year;" and to each and everyone, may the three weeks of vacation, wherever spent, bring all the joy and pleasure anticipated.

WHAT a uniquely interesting lecture was that on the Snake Dancers, and how deliciously creepy! We really know so little about these strange redskinned cousins of ours, the Indians, that it reflects shame on us as a people.

THE reading of Cyrano de Bergerac has just been commenced by senior French class, from the members of which anyone may upon application, obtain a faithful and graphic description of that gentleman's wonderful nose.

SATURDAY evening, Nov. 26, brought foreboding clouds and threatenings of a storm. Nothing daunted, however, the party of symphony girls went into Boston as usual, and were not much surprised to find the snow falling thick and fast when the concert was over. On reaching Auburndale, they found that the wind was already blowing pretty strong and had formed drifts so deep that it was not without difficulty that the party walked from the station up to school.

All night the storm raged, the wind howling madly about the building, blowing and sifting in snow through every crack and crevice it could find; but through it all many slept on peacefully, not even dreaming that the snow was sifting in through the partly opened windows, and was piling up three or or four inches deep on floor and sill. Morning, when it came, revealed the necessity of broom and dust pan to remove the beautiful, but unwelcome, crystal visitor. Good old Lasell stood its ground well that night, though Mr. Bragdon said that he entertain serious doubts of its ability to withstand such a storm.

Considering the violence of the gale along the Atlantic coast and the disasters occasioned by it, Auburndale has no cause for anything but thankfulness that she escaped so easily. Certainly, fierce wind though it was, none of us thought what a horrible story of death and destruction the Monday morning papers were to bring us. By the wreck of the Portland, one of our own number, a Lasell girl of former years, lost her husband, Henry DeMerritt Young, a rising artist of Boston. This sad event is elsewhere noticed in this issue.

A Holiday Adventure.

THE good-byes had been said, most fervent promises to write had been made, and the last girl had departed, leaving a small group of subdued looking maidens in the hall, gazing dolefully at one another.

"O, I'm perfectly miserable!" sobbed one, her face buried in her handkerchief, "I simply can't stand it; to stay here this whole vacation."

"I know I can't," declared another, and the rest murmured a sympathizing chorus. After a few minutes of unabated woe, one of the group, a girl with a strong, sensible face, putting her handkerchief away, said with an air of determination, "Now girls, lets stop this nonsense and do something more cheerful, we are here, and we might as well make the best of it. I have a box of good things up in my room that came last night, come on up and help me unpack, and then let's work on our Christmas presents." And amidst exclamations of "Yes, lets do something," and "O, Ann, you're an angel!" and "I do so love to unpack boxes," the girls moved towards the stairs. And here perhaps it would be well to state that the cause of all the grief just witnessed was that although the Christmas vacation had begun, a few of the girls had been obliged, on account of the great distance, to remain at school instead of going home, a fate not really so dreadful as it may appear at first thought.

The girls rushed upstairs to Anna's room, and soon had the top off the big wooden box. Cries of delight arose as the delicacies within were revealed, and at the hostess' bidding the girls helped themselves to cake, pastry, fruit and candy, and, seated on chairs, tables, the floor,—anywhere,—proceeded to munch with great enjoyment.

"Well, this isn't so bad, after all," remarked Katherine Wilson, a tall brunette, reclining gracefully among the cushions on the window seat.

"Right, my child," responded a roly-poly little blonde; "I always knew"—turning to the others—"that Katherine would say something brilliant some day, and now she's done it!" A laugh greeted this sally.

"Thanks! Take that for your impudence," and Katherine threw a caramel at the speaker with such skill that it went into the water pitcher with a great splash.

"See here, girls, did you know that we are to have a dance Christmas eve?" asked another girl, who was busy with a huge piece of cake, "Miss Lee told me so this morning. We may ask as many friends as we please, and we're going to decorate the gym with evergreen, and—oh—just have fun."

"How jolly! What sport!" and the girls fell to discussing the event in all its interesting details.

The week before Christmas passed quickly and pleasantly with sleigh-rides, theatre parties, and shopping in the city near by, and before the girls realized it the twenty-fourth had come. Anna and her room-mate, Carolyn Streeter, having some last errands to do, decided to go in town early in the morning, but to come out soon after lunch, so as to help decorate for the dance that evening. "And besides," said Carolyn, "it looks like snow, and I do hate to go shopping in a snow-storm."

Accordingly, having received various commissions from the other girls, they took an early train. It was a cold, cloudy morning, with a chill in the air that promised snow soon, and before the girls were half through their shopping, it had indeed begun to snow. At first came just a few wavering flakes, but the number increased rapidly, until it settled into an old-fashioned New England snow-storm.

"Isn't this glorious!" said Anna, who enjoyed being out in all sorts of weather.

"Ugh!" growled Carolyn, burying her face in the depths of her fur collar, as they went out of a store, "You may like it, but I can't say I do. Let's have lunch now, and look over our lists, to see if we haven't most everything. We can do what is left afterwards—there can't be many things—and then take the 2.30 train out."

"All right," agreed Anna, and they were soon seated at the lunch-table comparing notes, while waiting to be served.

"I have Grace's silk," began Carolyn, "and Katherine's ribbon, and all my things, and—O, I have forgotten the muslin that Miss Lee wanted me to get for her!"

"I have it," said Anna; "and let me see, Margaret's lace and Alice's things and—um—I guess I have everything,—no, I haven't the ribbon that I wanted, and I must have some chocolates and salted almonds."

"Of course! How stupid to forget those important articles," chimed in Carolyn, "Well, if we hurry we can still get that train."

Their errands at last completed, the girls took a car to the station. "I feel like Santa Claus himself," remarked Anna, gazing at the bundles in her arms, which positively refused to go into the bag.

"I don't care; we shouldn't be in style to-day, if we hadn't any brown-paper parcels," answered Carolyn; "How it does snow, though!"

Arrived at the station the girls learned to their dismay that there was an obstruction on the railroad a few miles from the city, and the trains would not run for two hours, at least.

"Isn't it enough to provoke a saint!" complained Carolyn. "Imagine waiting two whole hours in this place."

"I tell you," said Anna, "let's take the electric car, we can go out in an hour, and that would be a vast improvement on waiting here, don't you think?"

"Ye–e–s," agreed her friend, though somewhat doubtfully; "if you think we could get there."

"Nothing venture, nothing win," replied Anna gaily; "cheer up, Carolyn, the snow is

not deep enough yet to affect traveling much, and we shall get there so much sooner;" she added persuasively. Carolyn yielded, as usual, and the two girls started out again. It was a long walk to the place where they were to take the car, and Anna was obliged frequently to encourage her companion, who was tired and cross. At last, however, they were seated in the warm car, and rolling along through the suburbs. When they had gone about half the distance, the car suddenly stopped with a jar that caused the passengers to sit very straight. A pause, then—bump,—bump,—bump,—more jerks,—then a standstill. The conductor hurried through the car and held a consultation with the motorman; finally he came in again.

"It's no use," said he, "we can't go any further; the power's give out—they's so much snow on the wires; and besides it's drifted into reg'lar banks on the tracks. We've had hard work to get along these last two miles. We're out in the country, where there ain't any houses, and it's about dark, and I guess we're fixed here for the night; the car won't be so very cold and we hev a lantern that can be lit when it's real dark. I guess we can git along somehow, and probably they'll dig us out early to-morrow mornin'." The conductor had been through this before. Not so the passengers, who looked at one another in dismay, and began to make plans for escape, but to the suggestions that someone go to the nearest house for aid, or that they all go together, the conductor shook his head. The snow was too deep, they would only get confused and lose their way entirely; they were far better off where they were, and they had better make the best of it. The passengers were wise enough to see that the conductor was right, and soon ceased their excited planning. The car was not very full when it left the city, and several people had already left it, so that there were now only five passengers besides Anna and Carolyn,—a motherly looking woman with a big bag, out of which protruded the flaxen head of a doll; a rather prim woman, also with a bag, but no doll; a portly gentleman with a pleasant face; a youth with his overcoat buttoned up to his chin, and his cap pulled down over his eyes; and away down in a dim corner a timid nervous-looking little man with a number of bundles, which, during the discussion he dropped several times in his excitement.

After the first confusion was over, everybody sat silent for a while, even Anna and Carolyn, losing themselves in their own meditations after exclaiming "Is'nt this dreadful!" and "What will they think at school?" The short winter afternoon drew to a close; the conductor and motor-man came in and sat down, and in a few minutes the portly gentleman started a conversation with them. The conductor began a vivid tale of similar adventures through which he had passed before, only much worse, of course, and gradually the others drew near to listen.

"Now," said the conductor, when the tale was finished, and it had become quite dark, save for the dim light of the snow outside, "I hev a few sandwidges, which I shall be happy to share with the crowd, and per'aps some o' you hev something that you can contribute to the feast. He produced the sandwiches, to which were added some little cakes by the motherly woman, grapes by the portly gentleman, oranges and bananas by the nervous little man, and candy and nuts by the girls.

"Now," said the conductor, who undertook the management of affairs, "the light'll only burn six hours, and the snow makes it kinder light now, so perhaps we'd better wait a while, and eat our supper without any."

The "supper" simple as it was, broke the ice, and before it was over they were all laughing and talking together like old friends. The portly gentleman knew funny stories by the score, and the youth coming out of his coat collar, amused them with college yarns, and they sang together all the

old familiar songs and hymns they could think of, the conductor coming in very strong on the chorus. At ten o'clock the lantern was lighted, and finally, having wound up with a Christmas song, the company gradually became quiet, until the only sound to be heard was the snoring of the conductor, at the far end of the car. Anna and Carolyn cuddled together in their corner and although both were sure that they should not sleep a wink. yet it was not long before their deep regular breathing told another tale. Anna awoke suddenly with a start.. Someone was calling "Merry Christmas." O yes, it was Christmas morning, and here they were in a snow-bank, instead of their pleasant room at school! But at the sight of the motherly woman smiling at her across the aisle Anna cheered up, and woke Carolyn, as the conductor shouted in stentorian tones "breakfast."

Everybody laughed, and they proceeded to dispose of the rest of the fruit, "for" said the conductor, "I'm sure we'll be got out in time to eat Christmas dinner to home."

The morning was whiled away with stories, and such games as could be played in those cramped quarters, and they were in the midst of a gale of laughter at some ventriloquist's tricks performed by the college youth, who revealed considerable genius in that direction, when a thumping and scraping on the outside of the car suddenly announced that the conductor's prophecy was to be fulfilled; and in a few minutes the door was opened by the rescuing party sent from the city, and the prisoners were taken out to sleighs which were waiting to carry them to their homes.

In conversation with the college youth, the girls had discovered that he knew one of their friends at school, and had started from town to attend their dance of the night before. They persuaded him to go out with them to the Christmas dinner as a recompense for what he had missed, so bidding good-bye with real feeling to the others, Anna, Carolyn and Mr. Sanders, the collegian, got into a sleigh and were whirled out to the school as rapidly as the condition of the roads would permit.

With what joy they were received by their anxious friends, and how they were all three petted and lionized, may be imagined. The Christmas dinner was all the merrier for the anxiety which the heroic trio had gone through, and the Christmas dance, which had been postponed the night before, took place that evening, and was declared by everyone present to be the success of the season.

E. F. M., '99.

Cuban Glimpses Through American Eyes.

THE following consists of portions of letters received from Irene Wellington's sister, who in August went as nurse to Cuba, on the relief ship Bay State.

SHIP BAY STATE,
OFF FLORIDA, OR FARTHER SOUTH.

August 12, 1898.

I don't think I shall ever be able to describe my experiences even thus far on the boat,—certainly not in writing; but I will say that I haven't yet regretted going into it, although I have experienced some great discomforts. We stayed anchored a little out of Boston Harbor until Monday night, when at 6.30 we really started, and are now travelling at the rate of two hundred and fifty miles or so a day. The boat began to pitch fearfully that night, but we were still very comfortable until we tried to get up Tuesday morning. Then we were sea sick. Out of the official staff there were only two women nurses, two men nurses and one doctor who could do anything without assistance. Wednesday we were better but not yet able to do anything.

Saturday evening.

We nurses and two of the doctors are sitting around the nurse table chaffing and

having a jolly time. We have passed San Salvador and Bird Island fringed with palm trees. We see rainbows every day. To-morrow night we expect to land at Port Antonio.

UTUARDO, PORTO RICO.

September 29, 1898.

I wish you could see me this evening sitting in the salon of Senor Parrato, the weather as hot as any August night in Boston.

You have probably heard that it was decided to leave two men nurses and two women nurses, (Miss ——— and myself,) in Dr. C——'s charge, until the Bay State comes back; I was more than delighted, as I was wild to go into the interior.

The boat left with ninety-nine patients on the 21st, and our crowd was taken ashore in a boat called a "lighter."

We stopped over night with the British Consul, whose name is Wilson. He has a very nice home as homes go here, and is very hospitable. We had a very pleasant evening. There is no glass or screens of any sort in the windows, yet strange to say the flies were not very troublesome. There are nets over the beds, otherwise mosquitoes would eat one up. It is as hot here in the day time as it is at home in the hottest weather, but the nights are usually cool.

The next morning we visited the Cathedral, shops and Red Cross hospital for Spaniards. It was all very interesting. About 5.30, before we got up the maid brought us strong coffee, which was delicious. About 8.30 we had a "little breakfast;" and about 11 we had breakfast proper. Then we started on our twenty-two mile drive. There were several mule teams carrying stores and supplies. Dr. C— and some of the other men rode horseback, and we went in the ambulance.

The scenery is beautiful beyond my power to describe. Those who are able to judge say that there is nothing in Switzerland to surpass it. Just think of riding through coffee plantations; of having banana trees, bread fruit, cocoanuts and oranges on every side! The men picked oranges and gave them to us. They were delicious. Besides this, there were lovely flowers, roses in bloom, morning glories, vines with beautiful sprays of pink blossoms, and yards of the ground were covered with striped inch plant, or "wandering Jew," as some call it. The road was very rough. We walked part of the way, and lunched by the roadside. There were grand mountains on every side, and deep valleys. The road was broken up into dreadful gullies and was very rocky. We forded the Rio Grand six times, the water nearly coming into the ambulance.

The village where we are is very picturesque. We are boarding at a pleasant Spanish house with a woman who is quite motherly. You would laugh to see our desperate struggle to understand each other. We are learning a little Spanish.

The native cooking is very good. They have unique dishes, mostly fried and sweet things; but we like them, and have gained flesh.

There are three hospitals here. Miss—— and I are head nurses of the two largest. There are seventy patients in the one I have. The amount of sickness is something frightful—about half the soldiers are sick, and while not many die, very few get well enough to work. There are many new cases every day, and the prospect is frightful, if the men are not moved away soon. I hear that more nurses from the Red Cross Society are coming soon. There is work enough for them.

I have been getting up at 5.30 and going to the hospital at 6. Come back at 7.30 for breakfast; go back to the hospital and return at 12 for lunch. About 2.30 or 3, after a nap, we go back and stay until 6, when we have dinner. It is impossible to work here as we would in the North, the heat is so great.

The Porto Ricans have risen against the

Spanish, and very frequently the guerillas, who hide in the mountains during the daytime, come down at night and murder someone. The Consul sent for troops to protect his place.

There is a strange custom here in regard to burying the dead. The common people cannot buy ground, so they hire it. The body is taken in a coffin on the shoulders of four men to the cemetery, and there dumped out into a grave. The same coffin is then used again and again. After the friends cease to pay rent the bones of the dead are dug up and thrown into an enclosure in the corner of the cemetery, and some one else is buried in the same grave.

We attended a military funeral. It was very impressive.

When we came back to the ship, the six fords we had to cross on our way had become impassible, so that we made the land journey mule back, riding on the native saddles which have panniers on each side. It was mostly a narrow bridle path with overhanging cliffs on one side and yawning chasms on the other. The ponies are very sure footed, and we were not afraid. We like to think we are the first American women to ride over the pass.

A few days ago we had a free afternoon, during which we went for a horse-back ride into the mountains (this village is in the valley,) and I never enjoyed anything more. The road was awful but the ponies are very sure-footed and walk on the edge of precipices with the greatest safety. We went up about four miles, in and out, until we arrived at a coffee plantation, where we stopped. As we came back we enjoyed a most beautiful sunset, which merged into moonlight before we got home. V. I. W.

We have boiled the hydrant water :
We have sterilized the milk ;
We have strained the prowling microbe
Through the finest kind of silk ;
We have bought and we have borrowed
Every patent health device,
And at last the doctors tell us
That we've got to boil the ice ! —*Ex.*

—The Lord's Prayer in Old English.—Here is the Lord's Prayer in the English of former times, and it shows how the language has changed :

A. D. 1258 : "Fader ure in heune, haleeweide beoth thi neune, cumen thi kuneriche, thi wille beoth idon in heune and in erthe. The euerych dawe bried gif ous thilk dawe. And worzif ure detters as vi vorzifed ure dettoures. And lene ous nought into temptation, bot delvvor of uvel. Amen."

A. D. 1300 : "Fadir our in hevene. Halewyd by hi name, thi kingdom come, Thi wille be done as in hevene and in erthe. Oure urche dayes bred give us today. And forgive us oure dettes, as we forgive our dettoures. And lede us not into temptation, Bote delyvere us of yvel. Amen."

A. D. 1582 : Ovr father which art in heaven, sanctified be thy name. Let thy kingdom come. Thy will be done, as in heaven in earth also. Giue vs today our super substantial bread. And lead vs not into temptation. But deliver vs from evil. Amen."

A D. 1611 : "Our father which is in heaven, hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done, in earth as it is in heauen. Giue us this day our dayly bread. And forgiue vs our debts as we forgiue our debtors. And lede vs not into temptation, but deliuer vs from evil. For thine is the kingdome, and the power and the glory for euer. Amen.

12 Hours' Labor For a Cent.—Japan with all her ingenuity in imitating the civilization of the west, has brought on herself serious industrial evils, chief among which is the factory system, where Japanese handmade articles of export are made largely by the labor of women and children. Percy Alden writing in the *Outlook* of the conditions in these factories says :

"The women are mostly young girls, brought by agents from the country, where they have lived almost altogether in the open air. When they reach the factories

they are bound by contract to work twelve hours a day, Sundays included, with but two holidays a month. For a day's work they are paid an amount that is equivalent to five cents of our money, and of this amount four cents a day are kept back by the employers to pay for the board and lodging of the operative. This leaves the girl one cent in cash each day as the remuneration for her labor. The girls are lodged in dormitories within the factory gates, and have to get permission before they can go out on any excuse whatever. The change of the free and healthy life of the farm, where the Japanese women work with the men, to the close and noisome atmosphere of an illventilated factory, induces serious forms of disease.

Early Thanksgiving Days.—The first recorded Thanksgiving was the Hebrew feast of the tabernacles.

The New England Thanksgiving dates from 1633, when the Massachusetts Bay Colony set apart a day for thanksgiving.

The first national Thanksgiving proclamations were by Congress during the Revolutionary War.

The first great American Thanksgiving Day was in 1784, for the declaration of peace. There was one more national Thanksgiving in 1789, and no other till 1863, when President Lincoln issued a national proclamation for a day of thanksgiving. Since that time the President has issued an annual proclamation.—*Journal of Education.*

Sons in Jefferson's Shoes.—At Pittsburg, where during the past week the Jefferson Comedy company has been playing an engagement in the Alvin Theatre, three sons of the venerable dean of the American stage, "Joe" Jefferson, have appeared, the elder Jefferson being too ill to play his parts. His 20 year old son, William Winter Jefferson, for the first time played the role of "Bob Acres," in The Rivals, while Thomas Jefferson, another son, essayed the role of "Rip Van Winkle," both characters having been made famous by the elder Jefferson. A third son, Joseph Jr., took a minor part in the "Rivals."

Locals.

CALENDAR.

Nov. 1. Battalion organized.
Nov. 2. Gymnasium commenced.
Nov. 3. Seniors, mark your walking periods.
Nov. 5. Dr. Pratt's lectures began.
Nov. 9. Length of Christmas vacation decided upon.
Nov. 10. Two lectures by Dr. James of California.
Nov. 14. Miss Call spoke in chapel.
Nov. 15. Rev. Mr. Ellis visited school.
Nov. 16. Game dinner. Bishop Fowler spoke in chapel.
Nov. 19. Great excitement over Yale-Harvard game.
Nov. 20. Trip around the world in Missionary meeting.
Nov. 23. Theatre party to "Shore Acres."
Nov. 24. Thanksgiving duly celebrated.
Nov. 28. Musical by Signor Parera and Miss Raymond.
Dec. 1. Dr. Rolfe in Shakespeare.
Dec. 2. Seniors attend French lecture in Boston.
Dec. 3. Canoe Club entertainment.

—The vote on the subject of Christmas vacation took place early in the month, unusual enthusiasm being shown on account of a proposition of Mr. Bragdon's looking to the accommodation of the Eastern girls, to whom Thanksgiving means so much. The plan was to give three weeks less one day at Christmas, and to add an extra day to the legal holiday, the 24th. This however met with the decided disapproval of those who have but the one home visit during the year, whereupon the Eastern girls kindly consented to let matters remain as in previous years.

—On Nov. 10, Dr. James of California gave us two most interesting lectures, the first being on "Memory." The methods by which, as he showed us, we might cultivate the ability of remembering anything desired, will surely help us in the future. His original jingle, "When a jolly man makes a jackass, bite him to pieces," etc., which is his means of remembering the Presidents in their order, will not soon be forgotten. In the evening Dr. James gave his illustrated lecture on "The Snake Dances in the West." This was extremely interesting, the more so, because Dr. James has lived among the Indans as their friend, and thus learned many things, which to an outsider seem strange and hardly credible.

—Nov. 14, after chapel exercises, Miss

Call explained her system of teaching "power through repose," and the following morning the list was taken of those who desired to enter her class. Forty-six were given and the work began the next Tuesday.

—Nov. 16, Mr. Bragdon gave us a pleasant surprise in the shape of a game dinner, the menu being as follows:

Oysters on the Deep Shell.
Green Turtle Soup.
Baked Lake Trout. Broiled Striped Bass.
Venison.
Quail, with Lemon Sherbet.
Mallard Duck, with Currant Jelly.
Mashed Potatoes. Baked Sweet Potatoes.
Saratoga Chips.
Sliced Cucumbers. French Peas.
Celery. Olives.
Baked Indian Pudding. Pumpkin Pie.
Ice Cream. Ladies' Fingers.
Fruit Cake. Candy. Cheese.
Coffee.

Bishop Fowler was with us at dinner and took part in the evening chapel services.

—Rev. Mr. Ellis of Orange, Mass., official visitor to Lasell from the New England Conference, was with us for two days during the latter part of the month. Besides visiting the various classes, Mr. Ellis led the regular Tuesday evening prayer meeting.

—So many availed themselves of the Thanksgiving recess to visit home or friends, that scarcely three score were left to partake of the turkey and other appropriate dainties served at Lasell. Those who remained, however, thoroughly enjoyed the dinner served, the music which continued during the entire afternoon, and the "brilliant speeches made by representative members of the Senior Class." The menu is given below for the benefit of those poor girls who ventured out into the cold, cold world on this occasion.

Blue Points.
Consomme Royal. Mock Bisque.
Bread Sticks.
Broiled Chicken Halibut. Striped Bass.
Saratoga Chips.
Cucumbers. Olives.
Roast Goose, Apple Sauce.
Roast Turkey, Oyster Dressing.
Cranberry Sauce.
Celery. Salted Almonds.
Chicken Patties. Banana Fritters.
Cheese Straws. Neufchatel Cheese.
Mashed Potatoes. Baked Sweet Potatoes.
Squash. Green Peas.
Mince Pie. Pumpkin Pie, Cheese.
English Plum Pudding.
Ice Cream. Orange Sherbet.
Fruit Salad. Assorted Cakes. Macaroons.
Nuts, Raisins, Oranges, Malaga Grapes.
Tokay Grapes. Bananas.
Confections. Bonbons.
Black Coffee.

A number of those who stayed enjoyed seeing "Shore Acres" Wednesday evening, while on Thanksgiving evening, Mr. Davidson took a party of eight to the Rescue Mission.

—On the evening of November 11, Mr. Bragdon took a large party to hear James Whitcomb Riley, who recited a number of his poems to an appreciative audience in Tremont Temple. Certainly the Hoosier poet wins many Eastern hearts, and since his recital, the Riley books in the library have been in great demand.

—Sunday, Nov. 20, the monthly meeting of the Lasell Missionary Society was held in the chapel, the subject for the day being, "A Trip Around the World in Forty Minutes." Letters, poems and clippings concerning various places visited were read by members of the Society. Miss Dudley sang "Speed Away," before the journey was begun, and when Mexico was reached, Miss Ellwood gave a bit of personal experience in that country. Miss Packard made an excellent guide and we look forward with pleasure to another trip under her chaperonage.

—Monday evening, Nov. 28, a concert was given under the auspices of the Instrumental Club. Miss Adeline W. Raymond, pianist, and Signor Gino Parera, Mandolinist, being the soloists. The programme was as follows:

D'Albert, Allemande, Garette et Musette.
Miss Raymond.
Brahms, Hungarian Dance, No. 6.
Hæsche, Souvenir de Warsaw.
Signor Parera.

Schutt, Caprice, op. 45, No. 3.
Grieg, Voglein, op. 43.
Grieg, Spring Song, op. 43.
Chaminade, Arlequine, op. 53.

Miss Raymond.

Wieniawski, Legende.

Signor Perera.

Chopin, { Polonaise, op. 26, No. 1. / Valse, op. 34, No. 1. / Fantasie Impromptu.

Miss Raymond.

—Miss Raymond, a firm believer in the Clavier method, showed skill and true talent both in the solo work and accompanying Sig. Perera, an accomplishment which few possess. Perhaps a clipping from the *Los Angeles Herald* will best illustrate the appreciation of Sig. Perera's delightful music.

* * Sig. Perara is not only an extraordinarily skillful mandolinist, but he is also a true musician. His rendering last night of a number of intricate and great classical selections such as one believes the violin alone can adequately interpret in solo, proved a revelation to his hearers. His method is the easiest; his style exceedingly graceful and unaffected, and the amount of tone and expression that he produces from the mandolin is really marvelous. Every nuance was delicately and exquisitely developed, and forte passages were rendered with surprising power.

—Mr. van Daell, instructor in modern languages at the Boston Institute of Technology, was the guest of Mlle. Le Royer on the evening of the 29th. After chapel he spoke to the members of the senior and junior classes, reading a selection and relating interesting events in the life of George Sand. Although many entered the parlor with fear and trembling, and one shy maiden was even too bashful to appear at the table, before he left, Mr. van Daell, had won the confidence of all, "M. Jolie Coeur" gave a special exhibition, and nearly reached the height of his feats, that of reciting the alphabet. Other choice remarks such as "tres beaucoup" reserved for special occasions were spoken with great grace. It was a pleasant evening and the seniors are looking forward to the lectures Mr. van Daell is to give at Lowell Institute, the Friday evenings during December and January.

—Wednesday evening, Rev. Helen Van Anderson was to give a lecture at Lassell, the subject being "Life Principles and Their Applications," but on account of the snow storm she was unable to keep the appointment.

BOOKS ADDED TO LIBRARY SINCE SEPTEMBER, 1898.

"The Bradford History of Plymouth Plantation," or "Log of the Mayflower." From the original manuscript, with a report of the proceedings incidented to the return of the manuscript to Massachusetts.
Selections from Landor, edited by Clymer.
Burke's Letter to a Noble Lord.
Coleridge's Ancient Mariner.
The Well-bred Girl in Society, by Mrs. Burton Harrison.
Dryden's Palamon and Arcite.
The Awakening of a Nation, by Charles F. Lummis.
The Bobbin Boy.
Silas Marner, by George Eliot.
The Standard Dictionary, 2 vols.



—Mrs. H. N. Dunlop of Savoy, Ill., Bessie Risser's aunt, called to see her the other day. With her came Mrs. S. T. Rorer of Philadelphia, famed as an instructor in the fine art of cooking, and also widely known as an author of several valuable manuals on cooking, and of sundry helpful papers on this subject and related ones, contributed to certain of our magazines.

—Emma Hackett writes, "My Chicago address, from September 15 on, will be, care of Dr. Louise Acres, 960 Jackson Blv'd. We have a very interesting medical 'old maid' household, with a remarkable adopted baby, whom we have had since she was five days old. She is now nearly twenty months, and a model old maid's baby. You may come and see for yourself, if you are interested."

(Of course we are. Who wouldn't be? You know, Emma, she must be "perfect" to support the proverb, for proverb, like some other things, "*oblige*") She speaks of a pleasant visit some time ago to Maud Snyder Davis, while Alma Hubbard was there, and of the diverting chats they had about old Lasell days. Emma is half through her four years medical course, concerning which fact she very modestly observes, "and despite my additional three years at nursing, I don't yet know anything." Perhaps others have a somewhat different opinion. Her opinion is that Lasell girls do well in trying to learn something about the great questions dealing with humanity.

—Elizabeth Stephenson sends in her subscription to the Leaves, as a loyal Lasell girl should. Thanks! She had been home but two weeks when she wrote and had somewhat to tell of her delightful six months of European travel, during which she visited England, Scotland, France, Germany, Holland, Belgium, Switzerland and Italy. She and Carrie Steel Ewing planned to meet in Germany, but owing to the missending of letters, failed to do so. Carrie, by the way, she tells us, is now settled in Leipsic, where Mr. Ewing is attending the university. In March they go to Berlin, and plan to spend Easter in Rome. Elizabeth expects to pay a flying visit to California soon, during which she is to stop in Omaha a few days to see Lasell friends there, and to stay for a while in Portland. If Elizabeth, by the way, had been traveling with a Lasell party, the fearful adventure on the Vesuvius could not have happened, and the dear girl's hair would still be of that beautiful brown. Moral! She christened the battleship Wisconsin at its launching at San Francisco, November 26, according to arrangement, and did it well, too, so the papers say.

—Annie Willis says, "How I wish you could take Thanksgiving dinner with us. I should like a Yankee friend to see how we live in dear old Kentuc."

—Mary Ebersole Crawford sends us photographs of her two little daughters, now three and a half and five and two-thirds years respectively. Very bright and happy little faces these, Clarissa, the dearest of dear little blonds, and Elizabeth a very kissable little brunette, if the picture rightly represents them.

Alice Platt Durand, as we learn from Emma Hackett, has suffered a grevious loss in the death of her mother, last spring. Alice lives at Evanston, near May Rice and Sue Rowe Lord.

—The Hartwells, Emma also tells us, have a lovely home at Oak Park, just across the street from that of Jessie Vilas, who was on her wedding trip at the time of Emma's visit to Florence. Abbie she saw frequently at Hull House where she came for kindergarten work while Emma was there, making herself "a general utility individual, for a few weeks after school closed," where she hopes that she will see Jo Steel.

—Caroline Thomlson writes that her grandma, had a short time ago, a serious fall, which we are sorry to learn. This accident makes it necessary for Caroline to forego returning to Lasell, where we had hoped to see her again soon.

—Elizabeth Eddy Holden gives us particulars concerning Laura Munger Ninde's sad loss of her little son, elsewhere mentioned in this number. The family, it appears, had been somewhat scattered for awhile, the two little lads with their grandparents, the eldest daughter at her aunts, and Laura with the ailing baby had gone from home for the change of air necessary to the little one's recovery. In October came their happy family reunion in their country home in Ohio. Soon after this, little Charles was taken ill with a disease that eventually terminated his happy and innocent life. A sad affliction, truly, for his

loving parents, Of her own family, Elizabeth writes that they are all well.

—Ella Ellis Holway, of Sandwich, has five fine boys, of whom she has as yet sent us no picture. We should like much to add a photograph of them to our "Grandchildren's Album." She called to see us one day last month, to our gratification.

—Elizabeth Starks spent most of the summer in Vermont, living much out of doors, and scarcely opening a book or using a pen. She and her mother are to go south this winter, where Elizabeth will continue her outdoor living, with the result, we hope, that she will completely recover health and strength. Her summer helped her wonderfully in this direction.

—Grace Margaret Spellmeyer, now living in Ampere, N. J., (Ampere, by the way, is a part of East Orange) tells of a pleasant summer spent in the Berkshires.

—Blanche Lowe Wright sends word of herself and her pleasant home, which we are sure is indeed just what she calls it, "the happiest place in the world" to herself, her husband, and her dear babies. "I don't believe," she says, "you thought the prankish Blanche Lowe of old Lasell days would ever amount to much." On the contrary, we *knew* that she would amount to just what ever she resolved to amount to; and it has turned out just as we expected. The mistress of a truly happy home, she who is a wise and affectionate mother, and a good wife, certainly does "amount to much."

—Fannie Barbour (Mrs. John H. Sonntag) writes from Indianapolis, where she is now living—address: The Delano. Since she gives no especial news of herself, we may assume that she is well and happy.

—Just a line from Annie Jean Hackett, giving us the sad information of Frances Bowman's loss.

—Mary Dyer Young's husband, Henry DeMerritt Young, whose unhappy death through the wrecking of the Portland has been elsewhere noticed, was a Boston artist of recognized ability, his work being mainly in the lines of book illustration and water-color painting. When the disaster occurred which cost him his life, he was on his way to Portland with a valuable collection of pictures in water-colors, which he expected to exhibit at Gould and Whipple's gallery.

—A Toledo newspaper clipping about Blanche Ford's wedding leaves us with the impression that it was one of the prettiest of the season. A chrysanthemum wedding it seems to have been judging from the predominance of that beautiful flower. The pair are to live (after January 1) at 1,120 Madison street, Toledo.

—The Grand Rapids Herald of November 13, has a notice of the pretty dinner given the week before, Friday evening, by Mr. and Mrs. O. A. Ball to their friends on the occasion of the announcement of Alice's engagement to Mr. Clarence Edward Groesbeck. On the following evening Mr. and Mrs. John T. Byrne gave similar entertainment to their circle of friends, the engagement of Alice and Mr. Groesbeck being at that time, also, made known to the guests.

—Lizzie Atwater Sterrett is now living at 19 Trumbull street, New Haven, Conn. Mr. Sterrett is in business with her father. Kittie Totman Brownell is at Adams, N. Y. Mr. Brownell is engaged in some enterprises in Texas that are awaiting government subsidies. This Mr. Tibbitts told me on a recent casual meeting. Also, that Mrs. Tibbitts (Mabel Bliss) is having quite a success with her lecturing on art topics.

—Some of the old girls will remember the magnificent, 15th century choral book, with those thick covers, with the brass bosses, with the splendid parchment leaves, covered with the Latin text done by hand by the monks of the olden time, with those fine illuminated initials, which stood for some years on the corner of the platform in the Chapel. They will be glad to know that it has come back to its old place. Mr. Shep-

herd bought the book in Florence in 1870; it dates about 1460. It is from one of the old monasteries that were suppressed at the time of the change in the Italian government. From it the priests chanted or intoned the service. It has now been bought from Mr. Shepherd and put among the curiosities of Lasell.

—By the way, those who are interested in rare curiosities, old books, paintings, etchings, etc., will find Mr. Shepherd's new store, at No. 372 Boylston street, a delightful place in which to spend an hour or two and to provide first-class Christmas or birthday presents. Mr. Shepherd has his old time artistic delight in artistic things, and a very generous pleasure in giving pleasure, so that old pupils and their friends will be welcome to enjoy the collection, whether intending purchasers or not.

—Nettie Watson, here in 1882, is now Mrs. Wood of Norumbega Terrace, Waltham. Why don't you come over and see the old school, Mrs. Nettie?

—A generous contribution to Carpenter Hall, a loyal tribute to Lasell Seminary, from Alice N. Magoun, '78. We thank you Alice! We congratulate the Amherst High School, in whose faculty this dear "daughter" holds a responsible position.

—We have had calls recently from Anna Blanchard, Mrs. Dr. Parker of Boston, (Hotel Langham) who, although it is thirty-four years ago that she was here, a schoolgirl, has not forgotten her old school, nor lost her interest in it and its well-being. We were very glad to give her welcome, and we trust that she will soon come again.

We met Nellie Briggs of Somerville the other evening at the Apollo Club.

PASSED AWAY.

—Word comes to us this month that Frances Bowman mourns the death of the father to whom she has been such a loving and devoted daughter; that Laura Munger Ninde's home has been darkened by the loss of a lovely little boy of five years, the pride and joy of his parents, and the sunshine of their home; that Mary Dyer Young's genial and talented husband lost his life in the wreck of the ill-fated Portland boat, which went down in the terrible storm of November 20 and 21; and that Captain Moses B. Tower of Auburndale, for long years a staunch friend and trustee of our school, died November 29. With all whom these sad occurrences have left desolate and heart-broken, we sympathize most truly, and wish that it might be ours to speak the word of comfort and of healing; but this only One can do. He the Comforter can turn even the tears of the bereaved to smiles of hope and joy.

Captain Moses B. Tower.

This gentleman, conspicuous for many years for his services as captain of the volunteer life-saving crew, which rescued so many unfortunates from a watery grave, died at his home in Auburndale on the twenty-ninth of November. Captain Tower was eighty-four years of age, and a noteworthy man in many ways. Besides his invaluable services in the saving of lives and property imperilled by the fierce storms that visit New England's coast, he has held prominent civil offices with honor and efficiency, was actively concerned in the establishing of the first telegraph line in New England, the laying out of Atlantic avenue, Boston, and the building of the reservoir at Chestnut Hill. He was also a fine marine engineer. To Lasell he has been a firm friend, and served her interests for a long time as president of the Board of Trustees.

MARRIED

—Maude Winnifred Littlefield to George Charles Victor Baillard, on Wednesday, November 30, at Brooklyn, N. Y. Address, after December 14, No. 126 Green avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

—Annie Blanche Merrill to Wilson Freeman Higgins, on Tuesday, November 22, at Manchester, N. H.

—Winifred Wilson to Tilly Reid Fell, on Wednesday, December 7, at the bride's home in New York. Mrs. Fell is sister to Ella and Marie Wilson.

—Florence Louise Stedman to Charles Wentworth Richards, on Wednesday, December 14, at Needham, Mass.

—Jeanette May Belcher to Luther Town Benyon (brother of Col. Benyon) on Wednesday, December 14, at Winchester, Mass.

—Blanche Ford to Arthur Emmick, Thursday, November 30, at Toledo, Ohio.

The following have been favored with calls from members of their families:—Misses Hart, Levi, Kemp, Snow, Wellington, Mason, McCarthy, Clarke, Scott, Risser, Dudley, Hitchcock, Harris, Brewer, Cleaves, Martin, Gamwell, Flaherty, Eckhouse.

Former pupils:—May Emery, Frances Wood, Marion Gage, Cecile Lovell, Ella Holway, Beulah Smith, Edith Dresser, Myra Davis, Marie Barnes, Alice Magoun, Isabel Bronson, Annie Richards, Edith Gale, Lillie Potter, Mrs. C. E. Parker (Isabelle Jennings,) Mrs. S. Peirce (Annie Kendig.)

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—Two new exchanges have come to us this month, "Dorchester High School Item" and the "Owlet," Winona High School, Minn., both of which we are glad to add to our list.

—"The Tiltonian," for November, has an interesting article on "Education of the Deaf."

—"Colors in Animals," in the November number of the "Acta Victoriana," is well worth the reading.

—Dartmouth College has the distinction of having issued the first college paper in the United States, and the greatest honor in having Daniel Webster as editor-in-chief.—*Ex.*

—Teacher—Name six animals of the Torrid Zone.

Johnny—Four lions and two tigers.

—Teacher—What is a synonym?

Bright boy—It's a word you can use in place of another one if you don't know how to spell the other one—*Ex.*

THE BOSTON VIEW.—A recent contributor to one of the Boston papers, writing eloquently about his visit to the ruins of ancient Olympia, in Greece, intended to say: "No sacred pæans, no drawn breath, not even a footfall now tells of great Olympia's departed glory."

The Boston compositor made it read: "No baked beans, no brown bread, not even a fishball," etc.

"Oh, hum!" yawned young Willie boy
Waking one morn,
And his watch ticked ten and a quarter,
"I find if I would be up with the sun,
I mustn't sit up with the daughter,"

—*Ex.*

Wanted—An Idea.

I've wasted reams of paper
And many hours of thought,
Made wrinkles in my forehead,
And far and wide I've sought;
And yet I've labored vainly,
Though all this work I've done,
I've chased a million phantoms
But never captured one.

I've heard that there are many
Who have ideas to spare.
Has anyone so lucky
Just one he'd like to share?
I'll furnish pen and paper;
For paper can be bought.
I'd rather spend most anything
Than those long hours of thought.

Ex.—

Evolution.

"Evolution," quoth the monkey,
"Makes all mankind our kin;
There's no chance at all about it
Tails we lose, heads they win."

—*Ex.*

We stood at the bars when the sun went down
Beneath the hills on a summer day;
Her eyes were tender and big and brown,
Her breath as sweet as the new-mown hay.

Far from the west the faint sunshine
Glanced sparkling off her golden hair;
Those calm, deep eyes were turned toward mine,
And a look of contentment rested there;

I see her bathed in the sunshine flood,
I see her standing peacefully now—
Peacefully standing and chewing her cud,
As I rubbed her ears—that Jersey cow.

—*Harvard Advocate.*

A BRIGHT AMERICAN GIRL.—The stenographer and translator of the Peace Commission, is a Miss Marie McNaughton, from the state of Michigan. She passed a high grade of examination a year ago for translator in the Bureau of American Republics. She is one of only two women who are paid by the government a salary of $2,500.

THE CATS AND RATS.—If three cats can catch three rats in three minutes, how many cats can catch one hundred rats in one hundred minutes?

—"Its strange how some people can predict the weather by just feeling their pulse."

"Yes: they must feel the weather vane."—*Ex.*

"Come and dine with us to-morrow," said the old fellow who had made his money and wanted to push his way into society. "Sorry," replied the elegant man, "I can't. I'm going to see 'Hamlet.'" "That's all right," said the hospitable old gentleman, "bring him with you."—*Tit-Bits.*

—There was a fire down town the other afternoon at the residence of Mr. B., but not much damage was done. A reporter of the evening paper called to learn the facts, when the following dialogue took place between the servant and himself:

Reporter—"Can I see Mrs. B.?"

Servant—"She's out, sir."

Reporter—"One of the family, then?"

Servant—"All out, sir."

Reporter—"Well, wasn't there a fire here this afternoon?"

Servant—"Yes, but that's out, too."—*Ex.*

The law helps those (to solitary confinement) that help themselves.

A College Girl.

Three college men once loved a maid,
A maiden wondrous fair,
With dark blue eyes, and rosy cheeks
And clouds of yellow hair.

When the man from Yale would ask her
If to Eli she were true,
She'd only raise her eyes to his,
Her eyes of dark, dark blue.

When lover number two to her
Of Harvard fair would speak,
For answer she would turn to him
Her blushing crimson cheek.

To satisfy the third bold youth,
Who was a Princeton fellow,
She'd bow her head that he might see
Her hair of deepest yellow.

Thus true to Harvard, Princeton, Yale,
This maiden feels no qualms
In dancing merrily each year
At all the Junior Proms. —Ex.

A REWARD OF MERIT.

The father asked, "How have you done
In mastering ancient lore?"
"I did so well," replied the son,
"They gave me an encore.
The Faculty like me and hold me so dear,
They make me repeat my Freshman year."—Ex.

Women in Business.—The number of female partners in private firms has increased from 1,760 in the year 1885, to 2,598 in the year 1895; in other words, from 6.22 per cent to 8.56 per cent. of the entire number. This increase of female partners in private firms, although only 838 in number, constitutes an increase since 1885 of 47.61 per cent., while the number of male partners has increased only 4.27 per cent. But in corporations women are much more largely interested. Out of 57,191 stockholders in 1895, 34,231 were males, 17,369 females, nearly one-third of the stock being held by women. In 1885 the total number of stockholders was 42,731; in 1895, 57,191. The total increase in stockholders, male and female, in ten years was 33.84 per cent.; of these, that of male stockholders was 3,498, or 11.38 per cent., while that of female stockholders was 5,997, or 50.16 per cent.—*Woman's Journal*

—Mrs. Peck (reading):—"This paper says that the new factory can make five hundred dozen scissors in one day."

Mr. Peck:—That's all shear nonsense."—*Ex.*

—Literary young man—"Miss Jones, have you seen 'Crabbe's Tales?'"

Literary young lady (scornfully)—"I was not aware that crabs had tails."

Literary young man (confused)—"I beg your pardon, I should have said, read Crabbe's Tails?"

Literary young woman (more scornfully)—"And I did not know red crabs had tails either, young man."—*Ex.*

Mamma (to Willie who is sliding down the cellar door).—"Willie, what are you doing?"

Willie.—"Making a pair o' pants for a poor orphan."—*Ex.*

—Excited Lady (at Atlantic City)—"Why isn't something done for that ship in distress? Why don't some of you—

Life Saver (hurriedly)—"We have sent the crew a line to come ashore, mum."

Excited Lady—"Of all things! Were they waiting for a formal invitation?"—*Ex.*

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The Editors will be glad to receive from the students and Alumnæ any communications and items of interest to the school.

Editorials.

A HAPPY New Year to all! The days of vacation, so long looked forward to, have come and gone, and once more we are at Lasell. We hope all have had a pleasant vacation and are ready for the work that is always waiting for those who are willing.

MR. BRAGDON, who always gives us such a hearty welcome and does so much to make us feel that we have only come from one home to another, was not able to be present, but did not on that account forget to send his New Year wishes over the wires. Then, on Saturday evening, when he gave them verbally, we fully returned his hearty welcome. It is needless to say that we all sympathize with Mr. Bragdon in the illness of his brother.

MRS. MARTIN having been ill, was not able to be with us in chapel either Friday or Saturday mornings. We very much missed her always hearty welcome and inspiring words.

HOW many have made New Year resolves?

"An element of weakness in much of our

resolving is, that we try to grasp too much of life at one time. We think of it as a whole instead of taking the days one by one. Life is a mosaic, and each piece must be cut and set with skill."

For one thing let us renew our resolutions made at the time we joined the Anti-slang Society. Let us try harder than ever to secure "the better speech, the better carriage, the better voice."

Mr. Bragdon says that already more than half the year is gone. That is more truly so than we realize; for the rest of the time that we are together let us endeavor more than ever to develop the spirit of helpfulness, that we may have the more to give each other, so that when we part in June and go to our parents and friends, they will feel that the separation, though painful, was certainly most advantageous. Let us, in short, do all our work with a carefulness, a thoughtfulness, a cheerfulness, hitherto unknown; for only thus can we secure the hoped-for results.

Here is a quotation worth remembering:

"It is thus each year of life comes to us—for each day a clean, white page, and we are artists whose duty it is to put something beautiful on the pages one by one; or we are historians, and must give to the page some record of work or duty or victory to enshrine and carry away."

A Thought for the New Year.

AS I was coming from Boston, one day recently, I came upon a group of Lasell girls, returning from the holiday vacation, and I overheard one of their number make this remark: "This is to be my last year at Lasell," and with a deepening of the earnest look in the big brown eyes she added, "and I am going to make it the very best year of my life!" After more chatter, which I did not catch, I heard her friend ask, "How do you like Lasell?"

"Like it!" the girl replied, "I just love the dear, jolly old place, and I honestly think a girl can get more real, solid good, both mental and moral, there in a week, than she could in any other such place in a year! But then you know," she thoughtfully added, "It isn't *home* after all"—and as I passed her on my way out of the car, and looking down into the fresh, fair face, I saw the smile die out of her eyes as her thoughts flew fast and far away over the many miles to where her loved ones dwelt.

It has been my habit for several years at the beginning of the New Year, to choose some one thought to hold before me, some motto, some aim to strive for through all the year to come, and when I heard this daughter make the remarks above quoted, I said within myself, Your thought for the coming year has been given to you, and I gathered it to my heart; and because it carries so much weight, and withal has so much of beauty and power, it sets so noble and lofty a stand- and I want to share it with you, girls. What should you do if you knew this was to be your last year on earth? I see some of your faces grow thoughtful, while I hear others say, "Don't let's talk about such things!" But we must talk about such things sometimes, and what better time than now, since it is part of our "Thought for the New Year?" We hope and pray that many fair years may yet be ours, but of this we can know nothing, and again, I ask you, what would you do if you knew this was to be the last year of your life? You would do just what that girl had determined to do with her last year at Lasell—you would make it the very best year of all your life, and this is just what we are going to do with this year which lies all before us. Yes, I know, we have all made resolutions before now. We

were going to turn the new leaf, we were going to break away from this habit or that habit, but before the first week was over, we forgot ourselves so many times, and there were so many blots and crosses on those new leaves that we became utterly discouraged, and finally let go and settled back into the old ways. But girls, *this* year is going to be different, isn't it? Perhaps this is to be our last year here, and we are going to make it the very best year we have yet lived. It is only day by day striving, you know, leaf by leaf, line by line, even.

A few years ago I watched my husband transfer the noble records of a Grand Army Post to the beautiful white pages of a very costly memorial volume. So great was the task and so watchful was he obliged to be of every mark he made, lest he should mar it, that one page a day was all he felt that he could worthily write. With what patience, what skill and care was every word written in beauty and uniformity, and when the volume was complete it was a perfect work, beautiful indeed to look upon. And I thought, Why could not our life record be just as stainless and beautiful if we would be as watchful of each day's page? You do not realize, because you can not, that no matter what your circumstances may be in future years, no matter what position in life you may hold, you will never be so completely shielded from temptation, so entirely sheltered from all adverse winds, as you are during the time you spend within the walls of old Lasell, not even your own homes excepted, and the time will surely come to every one of you, when you will look back and know that this is true; and for this reason, girls, in these your days of freedom from the evil that is in the world, garner up all the strength of your souls, hold fast the purity of your hearts, lay so strong and firm a foundation of character that in after years, though all the winds and waves of evil influences may beat against it, yet shall you be found as immovable as the mountains. Let us remember, that this may be our last year here on earth, and with God's help, strive to make it the very best of all our lives.

Mrs. James Palmer Wood.

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NO where do we find quainter and more picturesque towns than in old New England. There, too, we find our most beautiful suburbs. Boston boasts of hers, and indeed with cause, for on every side she is surrounded with the most charming towns. Eleven miles out by the Boston & Albany and we are in Auburndale, which is undoubtedly one of the loveliest villages in America. About two thousand have their homes here, finding tranquility, climate and scenic beauty combined. The town has often been called "Saint's Rest," on account of the number of retired clergymen who come here to live, and surely no name could be more appropriate.

The minute one alights at the station he is attracted by the beauty about him: the station itself is very artistic; a long, low structure of stone pleasantly located and surrounded with verdant lawns and pretty, low shrubs. Turning away and emerging from the arches of this building we see the town and the streets of the village scattered on all sides. Thousands of trees line the walks, and much of the sylvan beauty of the village is due to the venerable old oaks, elms and maples which have stood here so long. Following Auburn street we reach the Charles river, winding its way silently through the town amid the alders and ferns which overhang its metallic water; troops of fearless squirrels scamper over the fall-

ing leaves and no sound breaks the quietness but an occasional dip of the paddle, for here hundreds come to canoe in the drowsy summer days, and the boats gliding silently along add much to the picturesqueness of the scene.

But let us leave this part of the town and turn to some of its principal buildings. The one which attracts the most attention stands by itself on a high hill, beautifully surrounded with green lawns and old oaks which stretch out their gnarled arms with a protecting air over the thick carpet of greensward beneath them. This is Lasell Seminary for Young Women: It is a large, comfortable building, with a broad view of the surrounding country, and accommodated with all the modern conveniences. The sunlight dances here, brightening all who come in contact with its genial warmth.

Three other large buildings are worthy of mention: The Congregational church, just a few moments' walk from the Seminary. A large brown structure and a little way beyond the Methodist church. More artistic in architecture is the Episcopal church in the opposite part of the town. The seats in these churches are always free to everyone, and strangers are at liberty to go and are sure to find a welcome.

The town has little of historic value in it and perhaps that is one reason for its attractiveness. Everything is so new and fresh that a certain charm is found here unmatched elsewhere.

Of course there are many beautiful residences, and last but not least, the proverbial country store, where everything may be found.

Many of its citizens have achieved distinction, and as the town is proud of them so may they, too, be proud of their own beautiful garden-village.

My Picture Gallery.

THERE is a long, dim gallery, through which I like to wander when I am by myself, a place which seems almost like another world, in which I stay sometimes for hours, forgetting everything else but the delight of looking at the various pictures with which the walls are crowded. These pictures are full of interest to me, everyone containing a deep meaning, and some teaching lessons never to be forgotten.

As years go by, some of the pictures grow dimmer, a little less distinct, but they can never be entirely effaced, for they are frescoed upon the walls to stay forever. In others the forms and colors are brighter and more vivid, and they do not need to be studied and thought over like the rest. But it is a comfort, though sometimes a regret, too, to know that none of them can ever fade away. All have their individual places on the walls, some of them helping to tell a story, some containing histories in themselves.

There is a spot in this gallery brightened by the sunshine which comes in through the window opposite a row of pictures of which I am very fond. They are pictures of laughing, happy children, and I often stand before them, smiling at the pleasant thoughts which they bring to me. All the pictures, however, are not so filled with light and gladness, but as I pass along, I come to one which speaks of sadness and grief, and gives me a feeling of depression which I cannot shake off. I leave this one, perhaps to look at beautiful landscapes, and scenes of romance, and youthful pleasure, and at last come to a gloomy corner which seems to be darkened, yet more by a certain picture there, a picture to which I often go, as by an irresistible yet unwelcome impulse, to learn again and again the sad lesson taught by the results of an

evil deed. Every year I put new pictures in this gallery of my memory, so that all through my life as I look back on the pictured scenes of my past, I find there endless pleasure, or salutary restraint and warning, and I live them over again many times, seeing and talking still, in spirit, with those who have helped to paint them. They bring at times, it is true, great pain and sorrow, as well as pleasure, but this does not make them less dear to me.

Everyone has his own picture gallery, and it is in his own power to decide whether it shall be filled with pure and beautiful pictures or with those dark and repellant. One will always be rewarded by the knowledge that he has done what is right throughout his life, or punished, at least in his memory, if not otherwise, for his evil deeds. They will never fade, and although no one but the owner may ever see the pictures he can never forget them. We should all be very careful, too, in helping to paint the pictures in the memories of others, never to leave a wrong stroke or an ugly color to mar the beauty and harmony. IGNATA.

Curious Slips of Tongue and Pen.

REV. E. HERBRUCK, D. D.

THAT would be a most interesting volume, could one gather up all the curious mistakes made by tongue and type. There are few public speakers who have not at some time created merriment by the use of language which was let slip in an unguarded moment. So there are few writers who have not found some of their finest sentences spoiled by the transposition of a letter or the misconception of a word.

Curious as the slips of the tongue have been, the slips of the type have been more so. And if the former are confusing to the speaker, the latter are aggravating in the extreme. The writer of these lines has had opportunity, in connection with his editorial work, to notice many of these errors, and has taken pains to preserve a few to show how ridiculous one can make himself on pulpit or platform, and how laughable others can make him in type.

A gentleman of literary taste being called on to assist in an entertainment, undertook the task of reciting "The Heathen Chinee," by Bret Harte. He astonished the party by the following rendition:

> "For ways that are dark,
> And for tricks that are vain,
> The heathen pecu is Chineliar."

The following is said to have been announced from the pulpit of a rural church in England: "There will be preaching in this house, Providence permitting, next Sunday, and there will be preaching whether or not on Monday following upon the subject, 'He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be damned,' at precisely half-past three o'clock in the afternoon."

We have heard some very laughable statements made by ministers, and we do not for a moment doubt that they are also made by other public speakers.

One of these clerical brethren, at the close of a solemn service, said in a doleful voice, "Now let us pronounce the Doxology, and I will sing the benediction." He had an intuition that something was wrong in his announcement, and in an effort to correct it resulted in the following: "No, I mean I will sing the benediction, and we will pronounce the Doxology."

Another clergyman who had been discoursing most eloquently on idolatry, surprised his audience by saying, "Bow not thy eye to a needle," when he meant to say, "Bow not thy knee to an idol." Another caused a smile throughout the entire

audience by repeating the well known verse, "Behold the fig tree how it withereth away," in the following manner, "Behold the whig tree how it filtereth away."

The slips of the type, are, however, more numerous and laughter provoking than those of the tongue, causing many an editor and correspondent sorrow, because of the carlessness or obtuseness of the all-knowing compositor. The writer once had occasion to mention the fact that a certain eminent lecturer had delivered his oration on "Saul of Tarsus." Imagine his consternation, after the entire edition of the paper had been run off, on seeing the statement that the man had lectured on the "Soul of Lazarus." So on another occasion, in commending the boarding house of a brother minister at one of the summer resorts, and especially the reasonable rates, he was horrified to read "his rats are reasonable."

A clergyman once made the statement in his pulpit, "What we want is more fire in our meeting." His remarks were reported for the next day's paper, and instead of fire he found that he had expressed the desire for more "fun" in the meetings.

The editor of a Southern paper, wishing to compliment an old general, wrote that he was a "battle-scarred warrior." The compositor omitted one r, and made him a "battle-scared" warrior. He corrected it for the next issue, but found to his chagrin that the types had again played havoc with what he had written, for it read a "bottle-scarred warrior." No further corrections were made.

An Eastern paper reported a political meeting at which "the shouts of 10,000 Democrats rent the air." The types read, "The snouts of 10,000 Democrats." So a "Solemn service in church" was rendered "A solemn circus." An orator who used the expression, "If the press gloat in licentiousness," found that he had arrayed the press in "linen trousers." An English paper in an obituary notice said the body had been taken to Hull for burial. An e for a u in Hull made some difference in the place of interment. "His heart swelled with pride," wrote an editor. The compositor knew better, and made it "his breath smelled."

The writer on one occasion wrote of a certain man that he never would want for anything, as he had plenty of greenbacks. The greenbacks were converted into "greencakes." At another time he used the term "an iron oxide." The compositor knew that the skin of an ox was very tough, and so he made it what he thought was correct, "an iron oxhide." The "vast bequest" of a liberal hearted man was transformed into his "vest button."

"No cross, no crown" are familiar and truthful words. The man who set it up for a daily paper rendered it into just as truthful an expression, "No cows, no cream."

A friend of the writer's, whose penmanship is quite bad, was to lecture in an Indiana town on "Success in Life." He was dumbfounded when he arrived at the hotel, and read on a large poster that he was advertised to lecture on "Suckers in Life."

Horace Greeley was noted for his illegible writing, but good proofreaders discovered most of the mistakes before the forms were made up. Some, however, escaped notice. One time he wrote, "'Tis true, 'tis pity, and pity 'tis, 'tis true." The sentence was converted into a sort of financial statement, as follows: "Tis five, 'tis fifty, yes, 'tis fifty-two.' The great editor also once wrote about the Spanish government, abbreviating the latter word, "Gov't." It turned up the next day as the "Spanish Goat."

Even the poets have been made to suffer by slips of the type. The following lines of Scott are familiar:

Meet nurse for a poetic child."
"Oh, Caledonia, stern and wild,

When the compositor came to the word "meet" he hesitated. That surely could not be right. He had heard of a "wet" nurse, but never of a "meet" nurse. So to be on the safe side he made it,

"Wet nurse for a poetic child."

These are but a few instances of slips in type. There are myriads of them not noticed by the ordinary reader. Is it any wonder that editors are gray before their time?

DAYTON, OHIO.

Letter.

DURING the vacation I went to Hot Springs, Arkansas, to see my Colorado brother who is ill there, and on the run from Chicago to St. Louis I met a car that was new to me. A baggage room at one end, next a smoking room, next a kitchen and a butler's pantry, next a dining room with twelve chairs, next a parlor car apartment, with dressing rooms, made up a combination car without parallel to my knowledge; nothing lacking but the barber shop. It was part of a quick daylight train on the Illinois Central R. R., averaging 37 1-2 miles an hour for the trip. The road-bed is fine. A. H. Hanson, who manages the Illinois Central is the father of our Mary Hanson, here '91-93, and a brother of A. S. Hanson, the General Passenger Agent of the Boston & Albany R. R. The Hansons must be born railroad men to hold such positions on such roads.

I noticed some other things at St. Louis.

Uniformed porters meet alighting passengers quite in the European fashion. This is only exceeded by the provisions of the Northwestern station in Chicago, where the same thing is true, but without fee.

The engines whistle continuously—a practice nearly obsolete in the East.

One gets no $1.00 and $2.00 bills in change,—only silver.

The prairies are bare of snow. It is hard to think that there are two feet of it in one day's journey eastward. These prairies of rich black loam (for which we pay $1.00 a small load in Auburndale,) seem able easily to give food to the world! Not a rock—not a stone—not a pebble to throw at a cow! That is awkward for the girls!

I notice more tree-clumps—windbreaks—than were here when I crossed them first—in 1864 in a baggage car, at the expense of Uncle Sam!

Of Decatur I see a big red brick Roman Catholic church, a tall chimney vomiting black smoke wastefully, a big pipe by its side, a crossing, and a hard-looking wooden station; but I think of the Lasell Decatur girls: of Kankakee a cloud of dust as on a windy November day, but I think of the Lasell girl coming to her home there: of Edwardsville a big blare of illumined window-glass, that is all: but I think of the Edwardsville Lasell girls!

Further south, beyond the Arkansas line the next forenoon I see I am in the southland. "For white passengers"—"For colored passengers" (what color?) are labeled on the doors of the waiting rooms: and a mean little cubby is the only place on the train where a negro, no matter how respectable or educated, may ride! Where is our Civil Rights Bill? Cotton fields are plenty, some picked, some unpicked, some being picked by darkies, each having a long bag trailing from shoulder; chronic swampland and second growth timber. Houses with bowing ridgepole like the back of a cow past her prime; saffron faces and saffron trousers with pockets full of hands; even the streams suggest alligators in their sluggish turns under the shadows; northern streams can't do that.

Hot Springs suggests Manitou in its one street between hills, and its drinking fountains with chained cups, and "camp meeting" houses! One tourist said, "This place is composed of niggers and mud." Another, "Hot Springs is the greatest hold up place in the world." Half the horses are mules—one bit is a bit of wire, another a bit of string. Poor legs are a specialty. Three-fourths of the passers-by limp on crutches or canes, convalescent rheumatics! One wagon has a little jag of wood; another a bale of cotton and a pig to trade for Christmas things. A girl of twelve years wears a real college mortar-board. Sunbonnets are the usual feminine headgear. Store windows full of firecrackers. "What for?" "O, we use 'em here for Christmas more than for the Fourth." I learned on Christmas that this was true. "Files and Swear agin." Grocers!

There are 72 springs all on one hill, from 120 degrees to 180 degrees.

I met Grace Snyder Sternberg, and later called to see her two bouncing boys, one a two-years old, one one-year. She was visiting a resident sister.

I counted 45 doctors' signs on one side of the street in the length of about two blocks.

At St. Louis I had a brief but delightful call on Annie Young, class of '97, and her father, the editor of the *Central Christian Advocate*. You will remember him as the one who gave Lasell that splendid lecture on Abraham Lincoln, and everybody will remember genial Annie. C. C. B.

There was a young girl in the choir,
Whose voice rose hoir and hoir,
Till it reached such a height,
It was clear out of sight,
And they found it next day in the spoir.
—*St. Nicholas.*

"How old are you, Miss?"
"I have seen twenty summers."
"How long have you been blind?"—*Ex.*

Locals.

—On December 3 the students with their friends enjoyed a delightful entertainment given under the auspices of the Lasell Canoe Club. It was quite novel, consisting of tableaux, representing the Gibson pictures, and was given by some young people of Watertown under the management of Mr. Frank B. Masters. There was a short wait between each two pictures, during which Miss Wood entertained the company by some fine piano music. The pictures given were as follows:

1.—Is Bicycling Bad for the Heart?
2.—Dialogue.—After the War.
3.—A Good Game for Two.
4.—Presence of Mind.
5.—Dialogue.—Affected by Heat.
6.—Men Must Work.
7.—Is a Caddy Always Necessary?
8.—The Only Pebble on the Beach.
9.—Last Day of Summer.
10.—Drama in a Canoe.
11.—A Social Nuisance,—the Caller Who Never Knows When to go.
12.—Dialogue.
13.—Puzzle.—Find the Wife of the Man Telling the Story.
14.—The Embarrassment of Having Your Host's Valet Open Your Valise.
15.—Dialogue.—Apropos.
16.—Puzzle.—Find Girl Who is Going to be Kissed Within Ten Minutes.
17.—Dialogue.—A Sorry Plight.
18.—A Little Story Told by a Sleeve.
19.—That Delicious Moment When You Find You Are to Take to Supper the Girl Who Yesterday Refused You.
20.—The Old Tune.

After the tableaux the members of the Canoe Club gave a reception to those who took part. All pronounced the entertainment a great success, special credit being due to Mr. Masters for his tasteful decorations and skillful management.

—On Wednesday evening, December 7, an organ recital was given by Mr. Henry Dunham, assisted by Mr. William Dunham,

tenor. Mr. Dunham played a number of fine selections, which could not fail to please all true lovers of music. Lasell girls are indeed fortunate in having so fine a teacher of the organ.

—The seniors are now attending a course of French lectures given in town by Prof. van Daell, of the Institute of Technology. These lectures are not only beneficial but a real pleasure, as the lecturer is a very interesting speaker.

—Dr. Rolfe was present at the Shakespeare class on Thursday before vacation, and seemed much pleased with our progress under Miss Wilder, who conducted the work for that day also. He added zest to the lesson by telling us many interesting anecdotes which helped us to a cleared understanding of the character of Shylock.

—Trunks in the halls on Wednesday announced the coming departure of the girls for the Christmas vacation, and the rooms resounded with laughter and good wishes, as their inmates separated for three weeks of pleasure. Now they are back once more, resolved, we hope, to make good and worthy use of the new year.

—On the evening before vacation the seniors appeared at chapel in all the dignity of their caps and gowns to the awe and admiration of the undergraduates, and insignificant specials. Lasell may well be proud of her senior class.

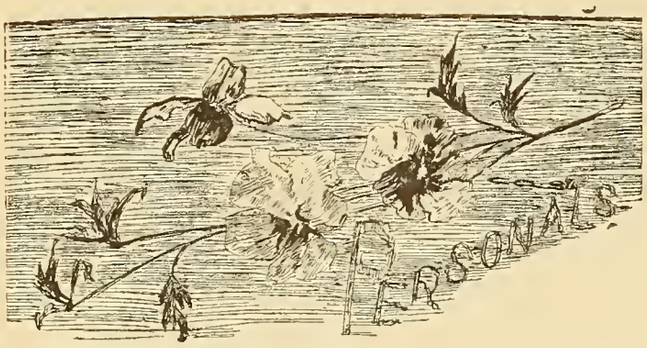
—On Wednesday evening, Dec. 14, the usual term concert was given, the students, both of the vocal and instrumental departments taking part. It was pleasantly varied with recitations by some of Mrs. Martin's pupils. All did very well, and the enthusiastic audience applauded heartily. These frequent concerts at Lasell are a source of great pleasure and satisfaction.

—On December 14 the Orphean club sang several German songs, during the chapel hour. This custom of having German Christmas songs sung on the evening before vacation is a pleasant one which we hope the school will not abandon. The first was one of Luther's hymns, the second "Stille Nacht heilige Nacht," a great favorite, being sung in many of our schools and homes. There is no country where Christmas is made more of than in Germany, both in the family and in the church, the boys and girls being early taught to give expression to their feelings in the many beautiful German songs, appropriate to the time.

—Before vacation Mr. Bragdon was suddenly called to Hot Springs, Arkansas, by the illness of his brother. We learn that the latter is improving. After spending New Year's day with his mother at Evanston, Mr. Bragdon, returned to Lasell, but even though away on the first day of the year, he did not forget to send us a word of greeting and his best wishes for the New Year.

—Christmas greetings were received from Lottie Appel and Ruth Merriam, Mary Tebbs, Mattie Baker, Mr. and Mrs. Crew, Langford Lodge, Gutherie Road, Clifton; (Mrs. Crew was Ada Hibberd of Montreal); Fraulein Roth, Mademoiselle Le Royer, Miss Packard, Bess and Margaret Bailey, from Marburg, Alsace-Lorrain, Germany; Nellie Richards, May and Julia Tulleys; Grace Robb, Helen W. Cooke, Alice Dunsmore Van Harlingen, Helen Thresher Hartzell, Frances Fairchild; our neighbor, Henry R. Turner; photographs of Dorothy Civil Bailey, Caroline Ebersole Martin and her brave Highland laddie, Donald, and of Catherine and Lucia Herbert.

"Cast thy bread upon the water,"
Said the boarder, with a frown,
"Add a little salt and pepper,
Call it soup, and gulp it down."—*Ex.*



—Edith Grant and Emma have been very ill, indeed, with grip, but are now recovering.

—There is some talk of an Ohio Lasell club, one of the girls having expressed the desire to see such an association well organized, and the intention of doing something to further such action. All Ohio Lasell girls, who are asked to co-operate will doubtless be glad to do so.

—In a clipping from the Middletown *Tribune* of November 28, we see that in a fine spectacular presentation of Longfellow's Evangeline by the young folks of that place, Laura Birdsey, who represented the heroine of the poem, acquitted herself unusually well, receiving much applause and a handsome bouquet besides.

—Dessie Milliken Bevan's husband has been made contract surgeon in the army, and is now at Ft. Thomas, Kentucky. Dessie and the two children are expecting to join him so soon as he shall have the prospect of remaining for a considerable time at one place.

We learn through Mabel Case that Mollie Taylor Rathbun has a little boy, born shortly before Christmas; but his name we have not yet heard. Martina Grubbs Riker —Harrodsburg, Kentuckey—has a little girl, Martha Letcher Riker, born on the twelfth of December last. Our congratulations to both these happy mothers.

—Mr. Bragdon's office is now adorned by the certificate of membership of the distinguished society, "Sons of the American Revolution."

—Alice Kimball dropped in for a flying visit the other day. She was on her way to Minneapolis, where she expects to spend the winter with Edith Knight. Both girls are studying, Alice taking at Stanley Hall, French, German, Shakespeare and Constitutional History. Alma Widstrand is to be with them this winter, she says, while Mrs. Widstrand is in the south. We learn that Alma is doing very good work in art.

—Ruth Sankey Ripley, 212 Harrison street, Seattle, Washington, writes about a jolly two-months' old boy whom she wishes to show Mr. Bragdon next time he goes west. Paul Newhall Ripley is the little manikin's name, and Ruth says, "He is just an ordinary baby, well and good. There! I am determined not to be too proud of him." She has been housekeeping since last June, and says that she has great fun learning how to cook. She wouldn't say "we," because she thought that the other member of the firm had perhaps less *fun* out of it than she, though, since he grew stouter upon the fare she furnished him, he probably was no great sufferer by Ruth's experiments. Mrs. Lincoln's cookbook is her right hand friend. She speaks of having seen June Hoyt Waite at a concert, but had no opportunity to speak with her.

—Nellie Alling Thayer, in a recent letter, tells about a church fair in which she was one of the helpers, keeping a "candy table" whose stores she replenished as buyers increased, by adding more of her own manufacture as was the first lot. One hundred dollars thus made is a very tangible and convincing proof of Mrs. Nellie's skill in making such delicacies.

—Josephine Bogart writes of visiting Winnie Ewing Coffin, and of long reminis-

cent chats of old school days. During a visit to Des Moines she saw Bertha Clapp Harbach, who has an interesting little girl, and seems to be happy; she met also Mrs. Chase (formerly Nellie Ransom,) and heard of others among whom she names Anna Mitchell Martin, May Church Cottle, Lucie McBrier Jarecki, and Fannie Barbour Sonntag, all prosperous and happy. Josephine's address is Penn Yan, N. Y.

—Caroline Kendall is attending the Academy of Applied Design for Young Women, in New York, and is very much pleased with her work there, although, she says, she prefers Lasell. Her address is 10 East 47th St., New York City.

—Carrie Manning Dexter writes about the pretty wedding of Gertrude Sherman, which she attended. After the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Ellsworth started for Washington. They included in their trip visits to New York and Philadelphia as well.

—Emma Goll mentions in her letter Alice Ball's engagement, and speaks of expecting shortly a visit from Lestra Hibberd, on which occasion they are to "get acquainted again," so long have they been separated.

—Grace A. Johnson says that she enjoyed "every moment" of a certain Wednesday afternoon not long ago when she was out to see her old principal again. She says, too: "I don't feel one bit older than I did when I left Lasell, but it certainly made me feel aged when I saw the girls that are there now." After all, it *is* true than one is only so old as one *feels*, and judging by this, Grace is not one bit older.

—Carolyn Baldwin and Laura Birdsey are both at home for the winter, and having a very enjoyable winter. Carolyn is studying vocal under a master at Hartford, where she goes twice a week to take her lessons.

—Miss Witherbee met Nellie Wilson and Miss Evans the other evening at the reception given Mr. Charles Dudley Warner by the college club. Both were well and in the best spirits. Nellie says that Claire Arnold is still in Boston—19 Blagdon St.

—Esther Hoover and Anna Ampt exchanged visits during the vacation. Anna is well, and carrying on her art study.

—Elizabeth Starks is spending the winter in Florida.

—Ruth Merriam has recovered from her attack of grippe. During a recent visit to New York she saw Ida Basch, Ada Cadmus, and Edith Howe.

—Frances Gray is said to have recently become Mrs. Temple, and to be living in Towanda, Pa.

—Mabel Currie and Maritta Sisson visited Mary Davies during the vacation.

—Alice Jenckes is back with us once more.

—Elizabeth Robertson is visiting Emma Goll.

—Elfleda Bond is attending Mrs. Somer's school in New York.

—Jessie McCarthy has recently seen Jessie Talbot, and heard from Virginia Wilson —both well.

—Eva Ferris was one of a vacation theatre-party of Lasell girls. The names of the others we did not learn.

—Ione Tucker is home from her Mexican trip.

—Blanche Gardner is at home, taking a special course of study.

—Alma Widstrand and May Emery were bridesmaids at the wedding of the brother of the gentleman to whom May Emery is engaged.

—Beulah De Forest is enjoying the winter at home.

—Bessie Legg finds her High school studies and her music very absorbing.

—Florence Stedman Richards's address is 16 Linden St., Needham, after March seventh.

—Alice van Harlingen sends us a photograph of her husband, which we are glad to add to our collection.

—The following have been favored with calls from members of their families: Misses Dudley, Moulton, Brewer, Ebert, Hart, Woodbury, Wellington, Trowbridge, Pinkham, Fry, A. Campbell.

Former pupils: Helen Morris, Mabel Lutes, Emma Ferris, Jennie Rich.

—The engagement is announced of Laura Mabel Case to Mr. Joseph Nicholas Viot, a Toledo gentleman whom Mabel met at Mollie Taylor Rathbun's wedding.

—The Akron Musical Club gave at the First M. E. church of that city, on December 13, a very heartily praised performance of Handel's Messiah. The club was assisted by the several soloists, the Chicago Festival orchestra, and Mrs. Charles Benot, accompanist, under the direction of Miss Helen Stores. Among the soloists was one of our own girls, Gertrude Penfield Seiberling, of whose fine singing the paper speaks thus: "Mrs. Frank A. Seiberling has no need to sing her way into the hearts of Akron people. She has already a warm place, and her exquisite contralto voice is always accorded the heartiest of welcomes. She appeared to excellent advantage Tuesday evening, especially in the solos, 'He Was Despised and Rejected of Men,' and 'He Shall Feed His Flock Like a Shepherd.'" After the performance Mrs. Seiberling gave the club a reception at her home.

—Ada Cadmus is studying vocal and violin still, and French besides; speaks of a coming musicale at which she was expected to play, and of her intention to join a certain musical club. She thinks of coming to the Commencement exercises in June. We shall be glad to see her then. Among the girls she has seen somewhat recently are Ruth Merriam, who spent a Sunday with Ada; Laura Chapman, whom she had with her a day last fall while Laura was in New York; and Musette Lovell, who visited her in November. Grace Englehart she met on the street the other day. Marie Wilson was to have had her "coming-out party" soon after Ada wrote, and the latter expected to attend.

—Here is Annie Young rushing into print, girls. Did you know? She has in the *Central Christian Advocate*, for December 21, a very readable little story, which bears title "Donald Allen, Jr.: A Christmas Episode." We'll have a great end-of-the-century novel from her pen one of these days.

—A letter from this same Annie contains numerous very welcome news items. First of all, she is in her father's office, helping him in his editorial work, and enjoying it exceedingly. She writes reviews of books and magazines, and occasionally other things. Last summer she met Ella Ampt at Bay View, and the two had a very jolly time together. The Taggart girls were traveling "about the northern regions, with a chaperone," and Annie met them also. Result: another good time; sundry Lasell talks. Nora Burroughs is making her work tell, it seems, for certain "fat fees" for transcribing briefs make her purse plethoric. Daisy Aull, Alma Widstrand, and Annie lunched together one day in December, Alma being then on a visit to Daisy. Gertrude Jones is to be (perhaps now *is*) in St. Louis this winter. Julia Aldrich is—well and happy. We hope that Annie's next budget will be not less pleasantly newsy than this.

—The *Album* is fortunate in having had of late so many charming contributions to its treasure-store. Ida Foster Brown sends a photograph of her dear little Howard, in his mother's arms. He is not quite sure that it's all right, but seems inclined to let mamma have her way about it. Fannie Hanscome Herbert's two little people, Kathryn and Lucia, appear in the garb of "The Nun" and "Friar Tuck" respectively, in which characters they figured in a fancy dress party recently. Surely two more charming examples of the bewitching effects of this dress when worn by winning children, we have seldom seen. Little Friar Tuck grasps the significant stein, and peeps roguishly out from the folds of the heavy hood; while the nun piously counts her beads, or devotedly reads her missal. Emma Civill Bailey's chubby little Dorothy, curled baby-wise up among the soft cushions of a pleasant divan, looks out at us with parted lips, a half-humorous gleam in her wide-open eyes. From Caraline Ebersole Martin come two pictures,—one of herself, which is doubly welcome, and one of sturdy Master Donald, five years old now,but not quite four when this fetching little picture was made. The true Highlander he looks, in his Scotch array. In a moment more he will whistle "The Campbells are Coming," you may be sure; he's just ready for it.

—Frances Fairchild sends us a pretty booklet of Marinette views. Among the finely executed illustrations therein we note pictures of the pleasant cottages of Mr. Fairchild and of Mr. Merryman, at Oakwood Beach; portraits of these gentlemen, and of their Marinette residences, together with various mills and so forth, the property of one or other of them, or of Mr. Stephenson. Besides these illustrations which make the book especially interesting to us, are a number of others, showing not only residences,business blocks,charming landscapes or river views, but also various notables of the place, in business, social, church, and intellectual circles.

—Mildred Faxon writes of happy days, and of seeing Gertrude Jones often. Gertrude, too, is having pleasant times, but does not go out a great deal. She speaks of having seen Myrtle Davis, also.

—Anna Marbold Wernsing sent kind Christmas greetings. Her oldest boy is studying at home under a German tutor, devoting the mornings to German, but giving the afternoon to his own tongue.

—Lottie Appel writes of busy days in the store preceding Christmas, and of an expected visit to Baltimore and New York, during vacation. She mentions having seen Minnie Kiesel, of Ogden, and Rena French lately.

—"Daisy" Jane Lloyd—Hotel Walton, Philadelphia—has been ill with grippe, we hear, but is recovering. She saw in Williamsport, last summer, Florence Ryan, but missed seeing Miss Ransom. Jane is engaged, by the way, to a Williamsport gentleman, Mr. John Coryell. The wedding will probably occur in the fall.

—Julia Tulleys writes of school work, and how she enjoys being helpful in this way. May is still busy with her office-work, and like Julia, is happy and content. The latter heard from Bessie Bailey lately. Bess and Margaret are getting a great deal of pleasure and advantage from their winter in Germany. Julia sees Grace Beebe often. Sadie Farnsworth, she says, has gone to California for her health. Alice Thurstin, she saw last fall.

—Mabel Case has been visiting Mrs. Viot, the mother of the gentleman to whom she is engaged. Other visits are planned

for before her return East, among these some three weeks divided between Mollie Taylor Rathbun and Mollie's mother. "I have seen Mollie," she says, "a few times, in her new little home, with her new little baby, and she is very well. The baby is a fine boy, and also very well."

—Louise Hawley Sanders and her husband celebrated their twentieth anniversary the other day. Her daughter received with her mother and father the three hundred guests who that evening thronged the Sanders home. It was a notable social event.

—Lulu Devnell—now Mrs. Francis L. Wells, of San Lorenzo, St. Domingo—sends a pleasant letter breathing of old times when she was here with us. She has been living since her marriage in the West Indies, her husband being manager of a large banana plantation there. She is at present visiting in "the States."

—Charlotte White, through whose letter we learn of the death of Margie Hubbard Atwood, is engaged to a Massachusetts gentleman, so that we may reasonably expect to see her occasionally when she comes here to live.

MARRIED

—Georgina Haskell to Obadiah Sands, Jr., on Tuesday, December 20, at Chicago.

—Una Cole to Percy Carter Withers, on Wednesday, December 28, at Chester, Ill.

PASSED AWAY.

—Maude Matthews, who lost in 1897 her dear father, has again been called upon to endure the sorrow of bereavement, her only brother, Mr. Frank B. Matthews, having recently died. To this able and energetic young man had fallen the sole management of his father's business after the decease of the elder Mr. Matthews, so that his death is doubly a loss to his family. He leaves a wife, besides Maude, her mother and sister. To these we give our sincerest sympathy in their grievious sorrow.

—Emma Hax and her sisters lost last month their father, Mr. Louis Hax. The circumstances of his death have not been told us. We tender our earnest sympathy thy to the bereaved ones.

—Margaret Hubbard Atwood, whom readers of the LEAVES will remember as Margie Hubbard, died recently at her home in Sioux Falls, of pneumonia. She leaves a husband and baby boy.

GYMNASIUM RECORD.

—The gymnasium record for the fall term is as follows:

Aggregate weight (132 pupils)	16,720 lbs.
Average individual weight	126 2-3 lbs.
Lightest weight	88 lbs.
Heaviest weight	189 lbs.
Greatest gain in the term	22 lbs.

Cap and Bells.

WANTED.

The cut of beef known as Hamburg steak.
A. M. P.

A rest after vacation,
Everyone

The home (?) folks,
The Girls with the Blues.

$25,000 for Carpenter Hall,
Lasell

Some more members,
The C. E. Society

To know if Arkansas ends in s-a-w,
F. P.

To lose twenty pounds,
C. E. W.

Contributions for the LEAVES,
The Editor

Which of Shakespeare's characters killed the most hens and chickens?

Macbeth did murder most foul.

A boy being asked for a definition of "darkness," replied, "A blind Etheopian in a dark cellar at midnight, looking for a black cat."

Wheat and potatoes are like the idols of old—eyes have they, but they see not; ears have they, but they hear not.

Experience is the best schoolmaster, but the school fees are somewhat heavy.

What is the difference between a sewing machine and a kiss?

One sews nice seams; the other seems so nice.

Why does a caller resemble a man going to propose?

They both go to a door; they both see a bell; they both give the bell a ring; they both give the maid their name; and in the end they both get taken in.

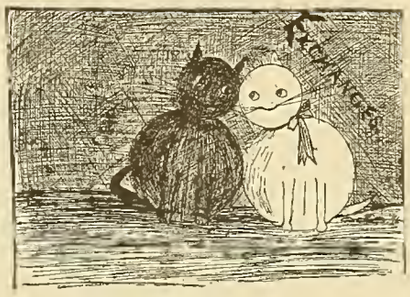
Where is canned fruit first mentioned in the Bible?

When Noah and his wife went into the Ark and preserved pairs.

I think my head's all alive inside like an old cheese, for I'm so full o' plans one knocks another over. If I hadn't mumps to talk to I should get top heavy and tumble in a fit. I suppose it's because I never went to school much. That's what I jaw my old mother for. I says, "You should ha' sent me to school a bit more," I says—"an', then I could ha' read in the books like fun, an' kep' my head cool and empty."

An editor at a dinner table being asked if he would like some pudding, replied, in a fit of abstraction, "Owing to a crowd of other matter, we are unable to find room for it."

"'Where are you going, my pretty maid?'
'Collecting souvenirs, sir,' she said?'
'May I go with you, my pretty maid?'
'My fad is not *spoons*, kind sir,' she said."
—*Ex.*



—The LEAVES wishes to acknowledge the following exchanges:—The Argosy, Adelphian, Bates Student, Bowdoin Orient, Coburn Clarionet, The Chestnut Burr, Distaff, Dorchester High School Item, The Fence, Forum, Girls' Latin School, The Harvard Lampoon, High School Journal, The Chelsea High School Beacon, The Jabbernock, The Mt. Holyoke, The Oracle, The Polytechnic, The Pennsylvanian, Daily Princetonian, The Racquet, The Seminary Oak Leaves, Tiltonian, Wismus College Bulletin, University Forum, Literary Monthly, Yale Alumni Weekly.

DAUGHTER.—"Yes, I've graduated, but now I must inform myself in psychology, philology, bibl—'

Practical Mother.—"Stop right where you are. I have arranged for a thorough course in roastology, boilology, stitchology, darnology, patchology and general domestic hustleology. Now get on your apron."

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The Editors will be glad to receive from the students and Alumnæ any communications and items of interest to the school.

Editorials.

HOW often it is the case that we fail to appreciate our opportunities till they are gone, and then how we wish we had made *more* of them. We sometimes think, "Why did not some one call our attention to this fact?"

We have, for example, so many advantages here, that it is hard to say which is the greatest; but let us mention the numerous excellent lectures that we have heard from time to time. They are given here in our own chapel, and are ours for the taking; and yet is it not too often true that some of us are likely to consider them a bore? "Another lecture!" groans some thoughtless one; "What good are lectures, anyway?" Instantly she might have answered, "If it is an interesting subject, skillfully handled, the lecture should be both a pleasure and a profit to us." That is true, and we are glad of it; yet, even supposing that it were not an unmixed delight to listen to a lecture, is it only from the pleasant things that we derive benefit? Is it not sensible to take a more serious view of the subject, a view such as is expressed in the following passage, quoted from a good thinker:—

"Our present circumstances are to be

looked upon as advantages which the great Disposer has afforded us, and not, as we are apt to think, impediments which He has thrown in our way. They are the materials with which we are to begin to build, and not a heap of rubbish that must be cleared out of the way before we lay the first stone in the edifice of our lives."

What good, let us ask, can we get from a comparatively uninteresting lecture? In the first place, we can learn to exert our will-power and to make ourselves interested. That one thing in itself is worth working for. More than that, we are cultivating our power of concentration; we are gaining information on a subject which, though at present, is of no interest to us, may presently become of paramount interest and importance to us, so that we shall have occasion to use all the information about it of which we are possessed. Then, indeed, we shall be glad that we took advantage of the opportunity that at the time seemed only a bore.

The compliment one of our lecturers gave us, is worthy of thought: "Such an intelligent and sympathetic audience. I said things I did not mean to say: I could not help it; the audience brought me to my best!" When we can hold a public speaker to his best, when we can hold our friends to their best, then certainly we may feel that we ourselves are gainers in no small degree. To the intelligent and earnest no means of personal growth and development along true lines, will ever seem "a bore" but a "blessing."

"No one is living aright unless he so lives that whoever meets him goes away more confident and joyous for the contact." And this is another good accomplished when we make the most of our lectures; in fact, when we make the most of our advantages, whatever they may be, for always thus we both give and receive help and encouragement.

How She Liked the Opera.

LASELL, Feb. 6, 1899.

Dear Nell:—If you had only been with me last Wednesday evening! Such a treat as I had—Gadski and Kraus in Siegfreid! Of course I can't write about anything else, this time.

Aunt Lucy chaperoned five of us girls, and we enjoyed it from start to finish. This was due a great deal to our having studied before both motives and librette, besides having heard a lecture on the Wagner opera; and no little, also, to Aunt Lucy's being such an enthusiastic Wagnerian, that we could not help catching her spirit. True, there were some very funny and amusing things, even in this "heavy" Wagner opera, but I want you to see the æsthetic view first.

The scenery and lighting, for the most part, were really fine, some very special preparations in this line having been made for this season, so we heard. The orchestra, too, was grand. How I wish I could hear it all over again tonight! I sat where I could easily see Mr. Damrosch, and he did seem to enjoy conducting so much. O, that I understood music one-tenth as well! It is some consolation, however, to know that I could recognize the ring motive, and those of the "sword" and "Siegfried, the impetuous," once in a while. The crescendo and diminuendo passages were fine. Wagner's operas may be "noisy," as some people say, but it is the kind of "noise" that thrills, inspires and exalts one, noise that is perilously near being the sublimest *music*. Indeed the music alone would richly repay one for going. (Jess says, "that it certainly would, if one were there *on a friend's invitation.*")

Of course you remember the story. The first act opens with the forest scene, where Minn, the funny wizened little dwarf, is

hammering away at a sword, when Siegfried, a great, strong, handsome blond fellow, enters. This was Kraus. He took small account of the dwarf, except to tease or to frighten the crafty little wretch. Minn's part was hard. To keep that stooped position, both in rest and action, and while singing in forced, unnatural tone, seemed to me very difficult, so that I was quite vexed when the Journal said, next morning, "Mr. Kissling so writhed, chattered and screamed through his part, that it was a comfort when Siegfried put an end to him and to his incessant gyrating about the stage"; but the Transcript comforted me, for it said, "Mr. Kissling's Minn was capital throughout, and in musical conception he showed himself a master of that particular style, recitative parlando."

By the close of the act Siegfried, dissatisfied with the swords made for him by Minn, had melted up the fragments of his father's blade, "Needful," and forged it afresh, to the dwarf's great awe. Between you and me, I don't believe Siegfried really could make a sword, though the sparks certainly did fly amazingly as he pounded away in time to the music. He looked so very strong and handsome, too! What mattered it if he didn't forge correctly? Any way, the iron anvil split from top to bottom at one blow of the finished sword.

Act second is devoted firstly, to the killing of a conversationist dragon afflicted with a very bad cold and a severe chronic hoarseness, which even the streams of hot steam that issued from its throat could not ameliorate, and that is also troubled with an acute form of St. Vitus' dance; and secondly, to a Forest Bird, with a capacity for speech, as well as for song, so says the Journal, and I admit there is "more truth than poetry" in it. At first I could not help laughing, because the stage was so light, that you could see the man's head inside the humpy back of the dragon; but the music, Kraus' singing especially, soon made me forget any such little defects.

I think I had not before thought how very difficult it must be to sing and to act well at the same time. In the third act, for example, when Siegfried, having accidently tasted the dragon's blood, understanding thereby the speech of the birds, is led by their song to seek his fair sleeping bride surrounded by fire, and, finding, wakes, wooes and wins her, the duet seemed to be a very taxing part in this particular. The parts are so long, that for the lovers to listen each to the other's impassioned speeches with the eager interest which the situation evidently demands, and to do this at the same time gracefully, is much more difficult than in the drama, where the parts are shorter and the actors can move about more easily and with more apparent reason. Still Kraus and Gadski were equal to the occasion. The final duet was *just grand!* The audience applauded vigorously and there were many curtain calls, which I delightedly helped to give. Now I am impatiently waiting for Tuesday night, when I expect to have the pleasure of going again, this time to Romeo et Juliette, about which I shall probably be as anxious to tell you next week. Yours ever, NAN.

Said a whiskered "med.,"
To a fair co-ed.;
"I'm like a ship at sea—
Exams are near
And much I fear
I will unlucky be."
"Then," murmured she,
"A shore I'll be;
Come, rest, thy journey o'er."
Then darkness fell
And all was well—
For the ship that hugged the shore.—*Ex.*

Margaret's Valentine.

MR. Kingston sat by the window gazing out at the busy street below him. "Ugh," he groaned impatiently, "shall I ever be able to walk like other people again? It doesn't look much like it now;" and he gazed savagely at his leg, which was propped up on a chair in front of him. Several weeks before he had had a fall on the icy pavement, and broken his leg, and was now in the midst of a slow convalescence, which, true to his sex, he bore with very little patience.

"It's about time for Midget," he continued half aloud; then, with the exclamation, "There she is now!" he leaned forward nodding and smiling to a little girl who was going by the house, and who waved her hand gaily in response to his greeting. She had sparkling brown eyes and beautiful chestnut hair, and was neatly though rather poorly dressed. She carried a bag of books on her arm, and tripped along in a light, graceful way pleasant to behold. Mr. Kingston watched her until she turned a corner of the street, and then settled back in his chair with a more cheerful expression on his face than Henri, his valet, had seen there that day.

The little girl and the middle-aged man had been great friends since the day, some time ago, that he had rescued her in the park from some rough boys, who were tormenting her. He had walked part way home with her, learning that her name was Margaret Banks, that she was seven years old and went to the primary school, that she and her mother lived alone together, that she had a lovely little kitten, and other equally important details. After this he sometimes met her going to and from school, and since he had been confined to the house, it had come to be an event to watch for her and nod to her as she went by.

Margaret, for her part, was never tired of telling her mother about "her gentleman," as she called him, and firmly believed that he had saved her from death at the hands of those dreadful boys.

This particular afternoon she hurried home and rushed into the room where her mother was working by the fading light of the February day.

"Oh, mamma," she cried, scarcely stopping to take breath, "day after to-morrow's Valentine's Day, and the girls are going to make valentines, and put them on the door steps and ring the bell and run; and Grace Powers wants me to go over to her house to-morrow and make some. May I ?" and she hopped about on one foot, looking anxiously at her mother. Mrs. Banks stopped working a minute and watched the little girl with a smile. She was thinking of the time when she used to make valentines. "And I just have to *have* some writing paper and some little pictures, and I can buy them with the gold dollar I had when I was a baby, and Grace has some colored paper and we can make stars and things," continued Margaret, eagerly. She knew that her mother could not spend much money on unnecessary things, and wished to show how little it would cost.

Her mother laughed. "I think we can manage without having to spend your gold dollar," she said, "and I think that I have some little pictures put away that I used for valentines when I was a little girl. I will look for them after supper."

The next afternoon Margaret was skipping along the street, carefully holding in her right hand a package containing some writing paper and the precious pictures, supplemented by some smaller ones which she had purchased for a few pennies, and which, as she explained to her mother, were "to go

in the corners." She looked up brightly at Mr. Kingston's window as she passed, and waved the little package; then as she went on an idea occurred to her which caused her to smile and nod her head emphatically several times.

That night after supper she spread the results of her afternoon labors out on the table for her mother to inspect. "This one's for Ned, and this for May, and this for Grace," she said, naming them over, "and this," taking up one much larger than the others, "is for my gentleman. He's broken his leg, Ned says, 'cause he lives in the same block, and I'm so sorry for him,—and then, he saved my life, you know," she ended, seriously. The valentine was of the most wonderful shape, painstakingly adorned with one of the pictures given her by her mother, surrounded by a circle of gold stars, and with smaller pictures in the corners. Inside the sheet was another picture under which was written, in a straggling hand—

When this you see,
Remember me.

"Such a fine valentine must have an envelope," said Mrs. Banks, entering into the spirit of the occasion, "and you can write your gentleman's name on the outside." Margaret did not remember his name, but said that she would ask Ned to-morrow, and putting the precious paper into the envelope, she laid it away until the next way.

Just after dark on the fourteenth of February the doorbell in Mr. Kingston's apartments rang violently, and a minute or two afterward Henri appeared in his master's sitting-rooom, bearing on a tray a huge white envelope, which he presented to Mr. Kingston with the remark,—"This was left on the steps for you, sir."

Mr. Kingston took the envelope and glanced carelessly at the superscription, then with more interest, opened it, and drew out Margaret's valentine. For a moment he stared at it completely nonplussed. Henri, who had been looking on with wide open eyes now came to the rescue. "It's Valentine's Day to-day sir, and I guess some one's sent you one," he ended with a chuckle.

"Oh, I had forgotten," said his master, "but who could have sent me this?" and he again examined the writing on the envelope. Then opening the valentine he read aloud—

When this you see,
Remember me.

Suddenly a light dawned on him. It must have been little Midget, he said—Midget was the name he had bestowed on Margaret—"Bless the child," and he began to look at the pictures more closely. Where had he seen them before? What was it they reminded him of? He tried to grasp a vague memory which flashed quickly across his mind, and as quickly vanished again, leaving him with an uncomfortable feeling of having lost something. At last he recollected that when he and his sister were children they used to make valentines with pictures like these. Then he recalled how his grandfather had given the pictures to them, telling them that they were bought in a far-away land, and that there were few like them in this country. He had never seen any others like them, although he had tried several times afterwards to find some. Strange that he should receive some now, and in this way! He began to think of his sister, his merry, laughing younger sister, who had finally brought grief to the family by running away with a young Englishman, who went with his bride to the far west, where all traces of them were lost. Could it be possible that he had at last a clue to the mystery which had baffled his efforts for years? No—no, he was too imaginative!

But, yet—there were the pictures! As he gazed at them he could hear his sister laughing, and see her shaking her chestnut curls at him across the table. Margaret had chestnut curls! "Henri," said Mr. Kingston, suddenly, "bring me some ink and paper, and be quick." Henri did so. His master wrote a hasty note. "Take this to the address written on the envelope. Hurry, now!" The astonished Henri bowed and went out.

Left alone, Mr. Kingston moved uneasily in his chair, and fingered restlessly the tea-things on the tray beside him. "If it is Lucie, she will understand the note; and if not it will pass simply as a note of thanks for the valentine," he said to himself.

A few minutes later there were sounds in the hall below. Surely that was a woman's voice! In a minute the door of the sitting-room opened and Margaret rushed in, followed more slowly by a pale, slender woman, with beautiful chestnut hair.

With an exclamation of joy, the invalid started to rise from his seat, then fell back with a groan of pain. The next instant his sister's arms were round his neck, and Margaret was clinging to his free hand. After the excitement had subsided a little Mrs. Banks told her brother the story of her life after leaving home. How happy she and her husband had been together, and how, after his death, she had come east with her little girl, and on going to her native town had been told that her parents were dead and that her only brother had gone away, no one seemed to know where. Then she had come to the city and eked out a small existence as a designer. She told him that she had written home once or twice after her marriage, but receiving no answer had concluded that the family had cast her off.

"Your letters were never received, and I did not give up looking for you for years," answered her brother. "But all that is over now, and you and Midget must come and make your home here, there is room enough for us all, and we have been separated long enough."

A few nights later a very happy trio were sitting before the open fire in the sitting-room. "Just think!" said Margaret, looking gleefully from her mother to her uncle, "It was all on account of my valentine."

'99.

The Jar of Jam.

WE have been laughing, Kitty and I, for the last half hour over a poor innocent jar of jam.

The girl rooming next to us on our left was presented with a jar of jam—raspberry jam. She had eaten about half of it when she was seized with a fit of sudden and acute generosity, and remembering that we, her neighbors, were in a chronic state of jamlessness, she brought the remainder of the raspberry sweetmeat over to us; but desiring to do the deed of gift delicately—as subsequent developments proved—she at first merely requested us to "keep it for her." Out of the goodness of our hearts we consented.

That same evening when I went to get a book down from the shelf, where we had left the jam, I found that the jar had been turned over, thereby depositing its contents on the shelf and books. In my hurry to get the book, I smeared the jam all over my dress, but succeeded in removing it without damage. Thoroughly provoked, I showed the owner what havoc her jam had wrought, and asked her to take it back, which she refused to do, saying that she had given it to me. I replied that we did not want it; but, as she absolutely refused to take it back, it was still

on our hands. Resolved to have no more to do with it, we cleaned up the mess, putting all the jam that was scraped off the shelf back into the jar, and taking it across to our neighbors opposite, left them to eat it, though it was hardly clean. Our conscience pricked us a little over this fact, so we took pity on them, and told them all about the accident, advising them to give the stuff away. This advice they took, and presented the jam, "with compliments" to the girls rooming on our right; but they also found out the bad qualities of the jam.

So the poor jar of jam went into about six different rooms, until it was nearly finished by two poor little girls, who were not told of the accident until too late; and we hoped that we were well rid of the unwelcome sweetmeat. But we reckoned badly, for the remainder was, a little later, brought back to our room carefully wrapped up in brown paper. That was *too much!* We stealthily put it inside the door of our friends on the left, who, however, much to their delight, were almost immediately relieved of it again by two poor, innocent, ignorant, hungry and unsuspecting girls, to whom they guilefully offered it, and who have finished it by this time. Has it not been a perfect "Flying Dutchman" of a jam jar? Here ends its story; at least Kitty and I hope so.

Clovelly.

A FRIEND kindly contributes the following article on this beautiful English town:—

One of the most delightful resting places in England is the little village of Clovelly, on the Devonshire coast. Like the Italian Amalfi, to which it is often compared, it is situated on the side of a cliff sloping down to the sea. The coach from Bideford leaves you at the head of the main street, which is simply a flight of stone steps leading down to the water. This strange roadway is perhaps eight feet wide, and is bordered by a close line of cottages, vine-covered and with tiny gardens in front, whose brilliant blossoms crowd up to the very edge of the stones.

No wheeled vehicle can go down these steps, so we made our entrance on foot while our luggage followed on the backs of donkeys. We were given tiny rooms in the New Inn, which was new in reality, perhaps, three centuries ago, but the inhabitants would scorn to change a name merely because it was no longer appropriate. From our ivy-framed windows we looked down on the roofs of the houses below and the harbor which lay beyond. We soon found our way to the beach, where we looked with interest on the quaint houses facing the water, many of which were old in Queen Elizabeth's time. The old fishermen sat in groups about the pier, and formed an irregular town and weather council. The young men were all away at sea.

This is Charles Kingsley's country. The English part of his "Westward Ho!" was written in one of the houses on this street, and it was on the beach below that his father, then vicar of the village church, used to read the prayers for those at sea whenever the fishing boats went out on their long trips. It was in memory, perhaps, of scenes like these that the son long afterward wrote the poem of "The Three Fishers."

Three fishers went sailing out into the West,—
  Out into the West as the sun went down;
Each thought of the woman who loved him best,
  And the children stood watching them out of the town;
For men must work, and women must weep,
And there's little to earn and many to keep,
  Though the harbor bar be moaning.

We climbed the path to the little reading

room of the town, the way bordered on either side by a blossoming hedge of tall fuchsias. Here we found copies of "Westward Ho!" and sat down in the doorway with one and looked out on the fair country which is so lovingly and faithfully described in its pages. We also found here his "Life and Letters," and were interested to see what an impression his early life made on his character and how affectionately his memory turned back to its scenes all his life long.

Those were beautiful days that we spent in this mild, delicious air. We were never tired of walking and driving through this exquisite country, with its fragrant hedges of wild rose and honeysuckle, and along its picturesque coast to Hartland Point, from which could be seen the island of Fundy and many of the places which figure so prominently in Kingsley's great story. We went to the village church, where the tablets showed that he did not hesitate to put the names of the neighborhood into his story, and Clovilly Court stood unchanged from Kingsley's day. His daughter is the wife of the present vicar, and his memory is still held in pride and reverence by the older villagers.

The social atmosphere of the town is as free and simple as one of our New England democracies. The people are cordial and hearty, and the hazel-eyed children are the most handsome and bewitching I have ever seen. We left the village with great regret; we knew we should never see the like of its fresh fruit and clotted cream, its delicious fish and delicate poultry, and we resolved to urge our friends everywhere to visit this spot of tranquil beauty, and that soon, before it may lose its unique qualities and become conventional and sophisticated.

And one day in London, later in that summer, while looking through the great Domesday book, which William the Conqueror caused to be made in his reign, we found there the record of this little town away back in the mists of the eleventh century, with about the same boundaries and population which it has today. And long may it remain, a joy to the traveler's eyes. The days spent here will always be among the most refreshing of our English memories.

A Lasell Song.

WE very much desire a *singable* Lasell song. We have these that are printed below, but somehow they do not seem to be just what we want. We desire one that will sing of itself, one that we cannot help singing, as we go about our work; a Lasell song that every Lasell girl will know. Cannot some of the old girls write one for us?

LASELL, beloved Lasell!
We, thy children, gather now,
With our praises' simple spell
To crown thy stately brow.
From North and West and South,
From the mountains and the sea,
In our strong and happy youth,
We have come to learn of thee.
Throned on thy hills, Lasell,
Neath stern New England's sky,
Where vale and hillside tell,
Of deeds that cannot die,
Thou has taught us to be true,
To be lovers of the right,—
Quick and glad to dare and do
In the future's glorious fight.
Hark! from afar, Lasell,
Life's thrilling call we hear;
With tears we say farewell,
With smiles we answer "Here!"
Heart to heart, in loyal love
Go we forth the world to meet,
Following where the light above
Shall lead our willing feet.
Most fair, most dear, Lasell,
In memory's golden haze
Thy form shall ever dwell,
Undimmed by passing days.

All noblest gifts are thine,
Dear friends our hearts to cheer,
And wisdom's precious gems that shine
More bright from year to year.
Then here's to thee, Lasell,
While hand with hand we twine—
From our hearts we wish thee well;
Long may happiness be thine!
May thy daughters in the land
Be a blessing and a power,
Loving heart and helping hand
Their more than queenly dower!

We would sing a song of a village fair,
Near the hub of the world, so charming
Where, far away from home and from care,
And the strifes of the world alarming,
Young maidens oft gather from far and near,
Great lessons to learn, great lectures to hear.
And here you may see them with studious looks,
As the bell for morn chapel is sounding,
Come all trooping in, eyes intent on their books,
For on books their future they're founding,
And the songs they soon sing with faces so bright,
Bring in a new day, with joy and with light.
With work all completed and studying o'er,
They gather with mirth and with dancing,
And tennis, and bowling, and many sports more,
Which bring to them charms all entrancing,
They enjoy, till at length, to books they return,
For honest enjoyment brings longing to learn.
Thus ever the years speed on in their flight,
And the maidens from school are oft going;
Altho' some may reach their air-castles bright,
While others sweet patience are showing—
We know that our maidens will always be true,
And reflect in their lives our emblem of blue.

Lasell, Lasell,
What tongue can ever praise thee well,
What song of mine suffice to tell
What are thy beauties manifold
To those who may not them behold
Or satisfy, with praising thee,
The hearts of those whose mem'ries be
But picture galleries full of thee—
Thy rounded slopes of living green,
Thy wind-swept trees, the lovely sheen
Of gleaming light, the quaint design
Of woven shadows, clear and fine.
A lovely Danæ, sweet and fair,
With Jove's gold tangled in her hair,
Lies sweet Lasell, my loved Lasell,
Whose praises I so faintly tell.
Lasell, Lasell,
Tho' rich thy charms of hill and dell,
These are the least that make us hold
Thee dear; thy best is yet untold.
We linger as the twilight falls,
Again within thy dear loved halls,
And mem'ry to her duty true
Brings back the old, blots out the new.
We tread again thy class-room floors,
Again press thro' thy wide-swung doors,
And fast as fall the April showers
Come mem'ries back of happy hours,
The pleasure crowding thick and fast.
Small ills endured that turned at last
To blessings rich and added strength,—
And conquerors' joy was ours at length.

Refrain.

Lasell, Lasell,
Thou art so fair,
Thou'rt loved so well,
I cannot praise thee as I should;
Oh, might I praise thee as I would.
The world should know thee, O Lasell,
And love thee as I love thee—well;
Yes, past the power of tongue to tell,
Lasell, Lasell.

Saratoga.

HAVE you ever spent a summer or even a few days at Saratoga? If you have not, you cannot imagine what you have missed.

To begin with, the air is different from that of any other place; it is never disagreeably cool nor intensely hot during the summer. The air is so dry that one does not take cold easily, even late in the evening.

You need never spend a lonely moment at Saratoga. In the morning before breakfast, —if you are an early riser,—you can go to one of the numerous springs, and get as many drinks of the refreshing water as you wish, for the small sum of five cents. At Congress Spring, besides the pleasure of the water, you may enjoy a band concert early in the morning. Some people like water of all the springs at their first trial of it, but with most people it is an acquired taste. At each spring one sees a large sign upon which is written

the name of the spring, and one of the little boys selling the water will inform you for what ailment that particular spring water is a "sure cure." At one—the Red Spring—they assure you that by bathing the face with the water you will secure for yourself a complexion fair and clear. After breakfast, if you are musically inclined, you may enjoy a concert at one of the many large hotels, and after the concert you can visit some of the various pretty places in your morning walk, with which Saratoga abounds, for the village covers considerable area. Congress Park is one of the prettiest of these places, One meets crowds of people there—in the morning, particularly children and their nurses; for children never tire of watching and petting the three or four tame deer that live in one end of the park. Then there is the Indian encampment, where one may buy pretty Indian baskets and other curious articles, or for a dime see into one's future. After luncheon one usually feels ready to take a little nap, though perhaps one may prefer attending the races. (Although nearly everybody who visits Saratoga attends the races at least once, the people who attend them daily are not the sort of people whose acquaintance one cares about cultivating.) The race track is a mile from the center of the village, and the smooth hard road leading to it is lined with beautiful cottages. At four o'clock the races are over, the tired folk are awakened from their naps, and the streets are again full of life, thronged with carriages, and bright with gaily dressed women. At no resort do the ladies dress so conspicuously as at Saratoga. Here they even parade Broadway in the evening, wearing ball costumes and large picture hats. At this hour of the day the most style is to be seen in the course of a drive to Saratoga Lake, about five miles away. The evenings which are cool, but not chilly, are spent generally in attending one of the band concerts given every evening at the large hotels. Every other Saturday evening the hotels give big "hops."

In enumerating the various points of interest at Saratoga, we must not omit the so-called "House of Pansa," an exact reproduction of the House of Pansa at Pompeii, known to all travelers in Italy. Here one can spend half a day with both pleasure and profit.

The village of Saratoga has enough inhabitants to make it a city (only ten thousand people being required for a city in New York State), but it prefers remaining a village. The cottages there are all large and handsome, and are surrounded with beautiful lawns and flower beds, so that the place is a delight to the eye.

LOCALS.

CALENDAR.

January	5.	Girls back from Christmas vacation.
"	6.	Seniors attend French lecture.
"	10.	Short address in chapel by Mrs. Martin.
"	11.	Lecture by Rev. Helen Van Anderson.
"	15.	A party attend service in Boston, hearing Dr. Edward Everett Hale.
"	18.	L. I. C. Social.
"	21.	Darwin Wood, the musical prodigy, played in gymnasium.
"	23.	Lecture on "Portia," by Mr. Henry C. Clapp.
"	25.	Song recital by Gertrude Penfield Seiberling.
"	26.	Day of Prayer.
"	28.	Junior reception.
"	"	Lecture by Mrs. Lincoln.
"	"	" on the Opera by Mr. Arthur Curry.
February	4.	Senior entertainment.

—Former pupils: Sophie Hall, Marion Gage, Bessie Hayward, May Stanley, Daisy Aull, Jennie Myrick, Margaret Tarr, Martha Lucas, Edna Warfield, Mrs. Francis B. Armington (Bertha Harris.)

—The following have been favored with

calls from members of their families: Misses Pinkham, Ellenbogen, Walker, Jenckes, Maxwell, Bruce, Brewer, Kemp, D. Cook, Case, Harris, Hart, Levi, Pooler, Dudley, Mann, Raymond, Wellington, Trowbridge.

—Lasell girls are usually prompt in returning after vacations, but this Christmas many were delayed on acount of the grippe, so prevalent at that time everywhere. Those who escaped the clutches of this dread disease were indeed fortunate.

—On Jan. 10 Mrs. Martin added her good wishes to those of the other teachers, and in a short but earnest and sympathetic address gave us many inspiring thoughts for the new year. One and all were glad to welcome her back, for her cheerful spirit and encouraging words always stimulate us to do our best.

—We had on Jan. 11 a most interesting lecture on "Life Principles and Their Application," by Rev. Helen Van Anderson, who gave some very helpful suggestions, well worthy of our best efforts. Everyone, she said, has within him a spark of divinity and is, therefore, a child of God. This spark of divinity is the soul, and he who possesses a soul may take to himself this comforting and beautiful thought, "Because I am divine, I can think; because I can think, I can be what-so-e'er I will." What could be more encouraging to the downcast, to those weary of trying because the end sought seems so far!

—Jan. 23 the school quartette sang in chapel, thus lending an added charm to that hour, for the girls always find pleasure in listening to the music of these fellow students whenever they thus favor us.

—On Monday evening, Jan. 23, there was a most delightful lecture by Mr. Henry Clapp on "Portia," one of Shakespeare's greatest women. Mr. Clapp in his pleasing way made Portia seem very real to us, presenting her so clearly that one thought of her as an actual woman, one who calls forth our hightest admiration by her charming and noble character, an ideal woman. In speaking of her dignity he gave this fine definition of the quality. "Dignity is strength of character together with refinement of taste." The lecture was much enjoyed by all but especially by the members of the Shakespeare class, who are now reading "The Merchant of Venice," and are therefore glad to acquire a more thorough knowledge of Portia, the central character of this play.

—A song recital was given Wednesday evening, Jan. 25, by Mrs. Gertrude Penfield Seiberling, a graduate of '86. She quite captivated her audience by the charming way in which she sang the beautiful songs, chosen for the evening. The girls were very enthusiastic, and showed their appreciation by hearty applause, proud to think that she too was once a Lasell girl, and glad to give her a cordial welcome.

—Mrs. Seiberling kindly invited the girls to meet her in the parlor, Thursday evening before dinner, and many availed themselves of this opportunity to become better acquainted with her. She spoke very pleasantly of her school life here, and after an informal talk with us sang once more the song, "Dear Little Bare Toes," which had so much delighted the girls on the evening of the recital.

—The Day of Prayer, Thursday, Jan. 26, was observed at Lasell, as in school and colleges, by devoting the day to religious services. In the morning there was a sermon by J. D. Pickles, D. D.; in the afternoon services, addresses by Rev. Albert E. George and Rev. W. F. Worth; and in the evening, the 10th anniversary of the Christian Endeavor society at Lasell, an address by Rev. F. N. Peloubet, D. D. Mrs. Seiberling sang

several beautiful sacred songs at both the morning and the afternoon service.

—Mr. Bragdon said good-by to the students and teachers on Wednesday evening preceding the Day of Prayer, as the next day he was to start for California, where he and his family are to pass the remainder of the winter.

—Saturday afternoon, Jan. 28, Mr. Arthur Curry of Boston lectured on the opera, giving a brief history of its origin and development. This was especially interesting at this time, because many of the girls were expecting to attend the opera during the following week.

Mrs. Lincoln gave on the same afternoon a lecture on "General Marketing," in which she told us many things on this subject that every good housekeeper ought to know.

—The Junior reception occurred on Saturday evening, Jan. 28, and was a very enjoyable occasion.

—On Saturday evening, Feb. 4, there was given an entertainment under the auspices of the senior class, by the Emerson College Concert Company, consisting of Miss Julia King, reader; Mr. Wulf Fries, violincellist; Mrs. McGregor, soprano soloist; and Mr. Henry Hamilton, pianist. A fine programme was rendered. Miss King was especially appreciated, while the beautiful playing of Mr. Fries was the admiration of everyone. The music by Mrs. McGregor and Mr. Hamilton was also much enjoyed. The entertainments of the seniors are always well worth our hearing.

—We are proud to call attention to the pretty new heading for the personals. It is very original and artistic, being much appreciated as it is the work of Miss Kendall, one of our seniors.

—The L. I. C. social, which took place on Wednesday evening, January eighteenth, was a very pleasant affair, as all who were there can testify. No one but club members were present, and upon this occasion, Prof. Hills, himself, honored us with piano selections, the first number being a charming nocturne of his own composition. As an encore, for we were by no means satisfied with one selection, another of his own composition followed. Before playing the next number, however, Prof. Hills told us the first part of a funny story, about a man, who in his boyhood learned to play well one piece on the piano, but one only. In after life he found this of very great use. This man, being at church one time when the organist failed to appear, he was asked to play for the wedding ceremony. He replied that he could play but one piece but would willingly play that for them, which he did. The music to all intents and purposes answered very well. Here came in the music, after which followed more of the story.

Shortly after that, attending a funeral, he was again called upon to furnish the music. He replied as before, that he could play but one piece, the same that he had just played at a wedding; but that he would do his best. Accordingly he played this piece at the funeral, yet no one noticed in the music anything inappropriate to the occasion. Again Prof. Hills illustrated the story with music.

It was not long after this, that he was at a dance; as the fiddler did not put in appearance at the proper time, this man had to play his one piece for the waltz, and it answered the purpose finely. More musical illustration by our entertainer.

By this time his fame had spread far and near, and a manager of one of the greatest concert companies wished to engage him. Once more the man of one tune said, "I can play but one piece, but I'll do my best." This time he played what he called, "A

Grand Overture." The manager was delighted; the bargain was made; the musician's fortune was assured.

After so much of this story as is contained in each of these paragraphs, Prof. Hills thus gave the illustration, playing for us the most majestic wedding march, the most solemn funeral dirge; such a charming waltz, and finally the grand overture; and all to one tune, which, by the way, was, "Hot Time in the Old Town To-night." Above the variations, every now and then, came out clear and distinct the notes that suggested so clearly the words of the title. It was most laughable and entertaining.

With a short talk on technique and another selection which he said he had found among his new music and thought particularly good, the musical part of the program came to a close. We hope Prof. Hills will again entertain us in a similar way.

We had, then, a cordial invitation to go to the dining room for refreshments, and all gladly accepted.

—The event of Saturday evening, Januray twenty-first, is one long to be remembered. We had the pleasure of being entertained by Darwin Wood, "the Mozart of America." This child of nine years and small for his age, played both organ and piano, without ever having taken lessons and without memorizing. He plays only from inspiration, playing, as he says, "the sounds in his ears." One time his father blindfolded him, but it made no difference, or if any, he played better. The program was varied by a song, which his little brother sang, Darwin accompanying him. This little fellow was business manager of the company, and as such sold us pictures of Darwin and also one of his compositions. His father lifted him up in his arms, saying to the audience, "You can see that this little fellow lives and moves and has a being," and despite the far away look in his eyes, we found that he was human enough by the way in which he answered Dr. Gallagher when the latter said the organ power was on. "No 'taint," said little Darwin. This was a whispered conversation, which only a few heard. None could help laughing at the way in which he climbed upon the organ seat. It was certainly a very natural boyish way. And the way in which he played with the girls in the gymnasium after the concert proved that he was a very human little boy after all.

His father has not the means to educate him, so at these concerts collections are taken, which are to be used for his musical education. We wish him success!



—Ruth Seiberling Pflueger has a four-months old baby and is as jolly as can be.

—Kittie Seiberling Firey is at Hotel English, Indianapolis, now.

—Grace Robb spent part of her winter in Canada, with which country she has fallen deeply in love, and where she is always so well. She speaks of having had from Clara Creswell Blakeney, at about the time she wrote, a letter telling about Clara's baby boy.

—Helen Cooke writes of a forthcoming Lasell Club for Cincinnati. We trust it will be a grand success.

—Caroline Ebersole is in her new home now. It is just across the street from her

old one, and is a beautiful home. During the holidays Annie Kirkwood visited her, and at a recent reception of hers, she had, we are told, six Lasell girls with her, though their names we did not learn.

—Dasie Hartson is singing in a church choir at her home. She and Helen Cooke had a happy meeting last summer in Toronto, where Helen was then staying.

—Helen Thresher Hartzell, obliged by consideration for her health to leave Baltimore, has been, since the beginning of the school year, at New Haven, where her husband is taking his final year at Yale. Helen's health is in general much better there than it was at Baltimore, although at the time of her letter both she and her husband were just recovering from grippe.

—Word from Alice Dunsmore Van Harlingen says that she and her family have had grippe, too. Were then recovering.

—Sara Harvey McChesney has for neighbor, it appears, a gentleman who traveled in Egypt with Mr. Bragdon. Sara's little girl is "growing fast, so as to be ready as soon as possible to come to Lasell."

—Jean Hackett, whose present address, by the way, is 121 West Fourteenth st., Dubuque, has sent us quite a little budget of news about various Lasell girls, for which we are obliged to her. She was with Emma in Chicago a short time in the fall, and while there saw Helen Holman several times. Helen lives within easy walking distance of Emma's boarding place. The three of them visited Hull House together, Emma acting as guide. Jean says that it is about the most fascinating place she ever saw. Helen still keeps up her French and German —at Lewis Institute.

—Claire Beebe was among those Jean saw at that time. She stopped in one day as she was going down town, and in the course of the conversation told Jean of her own engagement, and of that of Nan Deane. Agnes Lowe she met at a friend's. Jean's plan for a kindergarten training course, to be entered upon in January, she is now probably working out. She expects to finish at about the same time that Emma completes her medical course.

—Alice Linscott Hall was very ill last summer with typhoid fever, but is well again now. Except for this untoward illness she might perhaps have been able to be with us last Commencement.

—Ella Ellis Holway's "five boys," as erroneously mentioned in the December Leaves, prove to be instead three boys and a little girl, Amy. (But in spite of this narrowing of the circle, Ella, to square with facts—a good way "to square a circle"—we still wish we had their pictures for the album.)

—Lydia Tukey writes us of her engagement to Mr. William G. Morrison of Lincoln, Neb. She met this gentleman, by the way, when on a visit to Mae Burr.

—Julia Hogg Powell's father writes that she and the babies are all well, and that Nan and the children are better than they have been.

—Mr. Bragdon met Carrie Wallace Hussey on the car on Washington street recently. Her husband is superintendent of schools in Wakefield and Reading.

—Nelly Ferguson Conant is Regent of the Flint-Lock and Powder-Horn chapter, D. A. R., of Pawtucket; and Gertrude Rice Thayer, Regent of the Peter Faneuil Chapter, D. R., of Allston. Both seem to be favorites of Fortune.

—Nellie Richards speaks of pleasant memories of Lasell in general, and of the Orphean Club concerts in particular, besides sending various interesting items, some con-

cerning certain Lasell friends, some concerning herself. She is at home, nobly shielding the dear mother from too much work and worry, by assuming herself, in part, the household duties that press too heavily sometimes. "The girls," she says, "are very good about writing. Anna Staley and Alma are at home; Louise is in New York studying elocution; Sadie Burrill in Montreal, perfecting her French; and Mollie Merrill at home taking a mother's place to her two sisters."

—Gertrude Penfield Seiberling was with us on January 25th and 26th—the latter the Day of Prayer. On Wednesday evening as mentioned in the Locals, she gave us the pleasure of a concert, and on the day following sang again for us several times during the services of the morning and afternoon. The clearness of her enunciation and the expressiveness of her interpretation of the songs rendered, together with the charm of her rich, sweet voice, made this musical treat a delight to all who heard. She remains the same Gertrude as of yore, in her ability to make friends for herself wherever she goes, and left behind her when she went away many new ones, won by her pleasant ways and fine personal qualities.

—Gertrude Gleason, so we hear from Julia Tulleys, has been visiting in New York, and may come on to Boston before returning.

—Martha Baker, now in her Jamaica home, tells of a charming trip down. "The passage was longer than usual because we went to Santiago to land passengers and the mails. We anchored just in front of Morro Castle. In the mouth of the harbor the two masts and smoke-stack of the Merrimac were plainly visible, and the Reina Mercedes lay in plain sight not far away." They are well "settled" in their housekeeping down there long before now, and Martha's father, mother, and brothers are having a chance to get acquainted with her once again. Lucky folk!

A Word from Mr. Bragdon.

PASADENA, CAL., Feb. 6, 1899.

Soon after reaching our old home and favorite hotel, The Green, we met Gracia Barnhart of Chicago, at Lasell in 1891-92. She and parents are here for a month or two. She looks well indeed, and it is rumored that a lucky man in Chicago has made her promise to make a home for him! She says Cora Soper lives in Chicago, now.

Bertie Wilson of Norwalk, Conn., when at Lasell, 1892-93, and later of Denver, met us in the hall and introduced us to a likely young man as "my husband, Mr. Thompson!" On their honeymoon trip! Naturally she looked well.

I have met Anna Claypool Vajen of Indianapolis, at Lasell 1874-75, who returned from Europe in November, and came here to visit her parents. Anna does not look old enough to be the mother of an 18 year old daughter, but she is; and her laugh rings out as merrily as when she used to be nearly caught sliding down Lasell's banisters! And Elsie West at Lasell from Minneapolis, now living in their new home here. She looks well! And Carrie Johnson Miller looks well, too, and says her babies are "fine."

Lasell girls always look well! and what is better, do well!

C. C. B

SPEED.

They tell how fast the arrow sped,
When William shot the apple,
But who can calculate the speed
Of him who's late for chapel?

—*Trinity Tablet.*

The Proof of a Method.

The homely old proverb, "The proof of the pudding is in the eating" is one often applied to other things than puddings; and a variation of it will serve admirably as a text for a very short sermon anent Lasell singers,—The proof of the method is in its results. Mary Thomson, Edna Dice, May Kline, Sadie Hollingsworth Thompson, and others, no less notably good vocalists, are the proof of the excellence of Professor Davis's method of voice training, which he has so long and successfully practiced here at Lasell. The rest of the sermon is to be read between the lines, and emphasizes the fact that to secure the best results the best means should be employed.

The New York Lasell Club.

The New York Lasell Club had its sixth annual luncheon on February 4, at the Waldorf-Astoria, Mrs. William F. Etherington, the club president, presiding on this occasion. A musical program, the particulars of which we have not yet learned, followed the luncheon. Further details may appear in the next issue of the LEAVES.

—When did Gen. Washington ride in a modern vehicle?

When he took a hack at his father's cherry tree.

—A man entered the Boston Art Museum, and, seating himself, observed the place and the passers-by. At last an attendant, thinking him a Trustee, said: "Well, what do you think about the place?" The gentleman replied, glancing about at the statues, "Why, this place is used more than I thought, and yet I don't see why there should be marks of so much wear."

MARRIED

Grace Skinner to Andrew Jackson Lovell, Jr., on Monday, January 23, at Swampscott, Massachusetts.

Bertha Merrell Wilson to William Putnam Thompson, on Tuesday, January 24, at Denver, Colorado.

Grace Haseltine Snow to Alpine McLean, on Tuesday, February 7, at Cambridge, Massachusetts.

PASSED AWAY.

Since our last issue Lizzie Whipple Pierce has met with a sad bereavement in the death of her brother, John Reed Whipple. Mr. Whipple was one of the business managers of the Hotel Touraine, and was a young man of great promise. Our sympathy is with the bereaved family.

Pebbles.

—What animal comes from heaven?

Reindeer.

—When did the fly fly?

When the spider spied her.

—Why can't a deaf and dumb man tickle nine cats?

Because he can only gesticulate.

—Mr. Bigger had a baby; now which was bigger, Mr. Bigger or the baby?

The baby, for it was a little Bigger.

—When is tennis first mentioned in the Bible?

When Joseph served in the courts of Pharoah.

—A crowd of school girls visiting the Art Museum, stopped before the statue of "The Sorrowing Athenian," when one stepped forward and patting him on the back, said, "Cheer up, old fellow."

HER THANKS.

She thanked them all for everything,
From Christmas card to diamond ring;
And as her gifts she gaily flaunted,
She told her friends, "Just what I wanted!"
But I, who had no cash to blow,
Just kissed her 'neath the mistletoe.
She blushed a bit, yet never daunted,
Repeated low, "Just what I wanted!"

—Harvard Lampoon.

—Amherst Student (on his return from Wesleyan game).—"Well, fellows, I almost wish I'd gone to Wesleyan."

Mate.—"Oh, cheer up, Charlie; we'll win next time."

Amherst Student.—"It isn't that. I've just learned that Wesleyan is co-educational."

—Teacher.—Did you go to the opera last night?

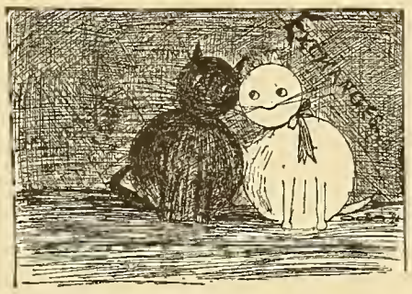
Unprepared Pupil.—Yes.

Teacher.—Did you understand what they sang?

Un. Pupil.—Yes, I understood the English.

Teacher.—Well, tell us about it then?

Un. Pupil.—I can't; there wasn't any.



—One of the neatest of our exchanges is the St. Joseph Collegian. The February number contained some very good articles.

—We were pleased to receive The Messenger among this month's exchanges.

—The Bowdoin Orient is always gladly received.

—The January number of The Coburn Clarion contains a short sketch of the life of the late Hon. Nelson Dingley, who was at one time a student at the Waterville Academy, later called the Coburn Classical Institute.

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"DUX FEMINA FACTI."

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The Editors will be glad to receive from the students and Alumnæ any communications and items of interest to the school.

Editorials.

CERTAINLY very interesting and gratifying, both to the school and to Mrs. Martin is the improvement made by means of the physical culture exercises in the morning. No one can deny that after doing them faithfully, one is much better prepared for the duties of the day. It is interesting to see that these exercises are of such nature that their power to help is never exhausted. Even a faithful worker finds that though she may use thus a great deal of concentration and energy, there is yet room for improvement. Here is a chance to grow! There are, of course, more ways than one of growing, but this is one of the best; for the exercises taken together with the wise and helpful talks that accompany them, induce a three-fold growth—physical, intellectual, and spiritual. It is possible that some may doubt this at first, but with a little thought, the truth of it will be felt, as many of us have proved.

One morning in the week we miss these exercises, but the time is used in learning parliamentary law. At first this seemed a rather simple affair, but it is now seen to be really complicated. With perseverance, however, we are certain to acquire a fair general knowledge of the subject. That it is likely to prove very beneficial goes without

saying. Already a resolution has been presented and accepted, that the Clerk of the Weather be requested to inform us as to the time of the next big snow storm, so that those girls who may chance to be away at the time, can get back safely and promptly, a request which will doubtless be complied with, since the formalities attending its proposal and preferment were, in all respects, faultless. This resolution was adopted because of the fact that when the last heavy snow storm came, many of the girls who had gone away for Sunday were delayed in returning until the middle of the week. They rather enjoyed the vacation, however, and the difficulty which attended getting back through all that snow. Then, after all, would it be wise to carry out this resolution?

We wish the resolution would be proposed and accepted that the "Powers that Be," would tell us when we are to have our sleigh ride, though it is quite possible, and wholly probable, that this will be a "vacant date" in this year's calendar. There is a rumor that the next resolution to be brought before the meeting is to be one to the effect that, from this time on, whoever talks about vacation, or even mentions it to others, be wholly deprived of this luxury. If this resolution be put before the house, a very lively discussion will ensue. Of course, it is very uncertain (?) whether the affirmative or the negative side will win; but before the final decision is reached, there doubtless will be many alterations suggested.

TWO very suggestive and helpful thoughts have been brought to our attention recently. Mr. Bragdon sent us this one through Dr. Gallagher: "They came to know that she was a fine person, and so in her company they became almost fine persons themselves." The other we noticed one morning in chapel, for it takes the form of a new motto, neatly framed and hanging over the desk. Dr. Gallagher told us that he had had it printed at the request of Mr. Bragdon. It reads thus: "Not to be ministered unto, but to minister." Not really *new*, you see, but as old as the days of Christ's ministry; new to us, however, in its present dress, and many times over worth thinking seriously about.

WE have had a few very spring-like days, and when the season we all love so much seems so near, it is harder than usual to attend to our work. There is, perhaps, another reason for this feeling. Once more the time has come when we are counting even the hours and minutes before vacation. True, it is to be a short one; but even so, once in a while a great deal can be done in a very few days, not unlikely Easter vacation will be one of those times. We hope one and all will have the most enjoyable recess, with all deserved delights, after this long term of hard work, for it has been that to most of us. We all realize how short the time will be after vacation, and yet how much there is to be done. Then, too, how charming Auburndale is in the spring, particularly our small part of it.

AS the spring advances, and everything begins to stir with new life, may not we take fresh heart and hope and awake to new courage, remembering that, "No star is ever lost that once we have seen. We always may be what we might have been." So, with new determination and resolve, move, "Onward and upward, till the goal ye win!"

THIS is the last number of the LEAVES to be issued by the present board of officers. With regret we say goodbye, and to this we add sincerest wishes to all, for a bright and happy Easter.

Qui Tollis Peccata Mundi!
"Crucifixus etiam pro nobis."

But yet a little way to tread the thorn-strewn path of life,
But yet a little while, then shall come release from sinless strife.
For the tired hands at whose blest touch, the blind were made to see,
For the tired feet which trod the angry waves of Galilee,
For the eyes grown weary, yearning for the loved ones whom he sought,
For the heart bowed down and broken, for those who loved him not,
Shall find such perfect rest, when the mortal shall lie down
To rise to immortality, and to wear the victor's crown.

* * * * * * * * * * *

"Desertus est Mundus—
Regnatque Umbra."

The lilies bow their heads in shame, and the birds forget to sing;
A darkness, like a grievesome pall, falls black on everything;
The mountains shake, the rocks are rent, e'en the sun doth disappear;
The world stands desolate and crushed with a sense of loss and fear,
Before such awful scenes as these, let all things prostrate lie,
Nor even dare to gaze, nor weep, to see a Saviour die!

* * * * * * * * * * *

Resurrexit! Exultate Populi!

All hail, oh glad and glorious day, for hope doth dawn!
Lift up your hearts, all nations, to greet the radiant morn!
The iron bands are broken, and death hath lost its sting;
Rejoice, rejoice, ye people, lift up your hearts and sing!

* * * * * * * * * * *

For us he lived upon the earth, and trod its rugged way,
That He might know each sorrow, that burdens us to-day.
A man, He lived, for all those years, was tempted, same as we,
And knew our every passion, save that He from sin was free.
For us He hung upon that cross, suffered, bled and died,—
O think! for *you* and *me*, the Lord was crucified!
And on this Easter morning, His joy is incomplete,
If *we* have not lain down *our* hearts, before His nail-scarred feet.

Mrs. James Palmer Wood.
(*Nettie L. Watson.*)

Capt. Flannigan and his Easter Vacation.

CAPTAIN FLANNIGAN was a street-car conductor in the city of Denver. At sixty-five years of age he possessed a varied history; raised on a farm, he had gallantly served his country in the ranks from '61 to '65. At the close of the Rebellion he had gone west, speculated in mines and made and lost six fortunes in as many years. In the early seventies he married, but his wife died soon after, and his little girl was taken by his widowed sister and brought up partly in the east, partly overseas.

After his wife's death, the captain had for ten years been a railway conductor, and now for five years he had been in Denver. His daughter, now grown to young womanhood, had been educated in part abroad, having at an early age shown a decided talent for music, a taste, no doubt, inherited from her mother, whose musical career had been cut short by her marriage with the Captain.

The Captain had willingly given up his daughter to her aunt's care, realizing that it would be better for her. He had never married again, having loved his wife devotedly, and being one of those simple, faithful natures, whose affections are rooted deeply, and last a life-time.

Nature had done well for this man at the start; built physically after a large and noble pattern, and endowed with corresponding mental and moral qualities, the Captain was what is known as a rugged character, and moreover from his practical experiences of life he had evolved for himself a philosophy

which gave him that indefinable air which affects the bearing and poises the head. But though he was of so singularly strong a nature, and though to this strength was happily joined delicacy of thought and of feeling, yet it must be confessed that he lacked the polish of two or three generations of intellectual ancestors, and the personal opportunities for a liberal education.

Physically, too, as has been said, he was a striking figure,—deep-chested and straight; his hair, though white, still heavy; the red of sun and wind painted on his cheeks, and his eye still shining with the brilliancy of undiminished vigor.

His fondness for his daughter Adelaide, whom he always called Blossom, for her mother's name had been Adelaide, and his devotion to the art of angling and to Izaak Walton, its phophet, were now perhaps the strongest attachments of the Captain's life. His daughter, though she had seen little of her father since her childhood, inherited his faithfulness in affection, and accordingly wrote to him regularly once a week. As to the Captain, his rules of letter-writing were three, promptness, brevity and a periodical time of writing, which occurred to the minute once in three months. But he conscientiously had his photograph taken for his daughter every year that, as he said, Blossom might not forget how her father looked.

The Captain's wife had property when she married, and her money had always been kept in her name; on her death her husband had set it aside for the child's education. As for the Captain's financial circumstances, he had inherited some property from his father which, greatly increased by good management, was now safely invested, having escaped the western speculations. The principal of these investments was never touched; that he considered sacred and was to be left for Adelaide after he was gone. The interest, however, which accrued from this sum was used, in part, for the Captain's summer fishing excursions, usually taken on the Great Lakes or among the Colorado mountain streams, and his employment as street-car conductor covered his living expenses.

As a loyal disciple of Izaak Walton, Captain Flannigan was unsurpassable, devoted to the fascinating sport of the "Father of Anglers," he not only spent one month every summer in its pursuit, but gave up also his winter evenings to treatises on icthyology and its attendant literature. Given more favorable conditions, he might have written poetry, dealing fundamentally with nature and fishing, and full of local color. His fishing resorts had for him a fascination grown out of long acquaintance; they were old friends, whom he had seen in a thousand different moods. Once he had even taken a week off in mid-winter, and had gone to see how his summer haunts appeared in cold weather.

But for four years now the Captain had not taken his usual summer vacations. It had happened in this way. During the first year that Adelaide had been in Europe, which was four years previous to this time, the Captain had planned to go across and see her. The trip was to be a surprise, and since he was exceedingly fond of travel, the idea had presented itself as being very delightful, and accordingly he had given up his customary short trips in order to substitute for them the one large one. But Adelaide had unexpectedly returned a year sooner. It was a great disappointment to the Captain, whose pleasure in his expected journey had been of such long waiting, and occasionally, it must be confessed, pictures of foreign lands and of streams abounding in fish would come into his mind. As for Adelaide, she little dreamed of her father's planned surprise, though she had often wished that she

might see him. She had found that at the end of four years, her progress in music had been more than equal to the five years' course she had expected to take, and as her aunt felt that she must, for business reasons, return home, at least for a short time, they had decided to come the year sooner. On the steamer, while returning, Adelaide had met the young gentleman with whom, before the following holiday season, her engagement was announced. His home was in New York, and indeed quite near to that of her aunt, though they had never met before. He was of an old family, and of quite considerable wealth. Their wedding was to be in June. When the Captain received a letter from his daughter, telling him the important news and insisting that he should attend the wedding, he felt, added to the great pleasure of seeing Blossom, after all, a quaint relief in finding a means of spending, though in a little different manner than planned, the money saved so long from his sacrificed vacations.

In February of the same winter, a young gentleman stopped one day at the Captain's boarding-house, secured a room and appeared that evening at supper. The Captain was immediately struck by the pallor and delicacy of the young man's face, and by his unusually intellectual and high bred air. With inborn tact he soon engaged the new boarder in conversation, and in the course of a week the two had become fairly well acquainted and were often together, for Captain Flannigan was not on duty during the evenings, and, feeling especially attracted to this young Felix Harley, began to tarry awhile in the sitting-room to chat with him, before going off to an evening alone with Izaak Walton. It was not long before he invited Felix to his room, where they could talk in a pleasanter privacy. Sometimes Felix would sing for his friend, for he had a great store of songs and a fine voice; again the Captain would show the young fellow his fine collection of rods and tackle, and the books treating of his cherished pastime.

The elder Mr. Harley, it appeared, had sustained heavy financial reverses the autumn before. Felix had been in college then, a senior, and had remained until the end of the term, but his lungs were weak, and the strain of study and the anxiety occasioned by his father's trouble had been too much for him, his health had given way, and the doctor said that he must go West and live as much as possible in the open air.

In the lengthening March days, after Felix's coming to Denver, he became paler than ever, and the worried look in his eyes grew deeper. He had spoken to the Captain of his hopes of getting a position as a street-car conductor, thinking that when the warm weather came and the open cars were put on, he would be able to get the benefit of the Colorado air; but the Captain shook his head. He knew that it would be difficult,—too many now unemployed. Already Felix had gone to the office of the street railway company, only to find no vacancy open, and a number of previous applicants ahead of him. What could he do? Knowing little of anything but books and music, how to obtain employment involving neither was a problem, and one which possessed the added difficulty of requiring only the very small amount of physical strength at his command.

The Captain turned his young friend's situation over in his mind, he had, indeed, been thinking very steadily of this now for the last few days.

One morning when the car was empty of passengers, the Captain went inside and sat down, absentmindedly, being still occupied with Felix's problem. Suddenly, however, he seemed to recollect something, then he felt in his pocket and drew out a letter,—he

had almost forgotten to read Blossom's letter, which the postman had handed him just as he was leaving the house, and which he had put in his pocket until a convenient opportunity to read it. This had very soon occurred, for the Captain's line ran through a part of the city newly built up, and as yet not very thickly settled, and the passengers were rather scarce. The contents of the letter seemed to engage his attention more closely as he proceeded, but before he reached the end he stopped and seemed absorbed in thought again, gazing absent-mindedly out the window. Suddenly his eye brightened, a smile broke over his serious features, and he clapped his hand on his knee as if prompted by some brilliant idea; then he resumed his reading and finished with apparent satisfaction. He got up still smiling, straightened himself, and seemed five years younger. "I have it," he exclaimed, "I'll taken an Easter vacation,—from April—to—September!"

The contents of the letter, somewhat startling in their unexpectedness, had however, given the Captain his idea, by means of an invitation to New York for his Easter vacation, though, perhaps, covering not as long as that indicated by his exclamatory statement. The date of Adelaide's wedding had been changed to a much earlier one, and was now to take place in April, in fact, the Monday following Easter. This change had been made on account of the health of Mr. St. Laurence, Adelaide's fiance, however though far from strong, he would be able, he said, to take the ocean trip by Easter, and so escape a New York May and June. The wedding was to be very quiet, only the immediate family and a very intimate friend of the groom's, an artist from Chicago, who was going abroad at the same time. All this Adeliade had written to her father, and joined to her wishes and hopes those of Paul, Mr. St. Laurence, that the Captain might come, if possible, to the wedding. She added in a final postscript that she was to sing on Easter Sunday in the church where she had for a few months been thus engaged, and that she had not cancelled her engagement when her wedding plans had been changed, hoping that her father could perhaps be present to hear her sing. The Captain thought with pride and happiness of his daughter, of seeing her so soon, and of hearing her sing. But his plan included more than an Easter service, and a wedding.

That evening, as he was returning to his boarding-house, he stopped down town, and telegraphed to New York for a berth on one of the ocean liners to sail for Liverpool the Wednesday following Easter, which was the day on which Blossom had written that they were to leave. This important errand accomplished, he disappeared in the largest jeweler's store, where he looked at ladies watches, and shortly purchased one set with an emerald.

An Easter vacation of six months! The Captain hurried to his boarding-house. Felix had gone for a walk, the landlady said. In the evening the Captain invited his young friend to his room, and there unfolded the plan formed. Felix listened in wonder and with growing enthusiasm and hardly thought of the Captain's motive for such a prolonged vacation; as for the Captain, he was purposely allowing himself to dwell upon enchanting thoughts composed of Easter songs, bridal parties, the birthplace of Izaak Walton, famous fishing resorts, and the like, and seemed actually to have forgotten how his place as conductor was to be supplied for such a long vacation. He recollected this in time, however, and with a shade of assumed anxiety, he said, "You see I have almost counted on your being able to take my place. It will be a great favor to

me, and I think that you will find my line easy," and without giving his young friend time to speak the words that seemed be catching in his throat, he demanded a song as a fitting celebration of the coming events.

When Captain Flannigan arrived in New York it was in the small hours of Easter morning.. Between Albany and New York a bridge had given away, owing to a spring freshet, and the Captain's train, after waiting several hours, had to be abandoned, and the passengers taking their small baggage, cut across some partly frozen corn-fields for half a mile to a highway, there crossed the swollen stream, and returned on the other side to a train that had been sent out to take them on. The Captain enjoyed the excitement of this unexpected incident, and felt that his extended Easter vacation was to be a decided success. It was growing dark, and the stray lights from the farm houses shone like chilly winter fire-flies. Our traveller exchanged a few words with the person who chanced to be walking near him. In the gathering darkness he could hardly distinguish his features, but evidently he was a young man, and from one of the sleepers. After this they kept together, and finished the journey in the same seat. The young man proved to be a pleasant companion, and when he left the Captain at the Union station in New York, it was as quite good friends that they parted. The Captain had said that he expected to wait in the station, get his breakfast there, and then go to St. Paul's for the Easter service. His new acquaintance asked him if there was anything in which he might help him, but the Captain needed nothing, he said, and after shaking hands and giving him his card, the young man took a cab and disappeared in the morning grayness. The card bore the name of Robert Falconer, and the Captain carefully put it in his pocket-journal.

A little later, as Captain Flannigan was walking up Fifth avenue, he stopped and bought an enormous bunch of violets. He would give them to Blossom, he thought, after she sang. The air was very fresh this Easter morning, and the sky very clear and bright. At the church, the usher, who seemed very polite and thoughtful, asked the stranger whether he would not like a seat well to the front, as there was to be singing, and the floral decorations could be seen better there.

The church slowly filled. The air was heavy with perfume, and fragrance of lilies. The rustling of silken skirts was presently lost in the organ's swelling tones. The Captain looked at the violets in his hand, and seemed for a moment wandering in the land of memory. The music stopped, suddenly a voice rose, and an Easter song broke the stillness. The Captain awoke with a start from his recollections, and raised his head. Across the dark depth of the choir transept, the rich, warm light from the stained windows fell upon the figure of the singer and shone like an aureole about her head. It was Blossom. Perhaps she felt the Captain's earnest gaze, perhaps it was a mere chance, but she saw him; his smile of love and happiness reflected itself in her face, her lips parted as if to speak, for the first verse of the song was ended and she was waiting the organ and the second part. She almost forgot to begin again, then she looked up and beyond, and the song burst anew like a triumphant hallelujah that touched the gates of heaven. She was singing for her father. Again stillness reigned, after the last clear echoes died away, the congregation bowed in prayer. When the next hymn was announced and the people had risen, someone was standing by the Captain, but he did not see her; he was thinking of her mother. She touched his arm.

"Blossom," he whispered, and clasped her hands, and she, forgetting the surroundings, involutarily lifted her face to kiss him. Through the rest of the service she held a large bunch of violets in her hands.

There was, soon after, when the service was done, a happy meeting between the Captain and his sister, and one of the two young gentlemen who were with her did not wait to be presented. It was Mr. Robert Falconer, the Captain's friend of the night before.

On the Wednesday following, as planned, Mr. and Mrs. St. Laurence of New York, Mr. Flannigan of Denver, and Mr. R. Falconer of Chicago, sailed for Europe, where the party spent April and the first of May in southern France, and never was there a more congenial company.

Mr. Falconer, being an artist, decided to combine such harmonious occupations as sketching and fishing, and to take the Norway trip with the Captain. So while Captain Flannigan found himself pursuing his cherished day-dream of travel among scenes where nature is as yet untamed, his friend transferred Norway's dark blue skies, brilliant fjords and opaline mountains to his canvasses, and after the short summer was thus delightfully passed, they returned together, leaving Paul and Blossom in sunny Italy.

At the Denver depot the Captain was met by a young man, much tanned, whose voice of welcome rang clear and strong, and in whom he recognized Felix. His young friend was strong enough now to return and complete his college work. Mr. Harley, fortunately, had recovered in a great measure from his financial difficulties. Felix tarried a week longer to see his old friend and to enjoy the Captain's thrilling descriptions, as well as to relate his own pleasant experiences.

And Captain Flannigan's Easter vacation always remains as such in his mind, never losing its quaint identity as a mere summer outing. And there were others who remembered the Captain's vacation, one especially, who never forgot it. G. H.

Characteristics of the Cubans.

THE discussion of the character of the Cubans, which was crowded out by the exciting events of the war, has since then fully occupied public attention. The general idea, however, formed from newspaper accounts, of the Cuban character is far from creditable, and many false motives have wrongly been accorded to them. For instance, one often remarks about their ignorance and barbarity. It is also considered necessary to govern them with severity in order that they shall not be given a chance to plunder and murder.

During the discussion some have been brought to believe that the rebellion was uncalled for—a mere discontented uprising among the people, without any excuse.

For three years these Cubans have been practically without food, shelter or clothing, hunted and entrapped at every turn, and yet we judge them as we would an American citizen who has been provided with all the luxuries of life. As an example, notice the difference of opinion concerning the Porto Ricans and Cubans. The former did not have the grit to rebel, and are therefore considered vastly superior in character to the latter; but the latter fought like tigers for their rights, and have really won freedom from oppression for all.

Most of the peasants of the island are either negroes or of pure Spanish blood, which has become weakened by the ease of a tropical life. Many of their ancestors served in feudal castles, and the idea of servitude is born in them. This attitude naturally kept them in oppression, and as they

did not fight for liberty, none was granted them. For this reason the number of peasants in a rebellion was small, the larger part of them was composed of negroes and sons of wealthy planters, together with the gayer class from the cities.

Some of the most familiar accusations brought against the Cubans were laziness, cowardice, theft and barbarity. These representations were made by our soldiers, who suffered so much, during the campaign at Santiago, from disease and lack of food and shelter. Our men were not in the best frame of mind to judge their neighbors justly, and the question arose as to whether the Cubans were worth the great sacrifice made for them.

As to their cowardice, proof seems hardly necessary to show the absurdity of this accusation. These men have been at war for three years, fighting against enormous odds. More than half their number were lost, and yet their courage never failed them. In many of the battles this past summer, the death list of the Cubans far exceeded that of the Americans. Can this be called cowardice?

One of the most disreputable acts committed during the war was the the stealing of the soldiers' blankets, and this outrage was accredited to the Cubans, but no proof can be found to show that those serving in the army of the Cubans were the thieves. In fact, every instance indicates that the guilty ones were the inhabitants of the Island.

The Cubans are often charged with plundering and shooting at the Spaniards after they had surrendered. They did no more than follow the example of their former rulers, the Spaniards, who never hesitated to murder doctors, nurses, and captives, granting them no quarter. Many times the Spaniards destroyed their property, after surrendering it to us, and yet no one seems to criticise them. Why, then, should the Cubans be blamed?

Now that the war is over and we are once more regaining our peaceful routine of life, it will be very easy to prove what, of all this, is true; and it is to be hoped that under more favorable circumstances the Americans will be brought to believe that the Cubans possess many admirable characteristics.

You don't care for my kisses, I fear,
If many there be, or but few;
For you give them all back to me, dear,
As fast as I give them to you.

They were seated in a hammock
One balmy night in June;
And the night was hushed in silence,
'Neath the guidance of the moon.
I had asked one single question,
And my heart was filled with hope—
But her answer never reached me,
For her brother cut the rope.

—Ex.

LOCALS.

CALENDAR.

Feb. 6. Lecture on "Colors and Interior Decoration."
Feb. 9. Girls attend the opera.
Feb. 10. Seniors see Richard Mansfield in "Cyrano de Bergerac."
Feb. 12. An address by Miss Lunn.
Feb. 15. Lasell reunion at the Brunswick.
Feb. 18. Lasellia entertainment, Leland T. Powers.
Feb. 22. Washington's Birthday observed.
Feb. 25. Reception.
Mar. 1. Concert.
Mar. 4. S. D. Entertainment, Harvard Glee and Mandolin Clubs.

—We had on Monday evening, Feb. 6, a very interesting lecture by Miss Katherine B. Child, on "Color and Interior Decoration," the first of a series on the subject. Miss Child illustrated her remarks with a number of very pleasing stereopticon views, which helped to impress more strongly upon our minds her most important points. The many fine lectures that we enjoy here, are of great advantage to the students, and are much appreciated.

—Nearly all of the girls attended the opera during its short season in Boston, each being allowed to choose from the programme that which she most wished to hear. Thus everyone was able to enjoy the music especially appealing to her own taste.

—On Friday evening, Feb. 10, the seniors saw Richard Mansfield in the popular French play, "Cyrano de Bergerac." They were most enthusiastic, and gave a glowing account to those unfortunates who were obliged to remain at home. The play was presented in Boston for the first time, this winter, and Mr. Mansfield made it a great success.

—Miss Lunn, from the Deaconesses' Home and Training School, Boston, addressed us on Sunday morning, Feb. 12, telling us in her dignified and earnest way, something of a deaconess' life, and what she has to do. It was most interesting and helped us to understand somewhat the great Christian work which is constantly going on around us and which we too often fail to appreciate unless it is brought before us in some such way. Those engaged in this work are indeed following in the foot-steps of the Great Master, and will thus win his blessing. The little black bonnet with white ties, which especially distinguishes a deaconess, enables her to go in safety where others would fear to tread; for by it she is recognized as one of God's mesengers, and is received with the respect and reverence due to those who do His errands among His unfortunate and unhappy children.

—The annual reunion of the Lasell alumni occurred at the Brunswick, Boston, on Wednesday, Feb. 15. Several of the teachers from the seminary attended, and had the pleasure of meeting there many of the old girls of whom about fifty were present. Mr. Bragdon sent greetings, and a pleasing musical programme was rendered. The banquet also was heartily enjoyed. This reunion calls together annually many dear friends, and perpetuates the memory of Lasell and the many happy days spent there.

—On Saturday evening, Feb. 18, we again had the pleasure of welcoming Mr. Leland T. Powers, one of our finest impersonators. The entertainment was given under the auspices of the Lasellia Club. Mr. Powers read "Katherine and Petruchio," arranged from Shakespeare's "Taming of the Shrew," and admirably and delightfully presented the haughty Katherine, with her fiery temper, and the shrewd Petruchio, determined to subdue her. As an after-piece, Mr. Powers gave a comic selection, "Calling on Margaret," responding to a second encore with a short poem of Kipling's. After the entertainment the members of the club gave a reception in the parlors, in order that their friends, who were present, might meet Mr. Powers, whom they found delightfully interesting.

—On Washington's Birthday, Wednesday, February 22, we had, by way of celebration, a very pleasant after dinner programme, consisting of toasts, music and recitations. The dining room was prettily decorated with the national colors, and the girls looked their best in their pretty evening dresses, with their powdered hair, suggestive of Martha Washington's time. Dr. Gallagher conducted the exercises, which were as follows:

America, — Sung by School

"The Schoolma'am's Courting," — Recitation
Miss Wellington.

"The Nation's Debt to Washington," — Toast
Miss Kendrick.

"Little Breeches," — Recitation
Miss Grace Houghton.

"Lasell and February Twenty-second," — Toast
Miss Milliken.

Mazurka. — Piano Solo
Miss Lair.

"The Patriotic Spirit," — Toast
Dr. Winslow.

"The Face I Love Best," Recitation
Miss Horstmeyer.
"Education and Future of Our Country," Toast
Miss Currie.
"Under the Rose," Song
Miss Gallagher.
"The Duel," Recitation
Miss Fry.
"The Star Spangled Banner," Solo
Miss Flaherty; chorus, the School.

After this programme, the students adjourned to the gymnasium, where dancing was in order until eight o'clock, when study hours began. The day will long be remembered at Lasell.

—On one or two mornings of the week, Dr. Gallagher devotes a part of the chapel hour to instructing the girls in Parliamentary Law, which proves most interesting and helpful, since it is something with which everyone should be familiar; for at the present time one never knows when one will be called upon to put to practical use one's knowledge of this subject.

—Miss Blaisdell, who has been ill and confined to her room since November, has again appeared among us. We are glad to welcome her back, and trust that she will very soon entirely recover from her long illness.

—We were delightfully entertained at chapel on the evening of Wednesday, the 15th, with a selection by the quartette, and songs by Miss Wellington and Miss Metcalf. We appreciate the kindness of those who thus favor us.

—The reception given by the Faculty to the specials, sophomores, freshmen and preparatories, took place on Saturday evening, February 25. A very pleasant time is reported.

—Some of the German students, accompanied by Fraulein Stüven, attended at Roxbury, on Monday, Feb. 20, a German comedy, "Die Goldene Spinne," which all enjoyed very much. It is of decided value to the students of the modern languages to hear as often as may be lectures or plays in those tongues.

—The Harvard Glee, Mandolin and Banjo clubs were here on Saturday evening, March 4, for a concert, under the auspices of the S. D. Society. They gave a fine entertainment, and were encored again and again. Mr. McCall sang two or three comic solos, besides reciting several amusing selections which he rendered very cleverly. The programme was as follows:

PART I.

1. Glee Club.
   (*a*) "Johnny Harvard."
   (*b*) "The Boy and the Apple Tree."
2. Mandolin Club.
   "Cosette March."
3. Glee Club.
   (*a*) "Sensible Serenade."
   (*b*) Solo.
   Mr. McCall.
4. Banjo Club.
   "At a Georgia Camp Meeting."

PART II.

1. Mandolin Club.
   "Selections from the Serenade."
2. Glee Club.
   (*a*) "Rhine Wine Song."
   (*b*) "Courtship.
   (*c*) Solo.
3. Banjo Club.
   "Darkies' Cake Walk."
4. Glee Club.
   (*a*) "Clover Blossoms Kiss Her Feet."
   (*b*) "Fair Harvard."

At the close of the entertainment the girls enthusiastically gave the seminary yell, to which the Harvard men heartily responded. After this the members of the S. D. Society gave the gentlemen a reception in the parlors.

Cabman: "Gimme your bag, lady, and I'll put it on top of the cab."

Mrs. Oatcake: "No; that poor horse of yours has got enough to pull. I'll carry it on my lap."—Ex.

Why is Dewey like a summer morning?

Because he is always Dewey.



The following are those who have been favored with calls from members of their families:

Misses Woodbury, Brewer, Bissell, Hasbrouck, Fry, Jenckes, Metcalf, Trowbridge, Dudley, Robbins, S. Marsh, McCarthy, Slayton, Safford, Stewart, Wellington, Kothe, White, Ebert, Taylor.

Former pupils: Misses Josephine Chandler, Grace Washburn, Harriet Scott, Lillie Potter, Jessie Macmillan, Anna Beach, and Mrs. William S. Wagner (Minnie Ransom).

—Marietta Rose, now Mrs. J. Hubert Green, sends word of the birth on February 26, this year, of a little boy—Raymond Lewis Green.

—Nora Westheimer announces her engagement to Mr. Louis P. Rothschild.

—We hear, through Lucie Sampson's father, that Lucie's husband, Mr. F. M. Livermore, is a ranchero, living in Arizona on a ranch of two hundred thousand acres, adjoining Flagstaff, on the Santa Fe railroad. They are near enough to the town for telephone connection, and for availing themselves of its system of waterworks—a decided advantage.

—Kittie Tebbs is still abroad. She spent some time in Paris, and then went to Rome, from which city she sends greetings to her old friends of Lasell. Before returning, which she expects to do in time for Commencement, she will revisit Paris.

—Friends of Frances Gray,—now Mrs. Bernhart H. Temple—may be interested in knowing that her present address is Whitney avenue and Fifth street, Elmhurst, L. I.

—Mrs. Wagner and Sanford are now visiting Miss Ransom. It was a great pleasure to see again her cheery, pleasant face. Sanford, too, brings his own welcome with him.

—Ella Stedman Frank writes that she was with her father for some time previous to his death, of which mention is made elsewhere in this number. Mr. Frank and family may eventually come to New York to live, since he has important business interests there.

—Margaret McGavic has been at home this winter, so we hear. She has developed a great fondness for basket-ball, and is a member of a team organized by her girl friends of Ottumwa.

—Mrs. Lee Phillips, Clara Cushing, of the class of '74, and daughter of Rev. Mr. Cushing, Mr. Bragdon's predecessor as principal of Lasell, has been spending the winter in Pinehurst, N. C., for the benefit of her oldest son, who went to the war, returning therefrom the victim of starvation and typhoid fever combined. The young man, thanks to his mother's tender nursing, is now quite strong again. She has three other children; a nine year old son, and two daughters of eleven and six respectively. Mrs. Phillips was last year president of the New York Lasell club, which office she filled with grace and efficiency, as was to be expected.

—Jennie Williams Brainard writes that her sister, Cornelia Williams Hutchinson, is now in London, she and her husband, and will probably not return till fall, if then. They have been there all winter. Cornelia has a little boy, a few weeks old, Alec, named for his mother's brother. Jennie tells us that her time is devoted chiefly to "studying arithmetic with her children, who are in

school," and is gratified at the rapidity with which under the present methods of teaching employed in the schools, the children learn reading and numbers. The photographs of her little flock are promised us. We shall be very glad to receive them.

—Frances Fairchild is teaching now, so we hear. She could not be content to do nothing, and took up this work instead. It's a good outlook for a country when its girls feel this way, and a hopeful sign that progress is indeed in the air. She thinks often of Lasell, dwelling with unabated pleasure on the pleasant memories of her schooldays with us, "but," she says, "it seems so long—so *long* ago!"

—A charming letter from Ada Hibbard Crew, together with a most welcome set of photographs of herself and family. Their home is in Clifton, England—Langford Lodge, Guthrie Road—and Ada says that she is heart and soul in love with the country, and knows of no other that she would exchange for it. Mr. Crew is much better than formerly, but still finds it necessary to live a quiet home life, rather than that of an active man of business. Having literary tastes, he is much with his books. Ada is herself well and happy, and a very busy woman, as one would easily think on looking at the pictures of her family—three such lovely girls and two fine boys are quite enough to fill one mother-heart. Eva, the oldest daughter, is fourteen, a bright and intelligent girl, lovely in disposition and character. She speaks French well, is learning German, is musical and enjoys discussing the news of the day with her father. Archie, the eldest boy, is at Clifton College, and doing finely in his studies. They think of the Indian Civil Service for him, later on. These pictures of Ada, Mr. Crew, and their children we are very glad to add to our album. A finer family of young folks we have seldom seen.

MARRIED

Harriette Mabel Lord to Clarence Dwight Burbank, on Wednesday, February 15th, at Thompsonville, Conn.

Mary Eliza Coe to Daniel Benjamin Ninde, on Monday, February 27th, at Brookline, Mass.

PASSED AWAY.

We are grieved to record this month the death of Ella Stedman Frank's father, during February, after an illness of some weeks. Our sympathies are with the bereaved ones.

California Notes.

Isn't it strange how the ends of the earth meet? In this little corner of it, of whose existence the larger part of the people of the U. S. is entirely ignorant, I seem to meet more friends, or friends of friends than—yes—than even at the Lasell Booth in the World's Fair. For instance, Clara and Ella Eddy of Bay City, Mich., at Lasell in 1892, come tripping across the street as if quite at home, and we chat awhile. In the Hotel last night we talk to Jane Bancroft Robinson, whom we used to know in the Woman's College at Evanston, and whom two continents now know in the Deaconess's great work, her handsome husband, who knows all about our Detroit and Cincinnati girls and friends, and the daughter who is our Zella Robinson's cousin, and Bessie Campbell's, too. Traveling with them is a Miss Heefner, who opens her already open eyes, as she hears my name and says, "My mother was Jennie Thomas, your old pupil in Cincinnati Wesleyan College, and I have often heard her speak of you!" Yes, dear Jennie Thomas, a favorite pupil of 1868-71; meeting me here in the person of her daughter! "Did you ever hear your mother speak of Ella Cumback?" "Yes, indeed." "I had a letter to-day from Ella, telling me of

her mother's translation!" So the mothers, my old pupils, gather in the blessed company. The Reaper gathers the fair flowers and leaves me, the old, uncomely stump still standing! Then, this Dr. Robinson is a cousin of Alden Speare, another most dear friend, and has visited him lately in Newton and knows all about Lasell.

"Good evening, Professor," as a stately form passes our table in the dining-room, and Sadie Eldredge, of Portsmouth, at Lasell in 1895, smiles a greeting. She and her mother and father are with a Raymond party. The Raymond parties, by the way, have done more than any other agency to make this land of sunshine known to Eastern people: Prof. T. S. C. Lowe by his famous mountain railway and great observatory with the famous astronomer, Prof. Lewis Swift, next. This man has discovered more nebulæ than any other living man.

On the street a hand waves and a jolly face smiles, and Grace Harrison's parents (of Minneapolis, when Grace was at Lasell in 1894, now settled here on a ranch) talk of former times and later wanderings. A smile from a pleasant face whose owner is driving a smart team down the street, and is Elsa West, from St. Paul, when at Lasell in 1897, now at home in a fine mansion here. And Althea Pulsifer Blodgett, of Smith College, a graduate of 1860, lives next door to our new "hired house," where we have just begun to make us a home.

Now see what widely separated localities meet in this corner in a short ten days! And this "corner" certainly does beat the world for weather. Clear, sunny, and warm, flowers abundant, grass green, grain springing, and trees blossoming, while the East is so frost bitten and stormy.

Think of a college here where the pupils could study out of doors all the year round! Do you wonder I am trying to get some rich man to see his chance to do a great work here?

And they tell me that the summers are more delightful than the winters! We have yet to prove that in our own experience.

C. C. B.

New York Lasell Club Luncheon.

The Lasell Club of New York gave, on the fourth of February last, its sixth annual luncheon, at the Waldorf-Astoria. About forty members were present. Nelly Ferguson Conant, president of the Lasell Alumni Association, was the guest of honor. After the luncheon and following business meeting for the election of new officers, a musical program was delightfully rendered by Mr. Harry Arnold, pianist, Master Earl Gulick, boy soprano, and Mr. Victor Baillard, baritone, husband of Maude Littlefield. The one regret was that Professor Bragdon and Miss Carpenter were unable to be present. Among those who were there the following have been named to us: Grace Garland Ethrington, president; Mary Healey, vice-president; Ella Willard Wilson, secretary and treasurer; and Annie Sheldon Brown, Ada Cadmus, Laura and Kittiebel Chapman, Louise Hubbard, Emma and Edith Grant, Edith Howe, Christine Stephens, Jennie Raymond Geyer, Harriet Scott, Esther Scouller, Frances Casebolt, Annie Gwinnell, Florence Rankin, Marie Wilson, Katharine Pierce Martin, Winifred Conlin Cook, Maude Littlefield Baillard, Virginia Johnson Milbank, and Cora Cogswell.

TO A FRIEND.

Your eyes are—but I cannot tell
Just what's the color of your eyes,
I only know therein doth dwell
A something that can sympathize
When selfish love would fail to see
The depths revealed alone to me.

—*Wesleyan Literary Monthly.*

The Boston Midwinter Reunion.

THE annual Lasell Reunion in Boston took place this year on the fifteenth of February, hard upon the heels of the worst blizzard the city has known for years, so that the gathering together at the Hotel Brunswick on that day of between fifty and sixty of our old girls, and teachers of both the present and the past, was a signal evidence of the interest felt in this yearly assembly, for travel at that time was a thing of difficulty and discomfort. Mr. Bragdon, already then in California with his family, was, of course, unavoidably absent, but had sent to those who were there, a letter of kindly greeting, which was read by Dr. Gallagher, his genial and efficient assistant. From the Seminary there were present Dr. Gallagher and his wife, Miss Carpenter, Miss Hotchkiss, Mademoiselle Le Royer, and Bessie Cooke.

An informal reception of the guests by Dr. and Mrs. Gallagher and Miss Carpenter, was followed by a delicious luncheon, after which Dr. Gallagher made a short but felicitous speech concerning the school and its plans for the future. After congratulating those present on representing an institution that so well justified their love for it, and their highest praise, he spoke of a recent address delivered before an alumni association of gentlemen on the subject of the demand occasioned for educated young men by our expansion policy, and asserted that precisely the same conditions emphasize the increased demand for educated young women. The address closed with a statement of Mr. Bragdon's purpose to increase the facilities of Lasell, and to make such provision for it as shall serve to continue and further its good work in the future. An excellent musical programme was then rendered, Mrs. L. P. Morrill and Bessie Cooke singing several fine solos, and Mrs. Ernest Dumas (Sephie Mason) accompanying upon the piano.

Mrs. Nelly Ferguson Conant, president of the Lasell Alumni Association, which association has the management of these reunions, was a graceful and efficient mistress of ceremonies, while Miss Martha Lucas and Miss Nellie Richards further assisted to make the occasion a delightful one. Except for the fact that the heavy snowfall made attendance difficult for all who, to be present, would have had to travel any considerable distance, and that Mr. and Mrs. Bragdon could not be with the company, it was altogether a gratifying success. There is given below a list of those who remembered to register before leaving:

Dr. and Mrs. Charles W. Gallagher, Auburndale.
Miss Caroline Carpenter, '73-'99, Auburndale.
Miss Alice M. Hotchkiss, Auburndale.
Miss Martha B. Lucas, '60, Boston.
Mrs. Ella Richardson Cushing, '73, Boston.
Mrs. Addie Rich Treadwell, '80, Dorchester.
Miss Josephine B. Chandler, '96, Malden.
Miss Beulah H. Shannon, '94, Brookline.
Miss Nellie M. Briggs, '95, Somerville.
Mrs. Jessie Reece Loper, '85, Chicago, Ill.
Miss Grace P. Washburn, '97, Melrose.
Miss May C. Stanley, '96, Pawtucket, R. I.
Miss Clementina Butler, '80, Newton Centre.
Mrs. Mary Colby Walworth, '66, Newton Centre.
Mrs. Pauline Lane Maxfield, '67, Swampscott.
Miss M. Blanche Busell, '91, Somerville.
Mrs. Fannie Dewey Bailey, '56, Newton Highlands.
Miss A. Lizzie Mann, '65, Randolph.
Mrs. Persis Meriam Dustin, North Cambridge.
Miss Bessie T. Cooke, '99, Whitney Point, N. Y.
Mrs. Sephie Mason Dumas, '83, Lowell.
Mrs. Nelly Ferguson Conant, '81, Pawtucket, R. I.
Mrs. Gertrude Rice Thayer, '81, Allston.
Miss Lida B. Peck, '89, Boston.
Miss Lucy G. Dudley, '89, Wilkinsonville.
Mrs. Hattie Greenleaf Smith, '87, Nashua, N. H.
Miss Lillian M. Packard, '83, South Boston.
Miss Clara Lewis, '95, Boston.
Mrs. Margaret Reed Burbeck, '81, Newton Highlands.
Miss Maude Whitney, '91, Boston.
Miss C. A. K. Bancroft, '57, Wellesley Hills.
Mrs. Emma Sears May, '57, Newton.

Miss Lillie R. Potter, '80, Chicago, Ill.
Miss Nellie M. Richards, '93, Groton.
Miss Jennie M. Arnold, '93, Peabody.
Miss Nettie F. Woodbury, '91, Beverly.
Mrs. Lina Maynard Bramhall, '84, Lowell.
Mrs. Nellie Packard Draper, '84, South Boston.
Mrs. Mary J. Lincoln, Boston.
Mrs. Adaline Allen Davidson, Auburndale.
Miss F. Elizabeth Wilder, Cambridge.
Miss Jennie LeRoyer, Auburndale.
Mrs. Blanche C. Martin, Waltham.

Sharps and Flats.

A little nonsense now and then is relished by the best of men.

A lady overheard the following conversation between two girls on their way home from school:

"We have just got our new books to-day, Rolfe's Macbeth," said one.

"You mean *Shakespeare's* Macbeth," replied the other.

"No, I mean Rolfe's, and we have have just finished Rolfe's Love's Labors Lost."

Teacher (severely)—"Is that chewing-gum in your mouth?"

Boy—"Yes, ma'am."

Teacher—"Give it to me."

Boy—"Wait and I'll get you a piece that ain't chewed."—Ex.

In a senior class one of the pupils was asked to draw a circle. Desiring that the work be done correctly, she asked the teacher how many degrees to put in it.

Pupil (translating Virgil): Three times I strove to cast my arms about her neck—that's as far as I got, professor.

Professor:—I think that was quite far enough.

"Talk about your pulls!" said the sleigh—"well, I am kind of in the push myself," remarked the snow shovel, and just then the thermometer slipped and fell about 40 degrees.

What kind of a noise annoys an oyster?

A noisy noise annoys an oyster.

—The Teacher in Cooking Class—"And we butter the tins—"

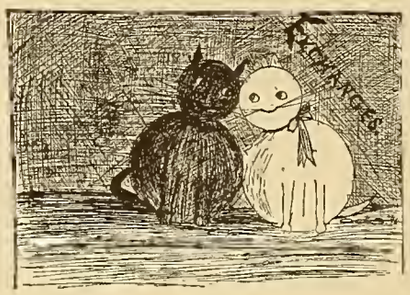
"Butter them with what?" asks an attentive pupil.

She—Have you ever climbed an Alp?

He—No, but I went up to my office in the twenty-seventh story one day when the elevator was out of order.

This anecdote is almost equalled by the following:

A few summers ago, when it was very dry, the water power gave out, and in many cities it was impossible to use the elevators. During this condition of things a little fellow climbed to the top of the highest Chicago building, and after getting there, was just able to gasp out, "Please sir, is God in?"



The LEAVES wishes to acknowledge the following exchanges: The Argosy, Bates Student, Bowdoin Quill, University Courier, The Fence, Harvard Lampoon, The Quill, Adelphian, The Oracle, The Philabethian, College Rambler, The College Folio, Vermont Academy, St. John Collegian, Acta Victorian, Student's Review, The Mt. Holyoke, High School Record, The Jabberwock, The Interlude, Seminary Oak Leaves, Boston Academy, Wesiners College Bulletin, Bowdoin Orient, New England Conservatory Magazine, Wesleyan Literary Monthly, The Record, The Classic, The Distaff, The Owlet, The Academia, The Polytechnic.

OUR WRONGS.

When girls are only babies
Their mammas quite insist
That they by us—
Against our wills—
Be kissed—kissed—kissed.
And when those girls
Are sweet eighteen,
Their mammas say we shan't;
And though we'd like to kiss them,
We can't—can't—can't.

—*Williams Weekly.*

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The Editors will be glad to receive from the students and Alumnæ any communications and items of interest to the school.

Editorials.

ALL too soon as it seemed to us, was closed the notable exhibit of Mr. John S. Sargent's paintings—forty-five portraits in all, and remarkable productions, every one, so the art critics say, besides a number of studies and sketches, of less interest than the finished portraits, it is true, but still well worthy of admiration. Many of us who had hoped to see this exhibition, but had too thoughtlessly deferred it from time to time, were disappointed indeed when we learned that it had been closed. Boston has reason to be proud of the distinction of this display of fine paintings, for to her was given the sole privilege of exhibiting them, the English owners of a number of these paintings lending them to the Art Students' Association on the express condition that they should be returned direct from Boston.

The portraits are conceded to be masterpieces, revealing through the medium of line and color not only the physical semblance of the men and women and little people depicted, but their inner personalities as well. These portraits have been criticised as lacking in feeling and tenderness, but this seems an unjust criticism when one considers those beautiful sympathetic child portraits, especially that of "Beatrice;" one

on whose face tenderness, shyness, and sensitiveness are clearly expressed by the masterful hand of the artist. There is brilliancy, a dignity, and a force characterizing all his work. We as Americans are particularly proud of our talented countryman, and glad to see him winning laurels abroad as well as at home. The development of art is still almost in its infancy in America, and we give heartiest appreciation and encouragement to all who thus aid in establishing American artistic genius on a level with that of foreign lands, so that her artists may successfully compete with those of Europe.

IT is hard to realize that the Easter vacation which we have talked and dreamed of for so long has come and gone, and that we are now entering upon a new term, the last of the school year. The girls who spent their vacation at their homes or with friends, and even those who remained at school and who were at first so sure that they would have a "horrid dull time," are equally enthusiastic about the "good times" they had during the holidays. All but a few girls who were detained on account of sickness, were prompt in returning to school. The rest, we are sure, has been beneficial to us, and we should now be ready and willing to resume our school duties with vigor, and with the determination to make this last term the crowning one of our school year. We hail its arrival with feelings both of pleasure and regret; and though we are now anxious for the summer days to come when lessons will be over, we shall still be sorry to say good-bye to the girls who have been our classmates for nine months, and who have shared alike our work and pastimes. For many of us this will be our last year away at school. As we glance back over our work of the past six months we see that often we have fallen below the standard, have been indifferent to our duty as students, and have let slip by unheeded many a golden opportunity. Our duty does not lie merely in learning from day to day those lessons assigned by the teachers. Are we not here to make the most of every opportunity? When a girl has reached that stage in life when she is able to seize the opportunities offered her and to utilize them to the best advantage, she has gained something which can never be taken away, and which will always be of the utmost use to her. Perhaps it would not be amiss to quote here a certain apropos and helpful passage from Lilian Whiting in "The World Beautiful." It runs thus:—

"To hold one's self in readiness for opportunity, to keep the serene, confident, hopeful, and enjoyable energy of mind, is to magnetize it, and draw privileges and power toward one. The concern is not as to whether opportunity will present itself, but as to whether one will be ready for the opportunity. It comes not to doubt and denial and disbelief. It comes to sunny expectation, eager purpose, and to noble and generous aspiration."

There is much work before us yet, but this does not mean that we are to shut ourselves up in our rooms to study during all the glorious spring afternoons—indeed, that is the very thing we should avoid. After a delightful walk around Auburndale, or a rousing game of basket-ball or of tennis, we shall be in a much better condition for study than if we should neglect this open-air exercise.

ON the morning of the 25th, it was noised among the girls that there was to be a surprise that afternoon. We all hoped that it would be a pleasant one, and many and various were the guesses made; but when the half-past-one bell rang, we had not

yet solved the mystery. The expression upon the faces of the girls as they marched into chapel and took their accustomed places was chiefly one of nervous anticipation. No one appreciates a really pleasant surprise more than a school girl, but as it turned out in this case, all surprises are not pleasant. We were told that just ten minutes would be given us in which to get the requisite writing materials for the Freshman cooking examination which was to be given that afternoon. We had not anticipated its coming before the vacation, and therefore had not yet reviewed our lecture notes. Every girl is desirous of passing this examination for she knows that in the work of the second year she will not have merely to listen to lectures, but will herself aid in the preparation of the dainty dishes, make one of the dinner party at which they shall be eaten, and have the privilege now and then of inviting her chum, or some other friends, to be her guest on these occasions.

Both the teachers and pupils here discountenance cramming. We are glad that there is no cause for it at Lasell, for examinations are not customary with us. Now and then we have them on some of the lecture courses, but not often.

We have reason to be proud of our cooking classes. At Lasell the first attempt was made to introduce cooking as an necessary addition to the higher education of women. Since then it has been taken up by many other schools, and is by those also considered an important part of their work.

"Oh! Bridget, I told you to notice when the apples boiled over."

"Sure I did, mum. It was quarter past eleven.—*Exchange.*

Mama (to Willie, who is sliding down the cellar door)—"Willie, what are you doing?"

Willie—"Making a pair o' pants for a poor orphan."—*Ex.*

On My Way Home.

It is impossible to tell all the delicate and thoughtful kindnesses Fraulein Roth has done to make our stay in Pasadena pleasant. Flowers on our table on arrival; flowers every now and then without notice of giver; flowers on every table in our rented home, when we came into the new surroundings; little calls once in a while, just to see if we were happy; greetings by the way, so cheery from her and her mate, Miss Orton. All these and more than these, not only this year but all the years, have made us feel the presence of a dear but very unobtrusive friend. She is working too hard, I think.

Ada Young Ticknor, at Lasell from Calais, Me., in 1877, is at 338 Thirtieth street, Los Angeles, attending strictly to the education of her two children, which she intends shall be the best the world can give. Of course, that includes a course at Lasell, for the bright little Miss Grace of eight, when she is old enough. Harrison entered the High school last fall.

Anna Warner's brother is U. S. Consul at Leipsic, and Anna went in Jan. to spend a year with him and music. So says Julia Hammond, who dropped down in P. with father and mother "to spy out the land." Julia looks well and talks sensibly. We took an afternoon's drive together to see the Country Club and the live oaks.

Carrie Johnson Miller's children and I are beginning to get acquainted, much to my delight. I almost despaired, for they are very shy, taking after their mother. They are very sweet and well-trained. That Mr. Miller was indignant at repeated attempts (fortunately frustrated by prompt and efficient care) to poison their magnificent St. Bernard dog, Burn (a good mate for Briggs, but heavier) was shown by the $500 reward he

offered for the rascal. Too bad that at last news it had been ineffectual. I hope he may reach him some night with a bullet.

I was sorry to come away without seeing Carlotta Elling, who is at San Diego, and on whom only Jack's illness prevented our calling. Never mind, Carlotta! It won't be very long, I hope, until you are at Lasell again.

I left Pasadena after the longed and prayed for rain had come, and while it was still coming. So all South California was happy.

The two-day ride by the Santa Fe route to Pueblo was delightful. Of all the routes to California I like this best. The country is the most picturesque, and the service all one could wish, and the food the best and best served of any. I have tried them all. Breakfast and luncheon are served *a la carte*, and dinner for $1.00. East of Chicago the dining cars are still following the old and ought-to-be-obsolete plan of $1.00 each for the three meals. I looked out at Flagstaff, and longed for the Canon, the *only* Canon! But it was not the season. No Lucie Sampson at the station, either! At Pueblo Belle Loudon Bragdon was looking remarkably well, and her two little ones were "too sweet for anything."

DENVER

gave me good enough weather overhead, but the cross-walks leave much to be desired. They were dreadful. I feared at every block to leave overshoes in the mud. I calculate that I spent one-half day putting overshoes on and off, and I feared I should need boots to knees. I don't see how women get about at all. Omaha is much better paved than Denver. Denver lacks doorplates, while Omaha's streets are insufficiently marked at corners. (These remarks respectfully dedicated to the respective councils of these cities). At Denver I found (all well) Fannie Hanscome Herbert, (her china and porcelain painting is something to be proud of—as also her two splendid girls), Julia Wells Brannen, (studying French,) Lottie Appel, (Lulu was at the store, where both are showing themselves women,) Elizabeth Creswell, (who is doing the same in her father's office,) Clara Creswell Blakeney, (in her own new home, with her own new baby,) Helen and Ruth Cleaveland, handsomer than ever, and as cordial, (a young man was calling on Ruth, and looked as if he'd lost an evening by my coming—Ruth ought to give him another try for that!) Gertrude and Katherine Bucknum, (about G. "they say," but K. is said to be impervious,) Clara Heath, (grown stately by her European experience,) Edith Partridge Thomas, (in her new house at Montclair, more charming, if possible, with her two sweet babes about her,) Alice Littlefield, ("helping mother,") Maude Haller Everett, (entirely recovered from a serious illness,) Carrie Brown Cassell, (with a cute little girl on her lap—a sister-toy for the four fond brothers,) Lutie Price Seeley, (with her boy at breakfast and waiting for papa, who has been a long time in N. Y.,) Idelle Phelps, (going to take the world by storm with her new invention of a "cache lunette,") and Birdie Routt Bryant, lively as ever, and with a three-year-old girl I had not before seen. Others I called on but did not find at home, to my great regret. I have to scold the Denver girls especially, but a good many Lasell girls as well, because they move and do not send Lasell their new addresses. It isn't fair to me. There were eight such "forgettors" in D. Birdie Routt's husband is a partner of the present governor. Edith Partridge's Mr. Thomas has lately been appointed trustee of the State Agricultural College, a post for eight years. Grace Thomas is en-

gaged. Bessie Lothrop Lester rejoices in a new baby girl. Lillie Hathaway Muir, also. She lives now in Lincoln, Neb., but I saw the babies and parents, with whom Lill spends much of the time. Someone says Marion Josselyn will soon move (under a new name) to Duluth. Bertie Burr Dawes has moved to Ohio. Stella Hoyt Rust to Boulder, and has a new baby. Lucy Tappan is said to be teaching at the University of Denver. Daisy Earle has been visiting in D. Lottie Appel meets many Lasell girls in the store, not residents. Ruth Cleaveland says Florence Slate is still "coming to see her." (See "addresses" for changed homes, so far as I learned them.) Bertie Berlin sings in a church choir. Mattie Lorimer Russell has left the former home, and I couldn't find her. The Bucknum girls have recently lost their brother, who had a long illness.

I found our Emily Eaton's mother in a fine new home on Broadway, (916) and had a very pleasant call and saw "Major."

TO OMAHA

in a snow storm. In fact, came into and left Colorado in snow storms. Found Omaha cooler, but with less snow than D. Found at home and had delightful visits with Grace and Elizabeth Allen, (who are those young men from Chicago?) Mabel Taylor, (she couldn't go with me that evening because she was going with another young man, and I *"heard,"* H. G.) Martha Stone, (and I also "heard" about Martha—C. A.) Eva Kennard, (what was Mr. W. there for?) Nellie Hugus Caldwell, (whose three fine boys are enough to make any mother proud,) Bertie Steell Hyde, (whose boy and girl ditto,) Lillie Tukey, (who "contemplates" for about June 7 or 14—the name is Morrison, and they will live in Lincoln—Mae Burr did it!) Alma Claflin, (who is about to house-keep in her mother's absence,) but missed Susie French Brown and Ura Kelly. Saw Carita Curtis' father a moment, and dined with Ella Cotton's mother, who seems to be Queen of song and singing in Omaha, and whose perfectly sung solo on Easter morning in Trinity cathedral, of whose fine choir she is leader, fully justifies the title. I did enjoy it so! I heard that Florence Silloway has married one Biscoe, and lives in Newtonville. Mabel Barber married Harry Shears, last Monday, very suddenly and moved to Denver. Funny for a Barber to marry Shears! Also saw Helen Russell, of Jefferson, Iowa, who was visiting Mr. Wattles in O., who was president of the Omaha Exposition. She has been twice to Europe, but is sorry she didn't stay at Lasell two years longer before going. So you see, girls, what experience reveals! N. B!

IN COUNCIL BLUFFS

I found May and Julia Tulleys as charming as ever, and more reasonable. For May is singing again, after a great waste of time through timid doubts, and Julia is taking lessons, too. Found no one at Grace Beebe's home, and Mr. Gleason said Gertrude was in Toledo, homeward bound from N. Y. Ellen Siedentopf Haas, gracefully did the honors of her own home, in which her aunt says she is past mistress. Ellen has lost some of her Lasell flesh. Frances Bowman and Sadie Farnsworth are in California, San Diego and Los Angeles, respectively, where we might easily have seen them if they had taken the trouble to tell us they had gone there. Think what they've missed!

BOONE, IOWA,

was my next stopping-place, and I had a good visit with Katherine Mason's father and mother. I don't wonder K. likes them! Then

DES MOINES

opened its cloud of coal-smoke and took me

in for a day's pleasure with Mary Williams, Jennie Williams Brainard, with her three delightful children and her manly husband, (Nena is in London, where Mr. Hutchinson is studying, while Nena fondles a new English-born baby,) and dear Mr. Wiliams, who is rich in his magnificent daughters, the honored sire of an honorable house. I also met Ida Williams Gilbert and Mr. Gilbert and Minette and Alice, sisters, (not Mr. G.) of our Mary, Jennie and Nena. A visit long to be remembered! Mary's housekeeping is perfect. I ate two meals there, and am qualified to judge. Mary took me to Oak Park and we had a call full of Lasell with Jessie Lea Hillis, whose fourteen-year-old boy, Burt, is as tall as his mother, and looks like a good boy. I found Nellie Rawson, changed to Mrs. W. P. Chase, and Nellie Daughenbaugh next door and pleasant as ever. Laura Conger Lendrum has gone to China, and Jessie Connell to Chicago. Bertha Clapp Lenbach and Winnie Ewing Coffin were not in, to my regret. Jessie Hillis brought out her old Gospel Hymns, marked with the dates, as Lasell girls do! The yarns those Williams girls and Jessie told about doings at Lasell would have made my hair stand on end, if it had not been used to Lasell girls' reminiscences! Nan Walston's brother is a physician in good practice in Des Moines. This city has mail boxes on its street cars, a good plan which other cities might well copy. I forgot to say Maude Haller wants news of Grace Durfee and Miss Charlotte Willard, whom she adored. Some one says Jessie Reece Loper is in Paris. In this middle West the most noticeable things on the trains are furs and gum, one going usually with the other, and both very plenty. It seems so queer to see such heavy fur coats and cloaks, and so absurd to see such an amount of jaw-work. The last town was named "Shelled-Out."

MARSHALLTOWN

next gives me a bed. (Some of you may not know that Mrs. Bragdon and Belle and Jack are to stay in Pasadena all the year. So I say "I" so much. I am alone.) I find Carrie Gilman gone to Chicago. I wonder if she is making herself felt in her town as she might as a power for good things? Hattie Church is Mrs. Dr. Cottle with a successful husband, two nice babies, a fine home, a dignified and winning presence, and a record in the town of much worth. I called on dear, translated Maymie Binford's people, and found a welcome. Two sisters and a brother, of whom the father and mother are justly fond and proud, cherish our Maymie's memory as one of their family treasures. I had the pleasure of riding into Chicago with Mr. B. and Mr. and Mrs. Howe, with whom Maymie spent the months in Europe, which immediately followed Lasell. They must have been delightful months for her in such company. And now I come to Evanston and mother. C. C. B.

My Favorite Picture.

"AND the child grew and waxed strong in spirit, and the grace of God was upon him."

These words tell us almost all we know of the boyhood and youth of our Saviour, and we often wonder why we are not told more, yet when we stop to consider the full meaning of these pregnant words, we realize how much they suggest, and can even imagine how Christ as a boy must have been prepared for his life work. To me these words always bring before my mind the face which Hofmann, the German artist has so beautifully brought out in his painting of the "Child Christ in the Temple." Very often we do not appreciate or admire the beauty of a thing until we own it, and feel that it is in-

deed a personal possession. Never until I owned this picture of "Christ in the Temple," did I see clearly the beauty in it, or understand fully the meaning of Christ's visit to Jerusalem and his talk with the learned doctors in the sanctuary. This is how I came by it:

In the summer of 1896, my brother and sister were so fortunate as to spend the summer in Europe, and while there, like many other travelers, made many purchases, a great many intended for gifts to relatives and friends at home. As they went from place to place, and from store to store, their eyes would doubtless rest upon something, which they thought would be an appropriate gift for some particular person at home, and one day while looking about in some Dresden stores, they examined various unmounted engravings of some of the finest paintings to be found in the art galleries, from which they selected this one of Hofmann's "Child Christ in the Temple," with the express purpose of making it a gift to me. They both agreed that this would doubtless please me more than any thing else, knowing my fondness for fine pictures, especially for those of this kind.

Several months later, on their return to America, they gathered the family together one day and presented each with his special gift from abroad. The unmounted photograph of "Christ in the Temple" was given to me, but I considered it a very unexpectedly simple gift, and my disappointment must have been all too evident, for they both exclaimed: "Edith, we both decided that nothing would please you more than this elegant copy, for it is an exceptionally fine one of Hofmann's "Christ in the Temple." Of course we will have it framed for you, and don't you think you will like that?"

I fear my thanks were not as hearty as they might have been, for being young and not capable of knowing a fine thing when I saw it, I said only: "Why, I would rather have some piece of jewelry like that pretty mosaic hat-pin or that beautiful leather card-case. I should prefer something I can wear or use." "Very well," they said; they, of course, preferred me to select what I would like best, but they had had no doubt but what the picture would be my choice.

Consequently I have in my possession now the mosaic hat-pin and leather card-case, while my sister has in hers a beautifully framed picture of "Christ in the Temple." For a year it has had a place on the walls of our parlor at home, and how much I think of this picture now and what I see in it is more than I could relate, but I have, at least, admired it so much and felt so sorry that I did not accept it at first, that I have had it promised to me if ever I have the good fortune to be mistress of a house of my own, and in this way I feel that even now it belongs to me.

In this picture Christ is standing in the Temple at Jerusalem, and although there are five other figures represented, yet one sees immediately that the boy Christ is the principle one. He is arguing with the learned doctors and wise counsellors, and astonishing them all with his understanding. On the right is seated a doctor with a book in his lap, evidently about to seek some text with which to confute the argument of the boy. Another very old rabbi stands near by, leaning on a staff, his face showing the pleasure of age at the brightness of this youth, while one younger than the others, but a very intellectual looking man, stands with his hand raised, as if ready to interrupt the talker, but apparently finding no opportunity. The two other faces of the picture show one, merely curiosity; the other, thought and consideration of what is going on. The gesture of Jesus shows that he is answering

some question and has evidently moved his hearers.

The boy Jesus in his conversation and discussion with the doctors reveals the divine side of his character. He is apparently only a boy in years, but is certainly more than this in other respects. The surprised and interested expressions on the faces of those about him, show their utter amazement at such knowledge and profound reasoning in so young a lad. He is able to make clear so many points, which they have never understood, and to reveal to their minds so many new and marvellous things, that they are lost in wonder. All this in a boy of twelve? Well might they have been astonished at his wisdom.

The power and majesty of Christ the Divine is marvellously brought out in this exquisite face, so that we cannot but realize whence this wisdom and knowledge springs. It is such power and knowledge as none but the Son of God could have, and he is here beginning to reveal the Truth which he was sent into the world to reveal. Oh! the grandeur and heavenly majesty in this noble face, and how much it tells us. To me it seems to say: "To you also will I reveal all things, and make known the Truth."

It is an art to enjoy and to find the true beauty in pictures. To study a picture may do one as much good as to study a noble book. Pictures can talk to us, and, if they do not, then it is only because we do not let them. Some often help us, as in my case, to realize and appreciate more the story which they illustrate. Others will tell us stories, if we only look into them and see all that there is to be found in them. It takes a great while to see all the beauty and charm of a picture, so that we must not expect to take in the meaning of it all in one glance, instead we must make a study of it. Pictures help us to think, and thinking is education.

The Magic Inkstand.

ON our large old-fashioned desk in our library is an old inkstand which always had a strange fascination for me, partly because of its unusual size, and partly because of its oddity. As a child I often wondered why so large and peculiar a thing had a place in the library; but curiously enough it did not occur to me to ask, until one winter evening when grandmother and I were left at home alone, my mother and father having gone out to a dinner party.

Finding the library fire cheerful on such a cold night, we chose to sit there rather than in the less comfortable sitting-room. Here, then, we were very cozily seated, grandmother in a large arm chair, and I on a stool at her feet. We talked for some time about my play and my school work, then I suddenly asked her where the old inkstand came from. She looked a moment at the object in question as if wondering why I had asked.

It was indeed a curious thing. The silver tray was very large, the ink-well was the image of a dwarf's head, with round, hanging cheeks, like a brownie's, a comical twist to the queer little mouth, odd little flaps of ears, and for eyes a pair of glowing carbuncles, that positively had in them an expression of craftiness and cunning. His funnily pointed cap formed the top, while the pen-rack, which was a part of the strange stand, consisted of two dwarfs standing with arms outstretched to support the pencils and pens.

After looking at it some moments lost in thought, grandmother turned suddenly to me and said, "Why do you ask, child?" Then, not waiting for my reply, she went on, "It belonged to your grandfather, who at his death, begged your father always to keep it. Why, no one ever knew, and at first your father was inclined to believe him out of his mind, since there seemed little about the old

inkstand to call for so especial a request to keep it: it was ugly, clumsy, and not over valuable. Still, he determined to do as your grandfather had asked. During his whole life your grandfather had been very much attached to it, and had used it always in writing his books." (My grandfather had been a noted author in his day). "He always kept it on his study table, but it had no attraction for any of the rest of us; and, as you see, your father has never used it."

And indeed, now that I thought of it, I had never seen any ink in it. I looked at it closely, for Grandfather's works had won great praise, and I was rather impressed to think that he had used that particular ink stand when writing them. At this juncture my grandmother was called away to see visitors, and I curled up in the big armchair, full of a child's wonder about the matter.

Suddenly to my great astonishment I heard a thin little voice say, "So you wonder why any one ever cared for me?" I looked quickly around the room, then gazed hard at the inkstand, and great was my surprise to see the head of the dwarf, forming the ink-well, rising slowly from the stand until there came into view, first, his little body,—shoulders, arms, and all,—and then his tiny spindle legs.

All this was exceedingly strange, but when he walked over to the other two dwarfs and began to talk familiarly to them in a low voice, my astonishment was unbounded, and presently, seeing that I did not reply, the dwarf of the ink-well turned again to me and continued,—"I see you are surprised to hear me speak; but since you, unlike most children, have treated me with due respect, I have decided, with the consent of my companions to tell you my history."

As he spoke he bowed slightly to the others, who returned it with such a funny little curtesy that I nearly forgot myself and laughed aloud; but I was afraid to do this for fear of offending him, and only said, "Please do!" most persuasively.

After seating himself comfortably on the edge of the tray, he proceeded,—"My first owner was a would-be poet. To write fine poems was his highest ambition, an ambition which he eventually reached, but not until he had made my acquaintance, as you shall see. Years ago there was in southern Germany a mighty forest in whose shades a band of dwarfs used to disport themselves in merry revels at night, which as every one knows, is the only time that dwarfs may come forth from their dark underground homes and frolic on the surface of the earth. Now, of the folk who dwelt thereabout, none knew anything of the dwarfs, except the young poet; but all believed that there were dwarfs no longer, anywhere upon the earth, —no dwarfs, no fairies, no gnomes—silly people! The poet, however, knew, since he used at times to roam about in the wood, for like all poets he loved the majesty and beauty, the stillness and mystery of the woodland. In some one of his rambles therein he had chanced upon the dwarfs.

"At first they were very much afraid of him and ran pell-mell, hither and thither, out of sight of this "stupid mortal," as they resentfully called him; nor did they bear him any good will for his interruptions of their sport. But one day it happened that when one of the dwarfs in his hurry to escape fell and so hurt himself that he could not for a time walk at all, the poet kindly and gently picked him up and put him at the entrance of a small, but exceedingly black looking cave, wherein he had observed the rest of the dwarfs to disappear. After this the dwarfs, feeling sure now that his intentions towards them were kind, became his warmest friends. They would even interrupt a frolic to watch

for his coming; but they were very careful not to disturb him when he lay at the foot of some mighty tree dreaming of glories yet to be attained.

"So things went on, until one day the poet found his funny little friends in a state of intense excitement, and asking the reason, was told that the king had ordered the woods cut away, and with the woods, they told him, must go all their midnight revelry, for because of the power of a magic spell, they were unable to come to the surface, except so long as this wood continued to stand. The poet comforted them to the best of his ability, and promised to think over the case and see whether he could not think of some way to prevent their loss. For days he pondered about it, finally coming to the conclusion that the best thing to do was to go to the king himself. Accordingly he one day appeared at the palace and asked audience with the king. The king, himself a very kind man, knew the poet personally, and granted him the desired audience. Not wishing to betray the dwarfs, the poet besought the king as if it were an especial favor to himself, to revoke the order that the beautiful forest beyond the city walls to the east, be cut down, 'since,' said he, 'they are a favorite haunt of mine, and if they are destroyed, how shall I ever again write a poem that shall stir the souls of men?' So eloquently did he plead his cause, that the king could not refuse the request, and the poet went back to his little friends with a light heart.

"The dwarfs were so thankful for this great service, that they resolved to give him some token of their gratitude. This is where I come in," said the little dwarf, stopping for a moment to change his position.

"I was the gift they made him, and they wrought me with such exceeding art and magical skill that they thereby endowed me with the power to make anyone who used me famous. They also gave me the power of speech, although 'tis only once in three score years that I can speak, and then only for one day. The poet was deeply touched by their affectionate gratitude, and prized me very highly, using me always after that in writing his poems, and though he never knew that it was in any way due to me, it was certainly true that in a very short time the whole world was ringing with his praises, and today the works of few poets are better known and liked than his.

"After his death, through some stupid carelessness of a maid, I was misplaced, and finally, after a century or more of adventure, found my way into a curiosity shop. Here a young man, hunting curios, saw me, and attracted by my oddity, and thinking me a suitable present for a struggling young author whom he knew, bought me and presented me to his friend. The foolish fellow, however, thinking me valuable only as an ornament, did not use me, choosing instead a worthless, but glittering thing which he called 'beautiful.' Beauty, forsooth! what is beauty to that which I could have given him? I often thought that I should like to tell him of my mystic power, but feeling hurt that I should be so slighted, merely because I had not a polished top, and a glittering glass body, I thought a second time and concluded to keep silence. Poor fellow! He struggled hard, always writing, writing, writing; but circumstances were against him, little money came in, and inasmuch as he had an aged mother dependent on him I saw him many days in the depths of despair. Often he would sit up all night to write, and after his work was complete, he would go around for days with alternate hope and discouragement written on his face. Occasionally a short story would be accepted, but oftener his work came back.

"One evening after he had waited two or

three weeks to hear from his last story, his best, he thought, his hopes were blasted by its return accompanied by a short note of refusal. Then for the first time the poor man utterly broke down, and bowing his head on the table, he fairly wept. A slight movement of his arm upset the other ink bottle, which rolled to the floor and broke. Instead of buying a new one with his few remaining pence, he now began to use me. Happy moment for him! The magic influence that was in my gift now began to act anew. His next work was accepted, and made much of, as was his next, and all succeeding ones. He never knew, however, that this great change was due to me, and one day, unluckly for him, he gave me away to a little schoolboy, your uncle. He used me for a number of years, becoming a wonder to his teachers, on account of the brilliant essays he then wrote. As you know he died when about seventeen, after which your grandfather, who tenderly loved this boy, prizing all that his son had cared for, used me himself, and you know how great his writings are even now, though he has so long been dead. I told him one day of my power, but bound him never to tell of it, and that is the reason he wished your father always to keep me. I might tell you more did time allow, but—"

At this point the doorbell rang, and the dwarf, with a wave of his hand, sank back into his old shape and position. Perhaps he was frightened, but that is a mystery yet to be solved. This may all seem incredible, but I assure you it is true, and I positively assert that I was as wide awake when the dwarf told me his strange history, as I am this minute. The truth of it is furthermore proved by the fact that so long as I used that inkstand my work was well done. When our house burned down last July, however, the inkstand perished in the flames, or was sprited away; certain it is that I never found it, not even in a shapeless lump, as I half expected.

The Value of Education.

"TO know something about everything and everything about something" has been said are the requirements for a good education. In other words, to be well educated we should have a general knowledge of things to enable us to cope with the world at large, together with a special knowledge of some particular thing to use as a means of support. What can be of more importance and value in life than these two elements?

In some of the previous ages, rulers kept their subjects in a state of ignorance, for they knew that this was the only way to hold them under their absolute control and tyranny. It was only in the last century that Nicholas, ruler of the Russians, kept his people in ignorance and discouraged education because he feared that the universities might become nurseries of liberal tendencies. Honest though narrow, progress and culture were distasteful to him. He disliked modern and western ideas, and for that reason put a stop to the extension of railways, and, by limiting education and encouraging ignorance, took a most effectual means to wield successfully his oppressive control.

Then again, education is of the greatest value in enabling us to avail ourselves of our progenitors' attainments. Without education in the ancient languages, the many great masterpieces in literature would be lost to us. Constantly men are unraveling the mysteries of past ages, and learning more and more of the lost arts as their education and knowledge increases.

Education along the scientific line has of late perhaps been most rapid and most valuable to the world. Take for example the telephone, telegraph, and one of the latest inventions, the Rœntgen rays, all of which

have been invented during this century. Are not these the result of scientific study, and are they not of the greatest worth?

The prosperity of a country, especially of a republic, depends greatly upon the education of the people. The United States recognizes this fact, and expends twenty-three millions annually for her schools. When a person has finished the course of our public schools, he has had a very good, general education, is equipped for all ordinary positions in life, and makes a good citizen, capable of voting intelligently.

Education broadens the mind, gives us insight into nature and helps us to observe. If we are trained to be observing, we finally from habit become observing, for all our life is made up of habits. The end of education is to train us in good habits, but, whether we adhere to them or not, *we* are responsible. An observing mind must ever grow and expand. It will know more how to enjoy life, and will get much more out of living than an unobserving mind can possibly get. In social life education is indispensable. Society will not tolerate ignorance. No one is considered worthy of attention who has not something to give or add to the entertainment and intellectual improvement of others. To-day a person who is not well read and up with the times, can not expect to gain any consideration in society, and one might as well not live in an intelligent age as far as position and respect are concerned as to live uneducated.

R. E. P.

FOR MEN ONLY.

If there's anything worries a woman,
It's something she ought not to know;
But you bet she'll find out anyhow,
If she gets the least kind of a show.
Now we'll wager ten cents to a farthing,
This poem she's already read—
We know she'd get at it somehow,
If she had to stand on her head.—*Ex.*

LOCALS.

CALENDAR.

March 17—S. D. entertainment to Lasellias.
March 20—Lecture on Dante Gabriel Rossetti.
March 22—The Term Concert.
March 29—Easter Vacation began.
April 5—School Re-opened.

The S. D. entertainment to the Lasselias was a very successful affair. The program consisted of music followed by a clever little play, and was as follows:

1. LE PAPILLON, *Lavallee*
Miss Roe Porter.
2. AN ENGAGING POSITION,
A comedy in two acts.

CAST.

Theodore DeWinks,	MISS NICKERSON
James Moncastle,	MISS RAYMOND
Thomas Bulmer Todd,	MISS ELLWOOD
Imogene Tremwell,	MISS SLAYTON
Annette Golde,	MISS HORSTMEYER
Marcia Ladner,	MISS WILBER

ACT. I.
A studio of James Moncastle in New York.
ACT. II.
A reception room adjoining music room in Mrs. Thurlows' house.

3. THE SILVER RING, *Chaminade*
Miss Eva Raymond.

On the evening of March 20, Mrs. Helen Weil spoke to the school concerning Dante Gabriel Rosseti. Mrs. Weil prefaced her lecture by reading "The Blessed Damosel," after which she gave us a brief sketch of the poet-artist's life and work, relating also several interesting anecdotes about him. To supplement her lecture, Mrs. Weil had hung on the walls of the chapel photographs of Rossetti's most famous pictures, of which "Beata Beatrix" represents Rossetti's beautiful wife, and "The Annunciation," William Morris' wife. Mrs. Weil spoke of the influence of Mrs. Rossetti's character on that of her husband, as shown in both his artistic and literary work, and told the romantic and sad story of their courtship and marriage. During the hour there were two intermissions, in which several songs of

Rossetti's were sung by Miss Raymond and Miss Flaherty. Mrs. Weil closed by reading "The King's Tragedy," the audience listening with great interest to this stirring poem.

Everybody was delighted with the regular term concert of Wednesday evening, March 22, the program being an unusually good one, and rendered with fine spirit and finish. For all of the girls except the members of the Orphean Club, this was a "first appearance," and they are to be complimented on making it such a success. The program was as follows:

PIANOFORTE, Au Matin, *Godard*
Miss Hart.

SONG, Little Boy Blue, *Nevin*
Miss Gallagher.

PIANOFORTE, Overture to "Tancredi," *Rossini*
Misses McCarthy, Wellington, Hoover and Browse.

SONG, Charming Marie, *A. L.*
Miss Cotton.

ORGAN, Offertoire in F minor, *Salome*
Miss Ashley.

SONG, Villanelle, *Dell' Acqua*
Miss Flaherty.

PIANOFORTE, Valse, D flat, *Chaminade*
Miss Bailey.

SONG, Lullaby, *Hawley*
Misses Raymond, Flaherty, B. Cooke and Dudley.

PIANOFORTE, Troisieme Meditation, *Jaell*
Miss Myer.

SONG, May the Maiden, *R. DeKoven*
Miss Raymond.

PIANOFORTE, Spanische Tanz, (Bolero) *Moszkowski*
Misses Bailey, Cole, Dudley and Kothe.

SONG, Oh! give me back, *Rossi*
Miss Dudley.

CHORUS, Hark to the Mandolin, *Parker*
Orphean Club.
Miss Wood, Accompanist.

Even so early as Monday before vacation began, the corridors were echoing with the banging of trunks and the bustling of girls eager to begin their packing. On Wednesday morning in chapel Dr. Gallagher wished us a pleasant vacation, and after luncheon almost all of those intending to go away left on the twelve twenty-eight train. Twenty or thirty of the pupils, however, spent a part or all of the vacation at school, and they assure us that they had a very good time here, going to town as often as they wished, which Dr. Gallagher says was every day, and going to the theatre.

When we returned on the following Wednesday there were of course some rueful looks at having to return to lessons and the regular school life after a week of jollification, but cheerfulness on the whole prevailed, and the new term, which will fly so fast, began well.

We hope soon to see Mr. Bragdon among us again, since it is reported that he has already started on his way home. His stay in California this year has been longer than he intended, owing to the illness of his son.



—Ella Wilson tells of having been snowed up at Lakewood by the last blizzard, to the detriment of certain plans for golf, skating, and the like; of Marie's visit to Washington; of a three-weeks' visit from Lestra Hibberd, during which Lestra and Ella frequently saw Katharine McDowell, then in New York; of a pleasant "Lasell reunion" one day at Edith Grant's—Ada Cadmus being present, and the old times with the new being thoroughly discussed, of a projected summer trip to Europe, to which the whole family are looking forward with pleasure, expecting to sail on the 6th of June, in the Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse; of the delightful banquet of the New York Lasell club, in the win-

ter, and Grace Garland Etherington's enthusiasm and energy, which did so much to make it a success; and of her regret that the trip over-seas will prevent her being bridesmaid for Alice Andreesen. Ella and her sister are having their portraits painted (in group) by Jangers. She mentions the death of Maud Barker, last June. Maud died of consumption, and was a long time ill. Lestra has visited Emma Goll, Julia Hammond and Clara Roesing Taylor. Clara, she says, has the loveliest little girl she ever saw. Julia's brother was married in February, and Julia, her father, and mother, are now in California.

—Miss Blaisdell's friends, and they are legion, will be glad to learn that she has recovered from her long illness of the winter, and is once more in her old place among us. She is hardly quite strong yet, however, and may have to quit work awhile longer till she shall have entirely regained health and strength for her duties.

—John Bragdon has been very seriously ill of pneumonia, since he went to California, but is now recovering, though slowly.

—Annie Young seems definitely to have entered the field of literary work, in which we predict success for her.

—We learn through Ada Young Ticknor, here in the seventies, that Lizzie Bacon is married, and living in New London, Conn. She is now Mrs. H. M. Whittemore, and has been married a year.

—Mary Cruikshank, class of '96, is now at the Woodland Park Hotel, and has called several times at the seminary. She looks well and merry, and we were glad to welcome her back.

—Edith Grant has entirely recovered from the effects of that hard spell of grippe, and is again as busy as ever. She speaks of the pleasure she had in attending the club banquet; indeed, all who mention that banquet, commend it as entirely successful. Daisy Aull, who she says, is staying now with their grandmother, helped Edith and Emma to entertain some of their friends at a luncheon, the other day; and when she wrote, Edith had just returned from a short visit to Daisy. She thinks she may be with us at Commencement. We shall be glad to give her welcome at any time.

—Sue Brown is to be married at about the middle of May to a Mr. George Brill, an artist, and they are to go abroad for their wedding trip, Paris being especially their objective point.

—Winifred Conlin Cook forgot to let the LEAVES know about her marriage. It was only through seeing her name on the list of those who attended the New York Lasell Club banquet that we learned of her change of name.

—Joseph R. Draper, M. D., is to move from his present residence, 512 Broadway, Boston, to Westford, Mass., May 1. His wife, Nelly Packard Draper, graduated at Lasell in 1884.

The following have been favored with calls from members of their families: Misses A. Campbell, Gamwell, S. Marsh, Prentice, S. Thompson, Wellington and D. Cook.

Former pupils: Misses Frances Wood, Minnie Kiesel, Mary Cruikshank, May Emery and Lillie Potter.

SHE.—I wish I had your head.
Young Professor.—I wish I had your heart.
Result.—A wedding.—*Princeton Tiger.*

"Young man," thundered the Professor, "why don't you keep your eyes on the blackboard?"
"Please, sir," was the humble reply, because they're fast in my head."

PATIENT.—Oh, Doctor, if I could only die.
Doctor.—I'm doing my best for you.—*World's Comic.*

MARRIED.

—Greta Stearns to Boyden Kinsey, on Tuesday, April 4, at Wyoming, O. They are to live in Wyoming,—727 Burns Ave.

—Nellie Tree Bubb to Samuel Wheeler Stevens, on Thursday, April 6, at Williamsport, Penn.

—Winifred B. Conlin to Thomas L. Cooke, on Saturday, December 10, at New York. Their address is, 107 West 114th St., New York city, N. Y.

A FAMILY REUNION.

Mr. Bragdon has been in Evanston, Ill., where, by a happy chance, all five children of his mother are together with the mother, now eighty-two years old. Mr. Bragdon has two sisters and two brothers, and has never lost a brother or sister. His mother is very well. He reached Lasell, April 13.

PASSED AWAY.

—Cecile and Musette Lovell mourn the death of their dearly loved father, Col. Thomas P. Lovell. Col. Lovell had been ill all winter, and at the time of his death, April 8, was in Jacksonville, Fla., whither he had gone hoping for relief from his malady. The two girls and their mother were with him when he died. We sympathize with the bereaved family in their distress.

A REMINDER.

—The Editor begs to remind the LEAVES' readers that this summer is the twenty-fifth anniversary of the coming of Prof. Bragdon, and also of Prof. Hills, to Lasell; and that the Alumnæ urge all the former teachers and pupils to make a great effort to be present at Commencement, June 14.

—The teacher in Bible class asks, "And did Abraham have any sons?"

"Yes; two," replies the interested senior.

"Name them."

"Cain and Abel."

NEW ADDRESSES.

Clara Creswell Blakeney, 1,340 Gilpin Ave., Denver.

Carrie Brown Cassell, 1,341 Sherman Ave., Denver.

Edith Partridge Thomas, Saratoga St., Montclair.

Grace C. Thomas, 2,355 Lafayette St., Denver.

Clara Heath, 1,427 Franklin St., Denver.

Mary McMann Kellogg, 1,433 Franklin St., Denver.

Louise Price Seeley, 1,821 Franklin St., Denver.

Bertie Wilson Thompson, "The Metropole," Denver.

Alice J. Martin, University Park, Denver.

Lillie Hathaway Muir, Lincoln, Neb.

Emily Eaton, 916 Broadway, Denver.

Major and Minor.

WHAT THE WILD WAVES SAID.

Do you hear the ocean moaning,
Ever moaning sad and low?
'Tis because that fat old bather
Stepped upon its undertow.

—*University Herald.*

AND THE HAMMOCK SWUNG ON.

"A is the maid of winning charm,
B is the snug, encircling arm.
How many times is A in B?"
He questioned calculatively.
She flushed, and said, with air sedate,
"It's not quite clear; please demonstrate."

—*Hamilton Literary Monthly.*

"Smiling 'neath the mistletoe
Stood the Boston maid with spectacles,
He dared it, and lo
On his beard were pendant icicles."

—*Notre Dame Scholastic.*

—Here is an instance of how a boy's wit saved him, when he came late to class. The professor sternly demanded, "Why are you late?" On the spur of the moment the boy answered, "Why man is always behind time, sir."

"Two Gentlemen of Verona" sallied forth;
The "Little Corporal" one,
His friend the "Little Minister,"
Both out to have some fun.
They went down to the "Bowery"
And there met "Nathan Hale,"
Who'd just arrived in "Gay New York"
From a very pleasant sail.

As they walked down the avenue,
They met the "Telephone Girl;"
One look from that "Lady of Quality,"
And Nathan was awhirl.
The "Private Secretary" said,
"Pray shun that 'Dangerous Maid;'"
But the lover not to be detained,
Gave her a "Serenade."

"Kate Kip," the buyer, warned her friend
The "American Citizen" to beware;
Said she, "He's fond of 'Sporting Life,'
And you had best take care.
He's but 'A Stranger in New York,'
A 'District Attorney' poor;
Best think it o'er, 'A Day and a Night'
Before you are so sure."

But when "That Man" said "'Zaza,'
My 'Bride Elect' for life,
My 'Belle of New York,' the 'Christian'
Will make us man and wife.
Come, let there be no 'Rivals,'
My 'Runaway Girl,' we'll skip
'Lord Chumly' waiting at the door
With horse and spur and whip."

Just as he spoke, brave "Robin Hood"
Cried "You 'Wizard of the Nile!'
Have you forgot 'La Belle Helene,'
And the 'Parisian Romance' wild?"
Quoth Nathan, "Sir, 'tis plain to see,
You're an 'Enemy to the King;'
In 'Secret Service,' you are here,
We've caught you on the wing.

"If you dare say another word
Or call me 'Half a King,'
You'll find, you 'Idler,' 'Meddler,'
That I'll not do a thing!"
The "District School" just being out,
Gave three long, rousing cheers,
Which quickly brought unto the spot
"Cyrano" and the "Three Musketeers."

And so that night they married were,
And crowds to see them, came;
Though "Catherine" said it could but be
Another "Moth and the Flame."
"Countess Valeska," and the 'Charletan"
Stood with them when they wed,
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In the "Old Homestead."

F. A. G., '99.

—In literature class the teacher asks for a definition of cloister.

Pupil (hesitatingly)—Why—a—a—place in a monastery divided by pillars, where the monks walk?

Teacher (reassuringly)—Oh, yes, I see. A place where the nuns and monks walk together on moonlight evenings?"

General outburst of laughter throughout the class.

The complication of the English language is well shown by the difficulty that the French students had in translating Hamlet's famous speech, "To be or not to be." It was rendered somewhat after this fashion: "To was or not to am"—"To is or not to was"—"To am or not to been."

A similar confusion of pronouns is shown in the following anecdote. Some children out playing heard a voice, and several thinking it called to them, started to run in that direction, when one of the number called out, "Her ain't a-calling we, us don't belong to she."

Teacher (in Latin class)—"Give the principal parts of 'possum.'"

Pupil—"Head, legs and tail."—Ex.

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Give, Oh give me back my heart;
And if it is just the same to you,
Send me back that diamond, too.—*Ex.*

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We don't like you any more;
You'll be sorry when you see us
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We don't want to trade at your store
If you won't give us your ad."—*Ex.*

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The Editors will be glad to receive from the students and Alumnæ any communications and items of interest to the school.

Editorials.

AS the girls of Lasell have for several years longed for golf-links, they will, no doubt, be glad to hear that their wish has promise of being gratified. Lasell is always desirous of being up with the times in pleasures as well as in other things, and the addition of golf would most gratifyingly swell the number of her already numerous out-of-door sports. At the present time a young woman is hardly considered "up to date," unless she be either an admirer of these salutary exercises or an enthusiastic participant in them. Our gymnasium work has closed for the year, and golf would take its place very nicely.

Golf, as an exercise, has a peculiar merit; for one can make the pace an easy or a brisk one at pleasure, thus adapting it to the inclinations of the players. It is an eminently healthful recreation. The game when seen for the first time may not seem very lively or very entertaining, especially if played by bungling or indifferent players. No game, however, arouses a more ardent enthusiasm in its votaries, and very few people who have given it a fair trial will be found to deny its extreme fascination. As it may be practiced on any good stretch of meadow land, where the grass is not too

rank, it will doubtless not be very difficult to find a suitable place.

It has only been about six or eight years since women have taken to the game, but during this time an ever increasing number has dilligently pursued it, and many have become quite proficient players.

MANY of us have been so much occupied in our school work that we have thought very little about our outside reading, about what we should or should not read. We are likely to forget that we are educated by the books we read as well as by those we study. How many of us spend our spare moments in reading inferior books, books which are forgotten as soon as read. It may be that in themselves these may not do us harm, but they lead to an indifference to the higher standard of literature, and this *is* harmful. The very fact that they are soon forgotten shows that they contain nothing which is worthy of being remembered. By feeding our minds upon such trash, we not only waste our time and impair our memory, but also lower our tastes, intellectual, æsthetic and moral, and are led to desire trivial or unworthy things. The standard works which are now accessible everywhere and to everyone, are by too many almost entirely neglected. As our time here at school is so taken that we have or should have but little time to devote to outside reading, we should for this very reason, read only the choicest. There is such a thing as over-reading, and our minds thus unwisely stuffed, retain only confused ideas. What we read should be read carefully and with understanding.

If we desire to become good conversationalists we must read instructive books, such as will improve whatever natural gifts we may possess, or will add to our stock of valuable general information.

MASSACHUSETTS, as usual, was loyal to the memory of her gallant soldiers of days gone by, and showed her appreciation of them on Patriots' Day, this day being set apart as a legal holiday in commemoration of their heroic deeds. The day was generally observed in Boston and its suburbs,; but Arlington, Lexington, and Concord were the scenes of many especially interesting observances of a commorative character. During the day crowds of people visited these famous places. Among other interesting occurrences of the day was the unveiling of a tablet which marks the grave of William Dawes, who was instrumental in warning Hancock and Adams of the coming of the British troops on that memorable night of April nineteenth, 1775, and who showed fully as much heroism as did Paul Revere.

It is interesting to know the circumstances connected with the establishment of this holiday; why April, the nineteenth, was chosen, and why called Patriots' Day. Prior to 1896 it was customary for the Governor to make every year a proclamation in which he set apart for religious observance a certain day known as Fast Day. As is so often the case, however, what was at first a devout and serious consecration of the day to God, degenerated finally into a mere farce, the name alone suggesting any religious character to distinguish this day from an ordinary holiday for amusement and jollity. The state senate finally agreed upon another holiday, one which should be free from the imputation of being merely farcical, and should tend to arouse a feeling of patriotism in the people. This was designated as Patriots' Day, the nineteenth of April being chosen on account of its historic interest.

In his recent lecture to us, the Honorable Alfred S. Roe called our attention to

the following interesting facts: The people of Massachusetts were the first to bid defiance to the oppressive rule of the British by imprisoning upon the nineteenth of April, 1689, Andros, a despotic English governor. Eighty-six years after this, on the same day of the month, the first blood was shed for the independence of this country, and it was also upon the nineteenth of April, just eighty-six years after the latter occurrence that soldier blood was again shed, this time in the cause both of liberty and of the preservation of the Union. Last year, upon April, nineteenth, Congress declared that Cuba, so long ground relentlessly into the dust by Spain, should be freed from oppression.

The patriots whose deeds have made this day immortal, took up arms for a great principle, and not for the love of conflict. They bled and died because they hated oppression worse than they hated war.

THE question now especially troubling not only the girls, but the teachers as well, is that of trained dresses which the girls are overfond of wearing. "Why are we not allowed to wear our long skirts when they are so stylish and give one such a dignity?" they ask in sorrow. The wearing of these trains certainly saves time and labor for many a tired servant, for do not the wearers take the responsibility of sweeping the halls with their dragging skirts? It is also a valuable aid in teaching many a heedless traveler not to crowd a lady protected by a sweeping train, for it affords such an excellent opportunity for tripping the trespasser. Taking all the advantages of long skirts into consideration, one should not blame us too severely if we feel inclined to demur when we are told to have them shortened.

But the hardest part of it all comes when we are starting for Boston and have only a few minutes in which to catch the train. If then, heedless in our haste to see the dear old city once more, we neglect to choose a short skirt, and whisk out of the door, in hope to catch the next train, we are straightway spied by someone, brought ignominiously back, and sent upstairs to change our suit; for, we are told, "You *must not* go into Boston with that train." When a few minutes later we finally reach the station we find that the command had two meanings; it is indeed evident that we shall not "go with *that* train," for it has already vanished in the direction of Boston.

Glimpses of the Philippines.

THESE odds and ends of information about the islands usually designated in the newspaper of today as "our new possessions" are taken from sundry letters received from a friend in the army there, and are given pretty much as they came, without very much of an attempt to weave them into any continuous description. Their inherent interest will, we trust, compensate for any lack in this direction.

The upper class of the Filipino women is, as a rule good looking, and not so dark complexioned as one would think. They dress for the most part in silk, that being one of the cheapest materials that can be bought there for this purpose. Never do these Filipino ladies wear hats, for they are far too proud of their hair to hide it thus, but take on the contrary especial pains to attract attention to it, usually doing it high on the head and adorning it with costly ornaments.

During the heat of the day these women are very seldom seen on the streets; but at four o'clock they suddenly appear everywhere as if by magic, in stores and shops,

where as if my magic, in stores and shops, or driving and riding around from place to place, for it is thought disgraceful for them to walk in places frequented by the lower classes. From six to eight they gather in a cafe known as "The American Cafe," where no men are allowed during these hours. This place is in the nicest part of Manila, right in the heart of the city, and yet is as pleasantly quiet as if it were out in the country. It stands at the end of a short street that leads off the main street towards the river, the dining-room being directly on the river bank. The whole side of this room next to the river is formed of roll-curtains which appear always to be raised, except during the rainy season, thus making the room light and cool even on a hot summer evening. Large bunches of tropical flowers are on each table. The ceilings are paneled with rare woods highly polished.

The lower class of women do not dress at all well, wearing only a linen garment fastened around the waist by a cord. They, like our American Indian women, have to do most of the work. The Filipino girl is married very young. For her the year is divided into two parts; the first half is spent at her own home, the other half at the home of her husband's parents, and this is a very unpleasant six months for her for here she is treated like a servant and must do all the hard work.

Of what sort are their homes? The Filipino dwelling among the poorer classes is a large square house, built of bamboo poles stuck into the ground, and closely interwoven with bamboo. The roof is made of palm leaves. One finds very little furniture, and what there is has been made by the hands of the occupants themselves. The elegant homes of the rich along the river Pasig are quite different from these. They are two stories high, and are built around a square court after the general style of houses in the East. The upper story, which is of wood, projects over the lower a space of about fifteen feet, front and back; but on the sides the projection is from five to six feet. The front and back are supported by six great pillars each, whiclr form a large veranda on the first floor. These verandas are a very cool place in which to sit during the hot days. The parlor floors are of mahogany, very highly polished, with a large rug in the center of the room. The walls are covered with expensive paintings. The dining-room and kitchen are most always in the second story, and have floors inlaid with black and red wood, so highly polished that they make one think of a mirror. Each room has in it a large looking glass from seven to eight feet high and from five to six feet wide, set in a beautifully carved and gilded frame. The roofs are utilized as flower gardens with all kinds of tropical flower disposed in pretty figures. The stair-railing is of the finest ebony, and that too is polished until it seems as if one might use it for a mirror.

The Filipinos are said to be very musical, and before war was declared it was their custom to serenade the American soldiers with guitars, mandolins, and horns. They did not at first understand why the soldier boys always removed their hats when "America" or the "Star Spangled Banner" was played. As soon as they learned why, they too always removed their hats.

A. D. F.

In Sunday Morning Bible Class.—Teacher.—"Did Christ go to school during his boyhood?"

Pupil.—"Why yes."

Teacher.—"Well, then, what were his studies?"

Pupil (thoughtfully)—"The Old Testament and the Gospels, I suppose."

Cleanliness is next to godliness.

That is the reason Monday is placed after Sunday.—*Ex.*

Rest of the Way Home.

I saw no Evanston girls this time. Gave one whole day to Chicago, making nine calls and finding seven out, and I moved about as rapidly as I could with Chicago's very poor street-car service. I recall no city, large or small, which has so slow and clumsy service on its street cars. In comparison with the prompt motion of the cars in Pasadena, Omaha, Denver, Des Moines, etc., Chicago cars seem to crawl,—and the *men give no seats to women, which is awful!*

I learned that Bertha Morrisson Atwater is to move to Ingleside, a part of Evanston; that Jennie Maxwell was still in Georgia, sometimes better, sometimes not better; that Nellie Brown Shattuck's "little girl" is getting to be a young woman, whom we may shortly (I hope) see at Lasell; that Jessie Hutchinson has moved from 330 Ashland Boulevard and left no sign; that Elizabeth Hitchcock has a nice home and a nice mother, *some distance from Clark street,* and that Mrs. Hitchcock knows Dr. Steele and some one else we know,—I forget now who; that Genie Converse Mathews has moved to Rogers Park and never told me so; that Ethel Cornell has a nice cousin and Jennie Maxwell a nice aunt; that Laura Brooks was married two years ago and did not tell us; and that Georgia Hatch Jones is nicer than ever and has a fine boy and girl, but doesn't look a day older and isn't "stuck up" a bit. Georgia lost her S. D. pin just last week! That was a nice visit with her.

Then I went to Cleveland (where the electric service is good, but the cars are of a kind I never saw elsewhere—open on the side as well as at the end; where the streets are very poorly lighted, and where they are still old-fashioned enough to have fences) and found that Louese Horton lives at 184 Arlington street, and is engaged to—I forget the name; that Anna Crocker Brigham moved back to Sheboygan three weeks before and did not tell us of it; and that our royal Dr. Banks is doing magnificent work in Cleveland, and is not a bit spoiled by his great successes.

Next day I "capped the climax" of my calls by a half-day with Alice Dunsmore Van Harlingen, her splendid husband and her great, big young woman daughter, in their delightful home. We talked Lasell so fast and furious that the hours went before we knew it; but Alice did not forget to give me a splendid dinner of her own cooking. I had not seen her for at least ten years, and I shall not soon forget the pleasure of that afternoon. Her brother, John Ward Dunsmore, who painted the exquisite "Cloud on the Honeymoon" and "All's Fair in Love and War," which are in our studio, is now in Cincinnati, Ohio.

In Buffalo I had a delightful call upon Mrs. Luke Hitchock and her daughter, Mrs. Bishop Fowler, at the Episcopal residence. Two younger daughters, Ella and Addie, were pupils at Cincinnati, and I was glad to get news of them.

Next day was spent with Minnie Rawson Wagner's husband in their fine home in the "finest city in Western New York," Depew!

Next day home, and the royal welcome of the royal Lasell that now is.

So endeth a delightful chapter.

C. C. B.

P. S. If I have left out any whom I saw or didn't see, it has not been with intention. Many bits of news about Lasell girls I fear I have omitted because I did not take the time out of the delightful visits to write them down. But I did not fail to beg my informants to write these items out and forward to the LEAVES, and I hope they will not forget so to do. And I wish all Lasell girls would realize how welcome these bits of personal news are to other Lasell friends who can get them only through the LEAVES!

A Storm and Its Consequences.

MY cousin and I were spending a week in August of 1890 with one of our school-friends, who lived on a farm in the southwestern part of Iowa, about ten miles from Red Oak. One very warm day we were sitting on the piazza, when suddenly she remarked how unusually still it was; hardly a leaf stirred, and we also noticed how peculiar the sky looked. It was very dark, owing to the clouds rapidly overspreading the sky, and shaped something like clam shells. Soon the wind began to blow a fierce gale, and the rain fell in torrents, accompanied by loud claps of thunder and brilliant flashes of lightning. We were obliged to go into the house, and finally, because of the fierceness of the wind, to take refuge in the cellar. We soon had cause to feel very glad that we had done so; for it could not have been more than ten minutes after, when we heard a terrible crash as of broken timber and, looking above our heads, saw that the house had been lifted off its foundations. This so frightened us, that we did not dare to stir from our places, for a long time.

Finally the rain ceased, the wind went down, and we ventured to go out, but the sight that met our eyes I shall never forget. One of the largest of the clouds had descended to the earth, and whirling around over a considerable tract of land, had carried destruction in its course. First of all, the entire house had been carried about fifty feet from its original place. The barn was completely destroyed, and lumber and grain were to be seen scattered everywhere. The trees about the house were twisted and twined about each other, as if they had grown that way.

After learning how great our friend's loss was, we started out to see how the neighbors had fared. In going past the fields and pastures, we noticed that the grain which, previous to the storm, had been piled up in bundles about the field, was now scattered in every direction, by the wind. Some had been blown into a neighboring hedge, and there packed so tightly that it was almost impossible to remove it. The grain still left in the fields was matted and packed on the ground, so firmly that one could almost imagine it had been purposely pressed down that way by some kind of machinery. The telephone poles were shattered or split in a great many places, as also many of the trees along the road.

Our neighbors, it seemed, had fared worse than we. Their house and nearly everything they possessed had been destroyed in the cyclone. Their clothes, bed-quilts, and other personal belongings and household furnishings were torn into strips, and distributed capriciously over the wire fences and the trees of the neighborhood. The stove was whole, but had been transported to the neighboring field. Chair rounds, straw, paper, feathers—things of every description were lying all around the place, in fact there was hardly an article anywhere which retained any semblance of its original form. We even saw bones scattered here and there. One of the young men on the farm, it seems, was studying anatomy, and had had in his possession before the storm the skeleton of a man, together with a great many books, secured for this purpose; but nothing of either skeleton or books now remained, except here a bone, and there a torn leaf or cover. These neighbors had bought a new organ only the week before, and of this nothing was left, as far as they could discover except one key. The trees here also were twisted into grotesque and strange shapes.

Passing on to the next house, we came upon a very pitiful sight. The owner of the farm was standing, with his four children,

about the dead bodies of his wife and baby. He told us that he had not been at home, when the storm began, and that his wife and children had not noticed its approach until too late. His wife had just stepped out of the door with the baby in her arms, when she was blown up into a tree, where he afterwards found her, dead. The poor baby was blown across the road into a hedge fence with the flying straw and rags, and here it was found, also dead. The other children had escaped unhurt, although pretty badly frightened. They were playing in the yard before the storm began, thinking nothing of the appearance of the sky; but when it began to rain, they went into a cave, in the yard, which had long since been disused, except as a play-house for the children. Here they stayed until after the storm. They confessed that they had been very much afraid when they heard the terrible crashing and splitting of the timbers, and felt the thud when flying articles struck the top of the cave. They did not dare go out to see the cause of the noise until they were sure there was no more danger. Then one of them went for their father, who was helping a neighbor to thresh his grain. The child did not have to go far, however, for just a little way from the gate he met his father, coming home. The poor man had not dared to start home during the storm, and so had stayed until it was safer for him to go. Imagine his horror and grief, at finding his wife and child dead. This house, too, was utterly destroyed. Indeed, the family would not have been safe, even if they had gone to the cellar, because here the rock foundation had caved in, and nearly filled it. Broken furniture, broken fruit jars and fruit, were mixed in with the debris. Chickens were running about the yard, with feathers blown from their backs, and some were lying around dead.

When we had done what little we could for this man and his children, we went back to our friends, feeling that they had indeed cause to be thankful for having escaped with so little damage, in comparison with the neighboring farmers. My cousin and I went home the next day, thinking that we had had all we wanted of the country, at least for some time to come.

For the next week or so, they wrote us, no place was so much resorted to as the scene of the Hawthorne cyclone. Carriages and bicycles were continually passing to and fro on the roads leading to it, some of the people going to the relief of the destitute, but more going from mere curiosity. Every one was looking for a souvenir, from a strip of a bed-quilt, which had been tied to a tree, or to a wire fence by the wind, to a nail from some one of the house timbers. Those who had kodaks did not lose the opportunity to use them, and these were not always aimed at the scenes of the cyclone's devastation.

A WAR RELIC FOR LASELL'S MUSEUM.

Through the courtesy of Miss Emily Genn we have received a shell from the sunken Spanish ship Reina Mercedes, for our cabinet of curiosities. The shell has had its powder removed, but otherwise is ready for use as when on board the warship. Mr. Arthur S. Wilson, a cousin of Miss Genn's sent it to us at her request. Our thanks for this interesting curio.

A pair on a sofa
Enjoyed lots of bliss,
Her small brother saw them,
Theylookedjustlikethis.—*Ex.*

Sally Maria
Got a tack in her tire
When she was four miles from town.
She put in her thumb
And pulled out her gum
And mended that puncture up brown.

Norumbega Tower.

ONE sunny April day we took a drive to this picturesque landmark, which stands on the left bank of the Charles, about two miles from Auburndale on the Waltham road. Why is it called Norumbega, we queried, as we looked at the inscription on the tablet set into its side. How do we know that this tower really marks the site of a village of the Norseman?

If we were to read the Norse sagas, we should learn that, in the ninth century one Biarne Herinlfson, while sailing for Greenland, lost his way during a storm, and after beating about for some time, saw toward the south what proved to be a new country. When he finally reached Greenland, which had been explored and settled by Norsemen, he told the people of the new country which he had seen. Fired by this news, Leif, son of Eric, the Red, eager to explore the land, and burning with the adventurous spirit of the Vikings, shortly after sailed to the newly-discovered country. He made three trips in all, but we know more about his last one than about the others because this was the most successful. He stayed longer on this visit too, spending a winter there, that he might more fully explore the region. The part of the land where he had chosen to stay he called Vinland. This fact leads us to believe that he found grapes there, and from other circumstances connected with the country may be identified, with a fair degree of certainty, as our New England. Leif's brother was the next to go. We may suppose that his heart was thrilled with the stirring adventures of Leif. He was not so successful as his brother, however, and came presently to a sad end, killed by one of the Indians of this continent. The next adventurers to come thither were Thorfinn Karlsefin and his wife, who were at last obliged to leave Vinland on account of the attacks of the Indians. Besides these there were minor explorers of whom very little is known.

These things are recorded in the sagas of the Norsemen, and every patriot descendant of the Vikings will swear to their truth. But we must remember as we read them that much of this is merely traditionary, gathered from stories of the sea-faring Northmen who were very proud of their adventures on the rough and perilous seas, and loved to picture them in glowing colors.

Those who have made a study of the old Norse records say that Vinland and the other lands named therein may be identical with almost equal probability, with various parts of New England, and even of the country bordering on Long Island Sound. Other investigators interpret the Norse narratives differently, and believe that the country meant lies further north of New England. Professor Horsford thinks that on the spot where Watertown now stands, was once the ancient Norse city of Norumbega, colonized by Thorfinn Karlsefin, 1007 A. D.

Now about this Norumbega. Professor Horsford claims furthermore, and thinks that he has proven that this tower built through his efforts is situated on the very site of a fort built by these Norsemen.

The tower is of rough gray stone, and not very high. Inside, winding stairs lead to the top, while on the outer wall, near the ground, is a tablet stating that the tower marks the place of this old fort. Norumbega is an old Indian name, meaning "The place of a fine city."

We went to the top of the tower, and looking away over the peaceful country, we forgot that the Norsemen ever existed or that the tower was erected for any other purpose than to give pleasure to lovers of the beautiful and picturesque. To the east we

saw the placid Charles, its smooth surface broken only by the many gaily colored canoes gliding swiftly along, in pretty contrast to the then gray, leafless trees and bushes reflected in the mirror-like waters.

Some recent authorities are very decided in their belief that the Norsemen built neither forts nor villages in this country, so that the old forts and ruins could not, therefore, have been left by the Norsemen. A Harvard professor of to-day believes that Norumbega does not mark the site of anything that could reliably be traced to the Northmen.

It may be that I have erred in telling this side of the story, for perhaps, you have always believed the story of the old Norse Norumbega, and prefer to continue to believe it—but it may be,—that the suggestion of doubt will lead my readers to investigate the matter for themselves; perhaps even some one of you may be the one to settle definitely this interesting question, and thus win name and fame. E. L. H.

Recent Scientific Advancement.

IN the history of the world, different ages have generally been noted for great advancement made during that time in some particular direction. The Elizabethan Age, for example, is famous for its great writers, during that era many priceless additions having been made to English literature.

Our own age, the Victorian Age will be famous in history for the immense strides made in science; certainly there have been as many valuable additions to science during this period, as to literature in the time of the great Elizabeth. Within the last five years the world has been startled by inventions hitherto thought impossible, if thought at all. They seem in some cases like the verification of the wildest dreams of fairyland.

When the discovery of the marvelous Rontgen rays was perfected and given to the world, a field of medical research was opened such as physicians and surgeons had before hardly dreamed of. Clear shadows of the bones of the human skeleton can now be obtained by an exposure ranging from a quarter of an hour to an hour, and it can easily be seen of what inestimable value this is to a surgeon. Dr. Cyrus Edson, of New York, says, "We can certainly expect some marvellous results from the X-rays, things not even dreamed of yet." Another scientist says, "Our large hospitals where numerous accident cases are brought should have in the near future a plant sufficient to prepare skeagraphic reproductions at short notice." That the government has confidence in their worth is shown by the fact that the United States army hospital ship, the Relief, is equipped with a complete X-ray outfit. In almost all cases of complicated wounds the X-ray apparatus has been used to locate the bullet, or to determine the nature of bone fracture, and usually with a high degree of success.

Much attention is now being paid to wireless telegraphy. It does not require much foresight to realize that the final destiny of the telegraph is to carry *all* correspondence of any urgency, and that the present method of hand-working, with its slow speed and multiplicity of wires, will give place to automatic transmission, higher speed and fewer wires. The limit of hand transmission has been reached. Recent improvements in the perforating machine transmitter and receiving instruments for automatic chemical telegraphy have at last brought this plan of rapid communication to a degree of perfection which cannot fail to bring about sweeping changes in the transmission of correspondence.

The invention which at present is especial-

ly interesting to our people, is that of liquid air, which is more wide reaching in its possibilities than electricity. Each new cubic foot of this new liquid represents 748 cubic feet of ordinary air, from which fact its tremendous expansive force can easily be inferred. In this respect it is more powerful than steam, and the most powerful explosives hitherto known cannot compare with it, one small can being enough to shatter buildings of steel and stone. Some scientists claim for it an importance equal to that of coal, and others say that it has solved the problem of aerial navigation. It seems certain to be made generally available for use, for Mr. Tripler has succeeded in reducing the cost to 25 cents per gallon and hopes to make it still less.

In New York city some attention is being paid to compressed air motors which the perforating machine, transmitter, and re- certain experimenters assert have an advantage over electric motors. Their practicability has not yet been proven. Another invention of recent date is the automobile or horseless carriages, which, any day may be seen on the boulevards of our large cities. In this, as in many other inventions, however, the cost of construction seems to put out of the question for some time yet to come, their general use by the people.

Chit Chat About Mr. Howells.

IN these days when newspapers and magazines are full of articles relating to the private life and personal habits of our prominent men and women, few perhaps are read with more interest than those relating to our genial novelist and fellow countryman, William Dean Howells, who has written his way into the hearts of so many of us. Since I have had some personal acquaintance with Mr. Howells, living indeed in the town where is the old Homestead of the Howells family, and where the author spends some time each summer, I thought it might not be amiss to chat about him a little while with the readers of the LEAVES.

The old homestead is situated on the principal residence street of Jefferson, Ohio, and is now occupied by one of Mr. Howell's nephews, who, by the way, is named for him. This house, a low, rambling building, painted a dull red, and looking rather forlorn, stands on a well-shaded corner lot, the grounds not being kept in a very trim condition, but left much to Mother Nature's husbandry. When one enters the house, the rooms, as might be expected, are found to be of generous proportions, but of low ceilings and few windows.

Mr. Howells has living in Jefferson a brother and sister who have remained single, who live together, and it is here that he stays when visiting the town. His other brother, Mr. J. A. Howells, the editor of the *Sentinel,* a weekly newspaper, is married and has two sons and one daughter.

People who do not know Mr. Howells stand rather in awe of him; but after having met him and talked with him for a few minutes they find themselves entirely at ease, and before they are fully aware of it, are chatting as freely as to an old friend. He always has a genial nod and a bright word for all his friends and acquaintances whenever he meets them on the street. One would hardly think that he could remember all the people he used to know when he lived in Jefferson, so many years ago, especially since he is constantly meeting others and making new acquaintances, but he never seems to forget anyone. He delights to talk to the old characters of the town, and never tires of telling the amusing experiences he has had with some of them. He is very kind to those who aspire to authorship, and

has been known in several instances to consent to criticise their articles for them. He does not give them false encouragement, but tells them just how much ability he thinks they have in that line.

He was on a visit to his sister in early September of last year at which time I was fortunate enough to have a chance to talk with him for a while. He had been told that I was coming to Lasell, and accordingly turned the conversation to that subject. He had spent one summer in Auburndale, he said, and he spoke of the place as being one of the prettiest towns he had ever had the pleasure of visiting. He gave a very pleasing description of the situation of the Seminary, and spoke of the honor conferred upon him by the class of '97, who made him their honarary member.

I take from an Ohio paper the following clipping giving a few additional facts about Mr. Howells, which may prove interesting:

"Everybody knows that Mr. Howells is an Ohio man; he himself says laughingly, he is 'ashamed to tell it—it is too much of a recommendation.' He grew up in a country printing office, got most of his education at the 'case,' and through desultory reading, wrote, as a very young man, a campaign life of Lincoln, and was rewarded for it by appointment as consul at Venice. The consulate, as has been well said, was his university course. There he wrote the Venetian Letters, whose success doubtless fixed his native inclination for a purely literary life. Now for some years he has made New York his home."

A Notable Guide of Palestine.

TWENTY-FIVE or thirty years ago there went to Palestine from America a band of men and women whose expectation it was that at a certain time then in the near future the second coming of the Saviour would occur in that country, on the Mount of Olives. Their hopes proving fallacious, they remained in Palestine, settling in Jerusalem, at a very advantageous point, near by the Damascus Gate, and presently receiving the name of the American Colony.

Among these people was one Mr. Rolla Floyd with his family. He was an alert and highly intelligent man, who, when the expected advent failed of realization, was not content to sit idly down to await the coming of a newly appointed date for its occurrence but turned his attention to the historic land in which he found himself. So thoroughly and so intelligently did he travel over Palestine, that his services soon began to be in demand as a guide for tourists. He knew his Bible from Genesis to Revelation, and the land with which it is especially concerned hardly less well; he was found to be entirely trustworthy, and a man of rare good judgment in this line of work, so that his business steadily increased, until at the present time he has all that he can do, and is obliged sometimes to decline remunerative jobs in guide-work.

His home is in Joppa, and to him resort for his services whoever goes touring in Palestine, knows Mr. Floyd, and desires the best guide the country affords. Such men as Dr. Strong, of the McClintock and Strong's Bible Cyclopedia, take especial pains to secure Mr. Floyd's personal services as conductor of their trips through the Holy Land. Mr. Bragdon is personally acquainted with him, and considers that those having a Palestine trip in view will do well to secure him as guide, for besides being in every way thoroughly equipped for the work, and by far the best guide to be had, he is an honorable gentleman of sterling worth. Among those who have voluntarily recommended Mr. Floyd to tourists in the Holy Land, are Dr. John R. Sampy, of Louisville, Kentucky; Dr. R. P. Johnson,

of St. Joseph, Mo.; Bishop Joyce, of the M. E. Church, and others.

Mr. Floyd is not now connected with the American Colony, but is none the less a devoted christian, highly respected by all who know him, whether christian or Mohammedan. If this little notice should chance to make him and his excellent qualities known to some who intend soon to go to Palestine, it will serve the double purpose of doing a good turn to these, and of ascribing "honor to whom honor is due."

LOCALS.

CALENDAR.

April 13—Mr. Bragdon arrived from California.
April 15—First Lecture in Dean Wright's series.
April 15—Missionary Festival.
April 16—Mrs. Leavitt spoke in chapel.
April 19—Lecture, by Senator Roe.
May 4—Reception to G. A. R.

When we had assembled in chapel, after dinner, on the evening of April 13, we were all glad to see Mr. Bragdon walk in. It was not a surprise, for we all had heard by that time of his arrival the night before, and some of us had caught hasty glimpses of him during the day. He seemed to have been much benefitted by his trip, and was full of the delights and charms of the "Land of Sunshine."

For the past few weeks Dean Wright has been giving on Saturday afternoons a course of five lectures on the "Arts of Study." Under this topic he puts seven heads:—Seeing, Observing, Paying Attention, Understanding, Knowing, Remembering, and Stating. This is very comprehensive, and is capable of large expansion; but as the time was limited he was obliged to condense somewhat. The subject was certainly very timely, for the art of study is by no means the simple thing some would have us believe, and to learn how to study with least waste of time and energy is of great value to the student.

The festival given by the Lasell Missionary Society on the evening of April 15 closed the "Week of Self Denial," which was one of the most successful that Lasell has had for some years. Seldom has such eager interest been shown by all the girls of the school, or such ingenuity in inventing money-making occupations. Mending of all kinds, carrying water, sweeping rooms, blacking boots, shampooing, selling hot chocolate, and telling fortunes are only a few of the ways resorted to for filling the "mite-boxes." At the festival prizes were awarded as follows:—For the most original and suggestive costume, representing one of the United States; for the largest amount of money earned; for the most unique way of earning it; and for the most energy displayed in the whole affair.

On Sunday morning, April 16, in place of the regular Bible lesson, Mrs. Leavitt spoke to us of her missionary work done in the slums of the great cities of the world in the interests of social purity. Mrs. Leavitt is a very active member of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, and is eager to show all girls and women what a wonderful and noble work is being done by the society, and thus to gain new recruits in the field. Her wide experience in this line, and her lovely womanly personality combined to make Mrs. Leavitt's talk intensely interesting to the girls, who felt that to listen to so fine and noble a woman was a privilege indeed.

April 19 being Patriots' Day, Senator Roe's lecture in the evening on "Three April Days" was most appropriate. The three days of which he spoke were April 19, 1688, when the people of Massachusetts imprisoned Governor Andros; April 19, 1776, the well-known date of Paul Revere's famous ride;

and April 19, 1861, when at the outbreak of the Civil War the first blood was shed on the entrance of the Massachusetts soldiers into Baltimore.

On Thursday evening of May 4, a few minutes after 8 o'clock, the members of the Lasell battalion were ranged in the gymnasium in two long lines facing each other. At about quarter past eight a measured tramp was heard on the bridge connecting the gymnasium and the main building, and in a moment the members of G. A. R. Post 62, marched in, two and two, between the lines. When all were in, Capt. Scott gave the command, "Present arms!" after which the battalion shouted, "G. A. R., welcome!" each girl running forward and pinning a little flag on the coat of the man in front of her. Companies A, B, and C drilled in turn, while during the intervals Mr. Wetherbee sang the first stanza, and Mr. Gilman the second, of "Marching Through Georgia," and Mrs. Martin gave two entertaining recitations. Then we all went down to the dining-room, where each girl attentively served her special veteran with luncheon. After some amusing speeches and recitations by members of the G. A. R., our guests left, and the girls went upstairs, proud to have met the brave heroes of '61.



—Annie H. White has been heard from again. Well, and busy; but almost 'whelmed in the "vasty deep" of worldly cares which surges about her, and takes so much of her time.

—Professor Hills has just published three new compositions, which are very highly commended by the critics. They are Tarantella, Valse Etude, and Second Caprice, and of them it is said that they will be found "among the most effective and brilliant studies yet written by American composer, each being well-nigh perfect from the standpoints of technic and musical form. The first is characterized as "splendidly dashing and exciting;" the second as "a genial and interesting parlor piece, with flowing middle theme, and splendid close;" and the third as being "as capricious and dainty as may be."

—Through Mr. Dunham's courtesy came tickets to the fine concert given in Shawmut Church by the American Guild of Organists, to which a number of the girls went. It goes without saying that it was an exceedingly fine concert, and that Mr. Dunham's favor was appreciated by those attending. This is not the first time that he has been so kindly mindful of us in this pleasant way.

—Gertrude Penfield Seiberling sends a nice long chatty letter, in which she speaks somewhat about the domestic service problem, and more about her music, to which she continues devoted. In the former connection she mentions an accident, which resulted in the disabling of the furnace in her home, and came near being a serious one for the family. Regarding her music she mentions having recently sung for the Akron Musical Club that charming little cycle of German songs which she sang for us when at Lasell in January. It was received with enthusiastic appreciation. A certain Boston gentleman, who has heard her, urges her to sing for the conductor of the Boston Symphony concerts, when next she comes East. Her

voice he thinks would easily win her an engagement, if she should care for one in this part of the country. She speaks very pleasantly of her visit to the seminary: "I cannot tell you what a real pleasure it was to sing for the girls at Lasell, and to have the appreciation of the few old friends still left me there, and of yourself," she says. The pleasure was certainly not wholly her own; for Lasell enjoyed her and her music thoroughly.

—These have changed their addresses: Bertha Morisson Atwater—2703 Sheridan Road, Evanston, Ill.; Georgia Hatch Jones—6122 Monroe Ave., Chicago, Ill.; Eugenia Converse Mathews—47 Greenleaf Ave., Rogers Park, Chicago, Ill.; Louese C. Horton—184 Arlington Street, Cleveland, O.

—Mrs. Martin has received an invitation to teach at Chicago University. Of course Lasell is very glad, indeed, that she has declined, and will remain here.

—Georgia Hatch Jones, whom Mr. Bragdon saw in Chicago, declares that he doesn't seem a year older than he did twenty years ago, or *wouldn't,* if it were not for "the gray threads among the black." This seems to rank him with Dr. Holmes's "tree and truth," doesn't it? Mary Carter Stoddard, she says, was living in Iona, Mich., at the time of the world's fair, where Georgia met her, with her husband and her handsome fourteen-year-old boy. She was then saddened by the loss of her mother, and seemed very unlike the lively school girl we remember.

—Winnie Ewing Coffin speaks of having dined recently with Helen Gilbert, who is president of the Young Women's Fortnightly Club, an association ranking next to the Chicago Women's Club. Winnie is well and happy, enjoying her beautiful home and pleasant life in Des Moines. Mr. Bragdon unfortunately missed seeing her when he passed through the city.

—Edith Grant informs us that Daisy Aull has now left Summit, where she and her mother and sister have been visiting Edith's grandmother, to return, after a short stay in Philadelphia, to St. Louis; that Ernestine Orton has been very successful in her study of vocal music in New York, and expects to put her abilities in this direction to practical use next winter in the same city; and that Caroline Kendall and Ernestine were both near the Windsor, and were spectators of that dreadful fire. Edith and Caroline exchanged visits, while the latter was in the city. Myrtle Davis, she says, writes that Ivah has been ill; but is now recovering. We are half promised a Commencement visit from Edith.

—Katherine Tebbs, now enjoying the delights of European travel, writes thus: "We landed at Southampton on the twenty-sixth of February, since when we have been to Paris, taken a trip down the Riviera to Geneva, and thence to Rome through Milan and Pisa. We spent a splendid month in Rome, then went to Naples, back to Florence, and are now in Venice. I am trying to see things as thoroughly as possible."

—Grace Thomas, another one whom Mr. Bragdon missed seeing on his way home, writes: "How often I have wished to be back at Lasell, for my year there was a very happy one; but at present my future outlook is somewhat different from that of a schoolgirl's life."—Query.

—Flora Ketcham writes that she and Gertrude Taggart are expecting Edith Howe to visit them soon, "and then I shall feel that I have a piece of Lasell," she adds. Gertrude is planning for the '97 reunion in Chicago soon, so that old traditions of Lasell will probably not fade entirely from memory. She and Lilian are both well.

—Fanny Hanscome Herbert, we hear, has a small boarder at her house, recently arrived, but come to stay. Our congratulations.

—A similar piece of good luck has also fallen to Nellie Parker (Mrs. Elmer Warren Lewis), the new-comer rejoicing in the pretty name, Thelma, and the possession of a birthday, April 23, 1899. Our congratulations to her, also.

—Gracia Barnhart sends us a charming photograph of herself. Could she only have *brought* it!

—Another welcome picture is that of Bertha Morrisson Atwater's darling little girl, Ruth, aged a year and a half, and looking just the sort of little wean to "cuddle doon" cosily when the sand-man comes around.

—Carrie Van Sickle Morgan's father writes us that she was married in November to a Galveston gentleman, and that she is expected to visit her parents in the approaching summer.

—Bertha Clapp was wrongly christened in Mr. Bragdon's letter in the April number; it should have been "Harbach" instead of "Lenbach."

—Mabel Taylor visited last year at Galveston; saw Willie and Virginia Stowe (was there at the time of their great affliction, when the brother died); says Carrie Van Sickle is married and lives there.

—Clare Comstock, here in '85, was among the first six young women who entered Brown University. She seems to feel rather proud of it, but do you think it is anything to be proud of for young women to go into men's schools on a kind of grudging permission? She has a deal of news about Lasell girls, which she has promised to write down and send in.

The following have been favored with calls from members of their families: Misses Brewer, Slayton, Pooler, Watson, F. Thompson, Ramsdell, E. Allen, A. Campbell, Safford and D. Cook.

Former Pupils: Misses Harriet and Mabel Sawyer, Bessie Hayward, Helen Beard, Ettiemay Pierson and Ella Brightman.

—Carrie Manning Dexter and husband called on Evie Harris.

—Mr. Bragdon had a delightful outing the other day, partaking of a delicious luncheon at their home with Dr. and Mrs. Wm. Butler, our revered heroes of India and Mexico, Clementina, their daughter, who seems to be more lovable every time he sees her, and Lillie Rose Potter, class of '80, Carrie and Annie Kendig, class of '79 and '80, respectively, and their dear father, Dr. Kendig, our and Lasell's valued friend of a quarter of a century, who has taken the pastorate of St. Mark's, Brookline, where he is, according to his wont, causing a stirring among, etc., etc., and where we predict the most successful pastorate of its existence. It was a great treat and a great joy.

—Laura Brooks Pierce (Mrs. D. N. Pierce) is living now in Chicago, 4643 Lake Ave.

—Clara Heath has a good word for the LEAVES, which she says all the rest of the family enjoy as much as she does. She half promises us a visit some time. We shall be glad to welcome her.

—Irene Thomas thinks seriously of going into training for a nurse. She has almost recovered from her illness, and is now with her sister in Brooklyn. Her year in Auburndale with us she calls one of the happiest of her life.

—Frances Bowman has been with Mrs. Allen, her sister, in California, Coronado, since February, and likes the country very much. Frances went to California for her

health, it seems, although she persists in saying that she is only "lazy," not ill. Her brother and sister are living in the old home, so that it is not closed during Frances's absence. In a few words about her dear father, whose loss was so keen a blow to her, she mentions that although he was five weeks ill, it was but one week before his death that they knew he could not recover. Those of us who know Frances, know, too, what that meant to her, devoted daughter that she was. Her letter gives no address, so it can get no answer save this.

—Annie Jean Hackett is still absorbed in her kindergartening, and busy as a bee—as always.

—Mrs. Lutes and Mabel, of the Class of '95, have been called home by the sudden illness of Mr. Lutes.

—Marion Gilmore, '76, has been in Chicago all winter. We learn this from the Principal's mother, upon whom she lately made a very welcome call. Expects to come home in May.

—Met Mrs. Dean, the aunt of Molly Lathrop, here in '93, who reported that Molly was about to take a "Raymond" excursion to the northwest.

—Charles Sweet met Jennie Jackson Watts, here in '85, in a recent visit to Augusta, Ga., and very much enjoyed a renewal of old acquaintance.

—Elizabeth Cassar made us a call and told of the sudden death of her brother-in-law in Bermuda, where they had gone for his health.

MARRIED

—Alice Josephine Houghton to Edward Shepard Wilkinson, junior, on Wednesday, April 19, at The Buckingham, New York City. Home address, 34 Church street, North Adams, Mass.

—Abby Story Hooper to John Stanley Sills, on Thursday, April 27, in Auburndale, Mass. Home address, 240 W. 45th street, New York.

—Mary Mansfield Healey to William Ingersoll Sanger, on Thursday, April 27, in Brooklyn.

—Susannah Jane Brown to George Reiter Brill, on Monday, May 15, in Philadelphia. Home address, 116 No. 17th street, Philadelphia.

—Carrie Van Sickle to Judge Morgan M. Mann, November 15, 1898. Home address, Galveston, Texas.

Henry Rogers Hayden.

AT his home in East Hartford, Conn., died, March 2, Henry Rogers Hayden, husband of Maria T. Warren, a Lasell graduate of 1858, and father of our three pupils, Jessie, Maria, and Sara Hayden, here in '85, '87, and '95, respectively. Mr. Hayden was one of Hartford's most prominent citizens; a man respected, admired, and loved by all who knew him well; a man whose death is felt as a public calamity. He was at the time of his decease the editor of the *Weekly Underwriter*, an insurance journal, to the prosperity and success of which he largely contributed. His talents as a journalist were decidedly marked, his mind being keen and quick in controversy, his style clear, brilliant, and trenchant. In his business abilities he was versatile, in his tastes catholic; in character inflexibly just and honest, a scorner of shams which he spared no pains to expose and thrust through. His social qualities were not less marked. He was of pleasing presence and genial manners, sincere and true in his relations to others, intensely devoted to his home and family. Since his death many have been the voluntary testimonials to his ability, sterling worth, and high character.

To his bereaved family we tender our sincerest sympathy in their hour of distress.

[The lateness of this notice is due to the fact that the word was sent to Mr. Bragdon during his absence from the Seminary.]

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The Editors will be glad to receive from the students and Alumnæ any communications and items of interest to the school.

Editorials.

WE had long been looking forward to Commencement, but as the time drew near, we began to feel the sadness which always accompanies it; for to leave the school meant to some of us, severing our connection, perhaps, forever, with Lasell, and the close of a period of dear and pleasant association with our schoolmates. It is hard to find words to express the sincere and tender regard with which we part from our classmates. We must also say good-bye to the teachers, from whom we have received justice, kindness, and forbearance, and who are justly regarded as among our best and most disinterested advisers.

As our adieu we will borrow Byron's words:

"Farewell; a word that must be, and has been,
A sound which makes us linger; yet farewell."

The Commencement Season.

The Commencement Season opened with the concert, which was very good, but had a disgracefully small attendance on the part of both citizens and pupils. Following is the program.

PART FIRST.

Pianoforte Quartet, Overture to Egmont, *Beethoven*
Misses Bailey, Cole, Kothe and Dudley.

Song, Nymphes et Sylvains, *Bemberg*
Miss Cotton.

Violin, Cavatine, Op. 41, *Schmidt*
Miss Clokey.

Chorus, The River of Rest, *Platte*
Quartet and Orphean Club.
Misses Raymond, Flaherty, B. Cooke and Dudley.

Pianoforte, Concerto in D minor, Adagio and Finale, *Mendelssohn*
Miss Ashley and Mr. Hills.

Song, Fear Not Ye, O Israel, *Buck*
Miss Flaherty (Organ Accompaniment.)

Pianoforte, Nocturno in G, *Chopin*
Miss R. Rishell.

Solo, Spirit Song, *Haydn*
Miss B. Cooke (Organ Accompaniment.)
Pianoforte, Andante and Scherzettino, *Chaminade*
Misses Bailey and Cole.

* * *

PART SECOND.

Vocal Quartet, The Little Brown Bee, *Beach*
Misses Raymond, Flaherty, B. Cooke and Dudley.
Pianoforte, Elegie, *Nollet*
Miss Walker.
Song, Storm and Sunshine, *Buck*
Miss Dudley.
Organ, *a.* A Grand Chœur, *Dubois*
b. Cantilene Nuptiale, *Dubois*
Miss Ashley.
Song, L'Ardita, *Arditi*
Miss Raymond.
Pianoforte, Barcarolle, *Schytte*
Miss Walton and Mr. Hills.
Solo and Chorus, Young Lovel's Bride, *Haesche*
Miss Case and Orphean Club.
Miss A. Louise Wood, Accompanist.

The Banquet to the Seniors.

THE friendly spirit existing between the S. D. Society and the Lasellia Club was plainly shown by the joint banquet given to the Senior class on the evening of the ninth of June. The many old girls, members of one or the other society, who were here during the Commencement season, were especially pleased with the arrangement, as it gave them a chance to see all their old friends at once—even the Seniors this year were pleased to have the societies banquet together. The combined efforts of the clubs made a banquet more enjoyable than would have been possible otherwise. The dining-room was beautifully decorated in daisies, the class flower, while festoons of purple ribbon showed their color. The pillars were trimmed with daisy chains, alternated with purple ribbons, an arrangement repeated at the Senior table. Smilax and ferns, with silver candelabra completed the table decoration. There was a handsome group of ferns and palms in the centre of the dining-room.

The guests of honor were seated at the central table, from each end of which a long table extended, the whole forming a large U. The toast mistress, Alice Jenckes, of the Lasellia Club, together with the president of the S. D. Society, Ella Cotton, presided with ease and grace.

At the close of the banquet, Ella Cotton introduced Alice Jenckes, the toast-mistress; she then presenting Ella Cotton, who welcomed the guests. The toast-mistress then introduced Josephine Milliken, the president of the Senior class, who responded to the toast "'99." No one surely could be better fitted to speak for '99 than she, for Josephine Milliken had been a member of the class for four years, and its president for two. To the next toast, "Lasell as it should be," Rena Fellows responded, showing in an amusing speech that Lasell as it should be, is simply Lasell as it is. Eva Raymond then gave a charming vocal solo, "Serenade a Juanita." Next came Mabel Currie, who sung the praises of "Senior Vacation." Carol Case followed with "Hints for Household Happiness," which contained much good advice for all. Mabel Woodward then spoke for the "Twentieth Century Girl," who she said, could not come up to the seniors of '99! "L'Avenir," was the toast of Ethel Smith, who wished "everyone present," all happiness in the future. Katherine White's toast, "Farewell," closed the program, but here the toast-mistress called on the president of 1900, and of 1901, who responded gracefully. Ada Cadmus sang a beautiful solo, and Anna Ampt, and La Verne Reynolds, expressed their pleasure at being with us again.

The Baccalaureate Sermon.

THE Baccalaureate Sermon was preached in the Congregational Church Sunday, June 11, by Rev. Charles W. Rishell, Ph. D., Professor of Historical Theology, Boston University. The school went in a body to the church, the Faculty leading, the Seniors following, looking very dignified in their black caps and gowns. The Church was decorated with plants and flags. Rev. Mr. Southgate and Rev. Mr. Worth assisted in the services.

Dr. Rishell's text was: "And the Lord God took the man, and put him into the garden of Eden to dress it, and to keep it;" to which he added the 18th verse of the 2nd chapter of Genesis; for said he:

"It is also woman's duty to dress and to keep this earth, as this 18th verse plainly shows. God has taken man into partnership with himself. There is a human as well as a Divine Providence. How shall we distinguish between them? In His providence God has employed two methods, neither of which alone could result in the attainment of the highest possible good to the world; first, He implanted in matter at the world's creation certain indestructible forces; second, He is constantly present in His work to mould the world to His glory. But for this development of the world, God cares only as we participate in it. Those who should trust implicity and solely to divine intervention in all things, would presently perish from the face of the earth; they must use their own powers, and the things so amply provided by nature for their use. This provision is a limited one. Some things she gives, such as light for the eyes, and air for the lungs, which fulfill man's purposes without need of effort on his part; but much more largely does she provide for him raw materials which he must shape to his needs before it is usable, forces for his helping which he must learn how to apply, and how to control before they are of any advantage to him. God's intention, then, is not to do everything for this world, nor for man; He has left much for man to do for himself, and for the world. It would not have been nearly so wonderful a thing for God to give to man, ready for use, all that man has devised for himself, as for Him to give perfect and complete what He has actually so given. No human contrivance equals the human frame. God could have done everything Himself, but He wanted the earth improved by human power and skill. He made the world so that it could be improved, and made man capable of improving it. All the properties of matter are given, but besides these, there must be taken into consideration *intelligence.* Without personality man would be reduced to the level of a beast or even to that of inorganic matter. With personality, man can control the world."

"The above illustrates the God-like nature of humanity. God-like tasks should be accompanied by God-like earnestness. Have we any right to be idle in view of the tremendous responsibilities God has imposed upon us?

"There are two ways of life open to man: the one, of seeking ease and enjoyment, which results in his becoming frivolous and characterless; the other, of acting in accordance with the belief that God has placed him beside Himself upon the throne on this earth, which results in making him richer and nobler for every effort of his to benefit mankind. Our first duty, if we look at life in this way, is to beautify the earth. Nearly all natural things, the flowers and trees for instance, have been improved by man, or are capable of improvement. From Nature we turn to the home, which should be

beautified, even more assiduously. Surely the home should be as attractive as the saloon. Beauty makes life less sordid and mercenary. The second duty is to make the earth more productive and useful. The resources of the earth have scarcely dawned upon our minds. There are those who can not produce, but who can be careful stewards of what others produce. The third duty is a social one. The workmen on the roads lack opportunity and incentive; hence their heavy, unintelligent faces, we give them no incentive, because we judge them not by their glorious possibilities under right conditions, but by what long continuance of evil conditions has made them. We need to recognize freely and frankly the brotherhood of man, and to act upon it, then only shall we be able to help and smpathize with our fellows. We have uplifted animal life; surely we should be able to do this for human life. The task is truly great; but great intellects are given for great uses. To make life happy we must make God's purposes our purposes, and one of these is that of benefiting our fellowmen. We are in God's stead on earth. Where would you rather be classed, among the gaudy butterflies of society, or among the noble men and women?"

To the Class of '99, he said, "To you God has given a garden of Eden, which you are to dress and to keep. Beautify it.

"You are entering today the borderland of an unknown country. The path has never been traversed by any one else, but you will not be alone, for there will be beside you one who will say, 'This is the way, walk ye therein.' You are going to a Promised Land. It is a country different to different people,—to some it is a vale of tears; to others, a land of joy. If *you* are transformed, this world will be transformed. Your Promised Land is of your own making; for 'out of the heart are the issues of life.' May God bless you."

Class Night.

CLASS Night at Lasell was one of the prettiest events of the season, and the Class of '99 ought to feel proud of it.

The exercises were held in the dining room, which was very prettily trimmed with purple and white, the class colors, and with ferns and daisies, the latter being the class flowers. First, the Seniors, in cap and gown, marched in line down the aisle to the stage, each carrying a small lantern of purple and white. The first number on the program was the class song, written by Miss Avila Grubbs, following which came the President's welcome by Miss Josephine Milliken. The roll-call succeeded this, and was given by Miss Mabel Currie, the different members of the class rising as their names were called, and standing while a very ingenious and amusing description of themselves was given. Miss Avila Grubbs gave an entertaining paper, "Side Talks With Girls," which called forth a great deal of laughter. A charming piano solo was next given by Miss Gertrude Watson, followed by Miss Katherine Mason, who spoke the "Praise of the Campus," and contrasted the appearance of Lasell at the present time, with what it was many years ago when only a wild forest, inhabited by the Indians. "Our Confidante" was the subject of Miss Carol Case's paper, which closely held the attention of the audience, and mystified them not a little until the end, when greatly to the surprise of every one, she told us that this mysterious friend was only her "waste basket." Ruth Rishell gave a very charming piano solo. The "Prophecy," revealing the future of the class, was excellently given by Lorena Fel-

lows, aided by stereopticon pictures of the class, showing them in their various future "spheres" of activity, as foretold her by a clairvoyant, Mary Vance, also a member of the class. The last Will and Testament of '99 was read by Frances Allen, who made sundry bequests to the under-graduates, calling to the front members of the different classes, presenting a white rosebud, for example, to the president of the Freshman class, and the Senior mantle to the Junior president. An amusing song by the class followed, after which Maritta Sisson gave the "Farewell" address.

The remainder of the exercises were given on the campus, which presented a very beautiful appearance in its decorations of electric lights, which on the front slope of the lawn took the shape of the figures, '99. White and purple lights set so as to form daisies, of which in turn the figures were fashioned. The band on the piazza played one of Sousa's quick marches as the Seniors attended by their "Supes," each of whom bore a lighted torch, marched to the front of the building, to listen to the "Presentation," given by Elise Scott, who in the name of '99, gave Lasell a fine chapel Bible. They then marched to the rear of the building, where Carita Curtis, in an amusingly caustic little speech, presented to the Juniors of '00, a small,—very small—house on the hilltop, fully equipped with the articles necessary for these Seniors of the *coming year*. Now the line was again formed, and the Seniors, still attended by their "Supes," marched around the campus again to a blazing bonfire on the western side, there to burn the relics of the Class of '99. Here Mabel Marston gave a reminiscent "Smoke Talk," several members made gifts to the flames, and the class cry was given. This closed the program, and the remainder of the evening was given up to social exercises.

SENIOR SONG.

Of all the catalogues we scanned
Ere coming off from home,
Believe me, none at our command
So tempted us to roam
As did Lasell's; and so we came
With carpet sacks and all,
Our mother's pride and joy, intent
On scaling Learning's wall.
'Twas enough to make you weep,
Just to see our downward leap,
When we shot the chutes of pride that Freshman year;
But we're up at top again,
Quite forgotten all the pain,
For our senior trip its end is drawing near.

CHORUS.

Children, do not break your heart,
Tho' the time has come to part,
Tho' for long we've worked a hearty, happy band.
Now, although we feel 'tis vain,
Still to search we all are fain
For our *equals* in this wide-spread land.

Our heart-break did not end that year—
It is a tale of woe—
For ever to our poor requests
There came the answer, "No."
In all our days as Sophomores
Our plans were thwarted still;
But when we reached the Junior year,
Oh, then we had our will.
'Twould have surely made you cheer,
Had you seen us all that year;
For we thought we'd reached the Tropic Zone at last;
Then the Seniors sweetly smiled,
Tho' they called us "Little Child"—
But those days of galling meekness now are past,

We worked like any heathen Turk
Upon our *Allerlei*,
Resolved to do a mighty work—
A case of "do or die."
We roasted the poor Senior class
O'er hot flames of our wit;
But to our gentle Faculty
Gave not a single hit.
'Twould have pleased you "to a T,"
Just to see how cleverly
We our lawn-fete managed, one delightful day;
Then we suped, both long and well—
Oh, it's easy quite to tell,
You'll be sorry when at last we're far away.

Dear little Century Plants, at last
We leave to you our place;
Our mantle on you now we cast,

To wear with Senior grace,
Your deeds will louder speak, be sure,
Than any words you'll say,
Think on the life that '99
Has led from day to day;
Wiser girls you then will be,
For our rank, you will agree,
Has been '99 for every maid o' the band;
And, altho' we fear 'tis vain,
Now to search we all are fain,
For our equals anywhere within this land.

F. A. GRUBBS.

Reception.

ON Tuesday evening occurred the Principal's reception to the Senior Class of '99. It was a beautiful evening, and many people from Boston and the Newtons, besides others from a distance, friends of the class, were present. The guests were ushered, by members of the Junior class, to the parlors, where they were received by Mr. Bragdon, Miss Carpenter, and Miss Milliken, president of the Senior class. Many kind inquiries were made for Mrs. Bragdon, who was unable to be with us, since she is now in California with her son and daughter. As the evening was very warm, many were glad to take refuge on the piazza, outside, the grounds being brightly lighted. Later in the evening the guests went for refreshments to the dining-room, which was prettily adorned with palms, violet ribbons and daisies. The refreshments were served by the Juniors. Congratulations and best wishes were freely extended to the Class of '99, who enjoyed the evening from all appearances, perfectly —everybody in fact, seemed to be having the most delightful time imaginable.

The Albuquerque (N. M.) Democrat gives an apt illustration of true local pride and public spirit in the following: "A Colorado editor in referring to the death of a good citizen said: 'He has gone to a better land,' and seventeen subscribers stopped their paper the next day. 'Stand up for Colorado' seems to be the motto in that neck o' woods."

Commencement Day.

COMMENCEMENT Day dawned bright and beautiful; the class was to have one more proof of Mother Nature's sympathy with its joy on this crowning day of their school year. The Juniors, under Dr. Winslow's direction, decorated the Church with ferns and palms, with flowers and flags, hung the class banner in the pulpit arch, arranged for ushering, and when the Faculty, the graduating class, and the rest of the school passed into the church, they found it a very attractive looking place. The American Watch Company's band was in attendance all day.

Prayer was offered by Bishop Mallalieu. The address to those about to be graduated was given by the Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis, of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, successor to Dr. Lyman Abbott, and a man of rare power. Lasell's choice of such a man for this office is indicative of the good taste she usually shows in such matters, and that is a noticeable thing. The diplomas were then presented, Mr. Bragdon making a short but touching speech to the class, and the ceremonies of graduation were over.

Immediately after occurred the luncheon on the seminary lawn, a feast of dainty things, deftly served by the young girls of the school in their pretty muslin gowns, and amply enjoyed by the guests, of whom the number rose into the hundreds.

Then followed the celebration in chapel, of the 25th anniversary, elsewhere reported. To every class its own graduation day must be of paramount interest; but this particular Commencement in all its features, weather, exercises, guests, everything, was especially favored, and will be remembered by all present, as particularly charming. Dr. Hillis' theme was "Ruskin's Message to the Twentieth Century." He dwelt with

especial emphasis in his introductory upon the personality of Ruskin, his unflinching courage in battling for the truth, his keen power of insight into the heart of things, and of discrimination between the true and the false in life. Quoting the great man's saying, "The doing that makes commerce has its source in the thinking that makes scholars," he showed how Ruskin had seen and given voice to the truth that mankind in general, foolishly values doing more highly than thinking, blind to the fact that it is thinking alone that invests doing with any value whatever; and how, advancing a step further, he had with equal emphasis, asserted that higher yet than the thinker, the mere philosopher, is the seer, the man of clear, powerful, and penetrative insight, who is the climax in this scale of values. Ruskin, himself a seer, perceived and expressed in his writings the true value and utility of beauty, and the correct standard of valuation by which men should determine the worth of the service which they are able to render to the world. With respect to the first, he said, among other striking things, that all that is of most worth in science, in the useful arts, and in the fine arts, is but the result of an effort to give permanency of form and expression to some beautiful idea caught from God, perceived by the intellect, or visibly expressed in some one of the myriad beautiful, but fleeting creations of the Great Fashioner; concerning the second, he asserted that man is not essentially a selfish creature, but that in the case of four out of an enumerated five of the great classes of society, he voluntarily consents to give his services for a living wage, and his life for the public welfare when necessary. Regarding Ruskin's powerful personality, the speaker said that he was what he was, partly by virtue of heredity, having had a noble and exalted ancestry; partly by his own individual spirit and purpose. Ruskin was the living embodiment of his own principles; he announced the truth as his keen vision discerned it, and then lived it visibly before the eyes of men. His tireless labors for the good of society, his great additions to literature, the scant and tardy recognition of the value of these by the English people, the sad and lonely life he led—these were vividly set before the audience. The message of the man's thought, and that of his living personality were thus the core of the discourse. (For a fuller report, see Zion's Herald, June 21.)

"LABOR OMNIA VINCIT."

Edith Kirkpatrick Allen, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Chaucer.

Frances Gray Allen, St. Paul, Minn.
Our National Flag.

Emily Arthur Bissell, Rockville, Conn.
A Glance at Russia.

Elsie Burdick, Hartford, Conn.
The Education of Today.

Carol Maude Case, Highland Park, Conn.
Duerer and Rembrandt as Etchers and Engravers.

Emma Frances Cleaves, Pigeon Cove, Mass.
Environment.

Gertrude Alice Confer, Oil City, Pa.
The Imperial Policy of the United States.

Mabel Cameron Currie, New York, N. Y.
The Colonial Dame Compared with the Woman of Today.

Carita Lorraine Curtis, Omaha, Neb.
The Congressional Library.

Evelyn Emelie Ebert, Kansas City, Mo.
The Beginning of English Literature.

Lorena May Fellows, Bangor, Me.
Some Buried Cities.

Florence Avila Grubbs, Harrodsburg, Ky.
Nom de Plumes.

Arminta Henne, Titusville, Pa.
Rome Through Diverse Eyes.

Myrtle Edna Hewson, Kansas City, Mo.
Other Monuments than Stone.

Annie Ethel Johnson, Hallowell, Me.
Popular New England Holidays.

Alice Rosamond Kendall, Kirkwood, Mo.
The Ideal in Art.

Mabel Charlotte Marston, Yarmouth, Me.
The Popular Superstitions of European Seamen.

Katherine Staples Mason, Boone, Ia.
Compulsory Bible Study in Relation to Preparatory Schools and Colleges.

Josephine Edgecomb Milliken, Saco, Me.
Destruction of the Forests and What it Implies.
Edith Foster Moulton, Salem, Mass.
Some Odd Characters of an Old Town.
Mary Ethelyn Prentice, LeRoy, N. Y.
Talent and Genius.
Helen Rishell, Newton, Mass.
Influence of the Elder Pitt on the American Revolution.
Ruth Rishell, Newton, Mass.
The Ethical Influence of Music.
Elise Estella Scott, Chestnut Hill, Mass.
Domestic Training for Girls.
Maritta York Sisson, Binghamton, N. Y.
Progress of Inventions in the Nineteenth Century.
Sarah Ethel Smith, Kansas City, Mo.
Evolution of Literature.
Mary Bernice Vance, Milwaukee, Wis.
Science and Waste.
Ethel Stuart Walton, Skowhegan, Me.
Maine's Famous Men.
Gertrude Smith Watson, North Woburn, Mass.
Thomas Hutchinson, the Last Royal Governor of Massachusetts.

The business meeting of the Alumnæ was held at 2.30 p. m., Mrs. Samuel Conant, presiding. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Mrs. Samuel Conant, '81; vice president, Mrs. Chas. Parker, '57; secretary, Mrs. Joseph R. Draper, '84; treasurer, Miss Ruth Rishell, '99.

Mid Winter Committee: Miss Martha B. Lucas, '60; Miss Charlotte Bancroft, '57; Miss May Emery, '98; Mrs. William Hall, '91; Miss Grace Loud, '95.

The president read the circular announcing the generous offer of Principal Bragdon, to present to the Alumnæ Association, the entire property of Lasell Seminary, provided that $100,000 be raised by the Association, as a beginning of an endowment fund, believing this to be the wisest method to procure the future success of Lasell, and its perpetuity.

Miss Gale, Chairman of the Building Committee, gave the report of the year's proceedings. The Society instructed the Committee to act on Mr. Bragdon's generous offer, and Miss Lucas, '60, after pleasing remarks on the subject, suggested that a vote of thanks be sent Mr. Bragdon.

The Quarter Centennial.

NO event of Commencement Week was more heartily enjoyed by those who love Lasell, and who were privileged to attend these exercises, than the celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of Mr. Bragdon's connection with the school, and that of Professor Hills, of the music department. The Alumnæ Association had prepared an interesting program for the occasion, and at 3 o'clock there assembled in the chapel an audience eager to do honor to the two who have so well and so long served the best interests of Lasell; to him who has striven to teach its students the delightful harmonies of sound, and to him who, in addition to skillfully guiding the business affairs and shaping the character of the school, has striven to lead the students to a reverent and loving appreciation of the even nobler and more delightful harmonies of right living, high ideals, Christian purposes. There were present many who were pupils of the school before it passed under Mr. Bragdon's management. One of these, Mrs. Isabella Jennings Parker, of the class of '57, wrote for this occasion the Anniversary Ode given elsewhere, which she read to the company.

Ruth Rishell of the newly graduated class of '99, made a short complimentary address to Professor Hills, who made a pleasant response, expressive of his deep appreciation of the honor done him by his friends at this time. After this the venerable Rev. Dr. William R. Clark, a long-time friend of Lasell, and of its principal, addresed the audience. After a few remarks of a reminiscent character concerning Mr. Bragdon's coming to Lasell in 1874, to take

charge, of what he termed, "a forlorn hope," so unhopeful was then the outlook for Lasell's future, he went on to show how it was that the only solid foundation upon which a school could rest, its only sure strength and support, was in giving its pupils steady and earnest training in godliness. Lasell, he believed, had this as her aim.

Mrs. L. P. Morrill, formerly teacher of vocal music, sang during the exercises two beautiful solos; one at the opening of the exercises, Dudley Buck's "Fear Not Ye, O Israel," the other at the end, Granier's "Hosanna."

Mr. Bragdon rising and looking out over the audience saw there the son of Dr. Briggs, who was practically Lasell's first principal. This gentleman he called to the front, saying that he had long been looking for some relic of Dr. Briggs, and presented him to the company, who received him with applause. Mr. Bragdon then acquainted them with the fact that Madame Elizabeth Gardner Bouguereau, wife of the famous French artist, and a graduate in the class of 1856, had recently presented to the seminary one of her best pictures. It is a modernized conception of "The Judgment of Paris," and slightly humorous in suggestion: subject, the evident preference of a young farmer lad for the little daughter of the castle over the two little playmates of his own rank, who stand near, and evince in different ways their disapprobation of his choice. Later in the afternoon Mme. Bouguereau's letter, in which she makes the gift was read to the company.

Continuing, Mr. Bragdon drew an amusing picture of his first arrival at Lasell, on a dreary night when the rain was pouring steadily down, Mrs. Bragdon, the nurse, and the three months' old Belle, who made vigorous protests against the adverse circumstances which affected her comfort, made up the rest of the party. The time of their coming had been made known beforehand, and the trustees had, as they thought, provided for the reception and the comfort of the new principal, yet notwithstanding this, there was no one to receive them; they came to a dark and lonely house, into which entrance was finally effected by Mr. Bragdon through one of the kitchen windows, after which he "opened the front door and let in the family of the principal." No light, no fire, no food, no friends to give greeting, no beds prepared for them to sleep in! Passing on from this hardly auspicious entrance upon the scene of his new duties, Mr. Bragdon told of the times without number when parents, calling to examine the school with a view to placing their daughters there, used after a brief general sort of conversation with him, to inquire in the tone of those who feel that they are being made to waste their precious time, "Could we see your *father?*" He spoke of his *single attempt* to secure pupils by personally soliciting such favors from parents. To Dr. Clark's expression, "a forlorn hope," he demurred, saying that the term could not rightly be applied to any institution which possessed the advantages of such a fine situation, such a board of trustees, such a band of alumnæ as Lasell had at that time. Much of the success of his administration he generously attributed to the wise, faithful, and tireless endeavors of Mrs. H. N. Noyes, now of Andover, and Miss Caroline Carpenter, still actively connected with the school, both of whom were present, and both of whom he had found already enrolled upon the working force of the school when he came to the helm. For Lasell, he predicted a future no less strong and prosperous than its past, which had called forth so many expressions of pride and gratification.

In closing, the audience sang together "Auld Lang Syne," Mr. Hills playing the accompaniment. After this came the pleasant social greetings, which must always be part of such meetings as this was. Besides the greetings and good wishes which Mr. Bragdon received then in person from his many friends, he has received letters of congratulations from the following: Mrs. Annie Kendig Peirce, Mrs. Carrie Kendig Kellogg, Mrs. Sadie Hollingsworth Thompson, Edith Howe, the Rev. Chas. W. Cushing, Mrs. Chas. Edward Parker, Clementina Butler, Martha Baldwin Lucas, Miss C. A. Bancroft, Alice Johnson Chamberlain, Charlotte Snell Simms, Lucy Curtis, Miss Blaisdell, Lillie Potter, Fraulein, Adele Roth, Nora Burroughs, Clara Krome, Marie Griswold, Lucia Shumway, Mrs. A. De W. Sampson, Marion E. Gilmore, Clara Eads, Edith Gale, Maude Mathews, Ella W. Wilson, Margie Schuberth, Gertrude Taggart and Pauline Collins. There were also telegrams of like import from Julia Kelly, and Alma and Louise Hubbard, and Lillie and Stella Wadhams; while Mr. and Mrs. Martin, Bessie Hayward, and Lillie Potter sent flowers.

ANNIVERSARY ODE.

DEDICATED TO PRINCIPAL BRAGDON.

Lift the veil, and bid the years return,—
Five and twenty good and fruitful years!
Golden time, whose memory endears
All the past, and makes our spirit yearn
Toward the future, with its hopes and fears.

Five and twenty years ago
Our "gentle mother" we beheld,
By stress of dire mischance compelled,
Her beauty marred with signs of woe.
Grim Poverty his toils had wound
About her, and, like Zion fair,
Our tear-dimmed eyes beheld her there,
In desolation, sitting on the ground.

The good Lord loved our dear Lasell,
And wisely chose His servant true
Her pristine beauty to renew,
Her earlier glory to excel:
To lead in wisdom's peaceful way
Unnumbered daughters, fair and bright,
Who, turning from the sunny height,
Review the pleasant path today.

O Learning, spread thy mighty wings,
And bend thy noble flight
Where opens, broad and bright,
The vista fair of coming years,
Wherein, encrowned with golden light,
With regal garniture bedight,
Our most revered Lasell appears!
The fair-browed muses stand
With misty garments flowing,
And Science waits at her right hand,
Her power and skill bestowing.
And Art, with forms of marble fair,
And pictured scenes, in colors rare,
And Music, her divine hand-maiden,
With choicest gifts of honor laden.

For Music is the fairest,
Youngest child of Art.
Latest born and heaven descended,
Her mysterious lore is blended
With high gifts, the rarest
Heaven can impart.

Her faithful priest through five and twenty years
Her altar fires hath tended,
Her worshipers befriended,
And guided them with watchful care,
Made worthy her delights to gain
Her costly guerdons to obtain,
Her gifts of priceless worth to share.

Lift the veil of years once more,
While the ages backward roll;
Bring to us that saint of yore
Whose enrapt and earnest soul
Uttered songs unknown before.

With a wreath of roses crowned,
From the trembling lyre she brings
Riches of harmonious sound,
Till the angels poise their wings,
Bending o'er her, and around.

From the organ, 'neath her hand,
Such celestial music came,
Mortals could not understand:
Kindling with a holy flame
All the wondering angel band.

O Cecilia, heavenly saint!
Grant to us some blest refrain.
Could thy spirit, bending o'er us,
Some divine immortal strain,
From thy skillful hand, restore us!

Let the organ's noble tone
Sound, with myriad voices blent
Heavenward in worship sent
For the highest praise alone.

Or let the sound of martial music float
O'er land and sea, in melody glorious.
Patriot sons who hear the stirring note
With joy advance to battle victorious.

How the heart "with rapture thrills"
When "My country 'tis of thee"
Swells in chorus grand and free
O'er "her woods and templed hills."

How our hearts, dear sisters mine,
Warm and ever warmer grow,
When our songs together flow
In the strains of "Auld Lang Syne."

The latest was the crowning year of all.
With what anxious hearts we met!
Ah, we never can forget!
While life remains, this year we must recall.

Behold the lurid cloud afar
The presage dire of coming war!
See children of one loving Father
In fierce and bitter conflict gather,
And strangely Art and Science here
In most ignoble use appear!

Our noble heroes rise,
While throbs the nation's mighty heart,
And eager millions bear a part
In all the grand emprise.

The nations from afar
Their youthful sister now behold
In ready armor manifold,
Full panoplied for war.

In giant strength she stands,
And all her sons and daughters now
In glad and wil'ing service bow,
And own her high commands.

Anon the joy bells ring!
In peace the whole broad land rejoices,
And, with the sound of many voices,
A triumph song we sing.

Heaven restore the age of gold,
The most blessed reign of Peace!
Peace, whose crown hath higher glory
Than attends the noblest story
War's great heroes ever told.
Haste the time when war shall cease!
Most heavenly Peace! thy sway benign,
Makes all the earth a garden bright,
Where Art and Nature may unite,
And with expanding beauty shine.

Beloved Alma Mater, hail!
Perennial source of priceless learning,
To thee, when year by year returning,
Our loyal love shall never fail!

Thy glorious name we sacred hold,
Our hopes, our pride, our trust expressing,
Our prayers for Heaven's eternal blessing,
While the long future shall unfold.

MR. BRAGDON SAYS:

My Dear Girls:

In the quiet of my own den, and a late hour, I have re-read your kind letters of loving congratulations and good wishes. I am put to a sweet confusion by their reckless extravagance when you say that I have been the means of helping you to the more open vision, and the larger life. For no one realizes so well as I, how little I deserve your praise. But I am gladdened beyond my feeble telling by the generous words of love and remembrance, for I think no one covets them more than I, whose poverty of desert emphasizes my hunger for the richness of your gifts.

Your letters are most welcome memorials of this anniversary, and shall be spurs to a larger deserving in the days to come, be they few or many.

God knows I have loved you well, and my mistakes and failures, which have been many and great, have not been of intent.

God have you all in His perfect schooling, until we see the Master face to face.

FORMER PUPILS HERE AT COMMENCEMENT.

Mary P. Jones, '56, Newton; Fanny Gray Merrick, '56, Walpole; Emma Sears May, '57, Newton; Adelaide Sears Gilman, '57, Newton; Flora Drew Sampson, '57, Newton; Charl A. K. Bancroft, '57, Wellesley Hills; Fannie Sykes Davis, '57, Newton Centre; Abbie Hills Holbrook, '57, Newton; Isabel Jennings Parker, '57, Auburndale; Carrie Spear, '57, Newton; Susan Hall Blount, '60, Wellesley; Martha B. Lucas, '60, Boston; Caroline Hills Leeds, '61, Newton; Ellen U. Clark, '70, Cambridge; Ella Richardson Cushing, '73, Brighton; Marion E. Gilmore, '76, Cambridgeport; Sarah Smith Schofield, '76, West Chatham; Carrie Kendig Kellogg, '79, Brookline; Lucy E. Curtis, '80, Rockland; Annie Kendig Peirce, '80, Brookline; Lillie Rose Potter, '80, Brookline; Nellie Ferguson Conant, '81, Pawtucket, R. I.; Jessie J. Macmillan, '82, Auburndale; Annie Bragdon Winslow, '82, Auburndale; Sarah Corey Bray, '83, Stoughton; Nellie Packard Draper, '84, Westford; Lillie Fuller Merriam, '85, South Framingham; Marietta Rose Green, '86, Newton Highlands; Sallie Head, '87, Hooksett, N. H.; Lizzie Burnham Low, '87, South Essex; Annie M. Gwinnell, '88, Newark, N. J.; Edith I. Gale, '89, Boston; Nettie F. Woodbury, '91, Beverly; Jennie M. Arnold, '93, Peabody; Laura M. Case, '94, South Manchester, Conn.; Harriett G. Scott, '94, Wyoming, Ill.; Mabel Sawyer Rogers, '95, Newton Centre; Elizabeth Stephenson, '95, Marinette, Wis.; Josephine B. Chandler, '96, Malden; Ethel D. Loud, '96, Everett; Edith A. Dresser, '97, Charlotte, N. C.; Nellie J. Feagles, '97, Auburndale; Grace P. Washburn, '97, Melrose; Anna R. Ampt, '98, Wyoming, O.; Martha A. Baker, '98, Port Antonio, Jamaica; Ada Cadmus, '98, East Orange, N. J.; Clara H. Davis, '98, Wyoming, O.; May W. Emery, '98, Waltham; Edith F. Grant, '98, New York, N. Y.; Mary P. Johnson, '98, Manchester, N. H.; Caroline M. Kendall, '98, Leominster; A. Maude Mayo, '98, Foxcroft, Maine; Ruth K. Merriam, '98, Meriden, Conn.; Jennie Myrick, '98, Jamaica Plain; Josephine A. Adams, Somerville; Edith N. Brodbeck, Endicott; M. Blanche Buell, Somerville; Jennie Dunn Carey, Dorchester; Lucy A. Carter, Highlandville; Elinor K. Chamberlayne, Cazenovia, N. Y.; Alice P. Conant, Camden, N. Y.; Maria L. Coley, New York, N. Y.; Bessie H. Dana, Auburndale; Myra L. Davis, Weston; Fannie B. Dillingham, Auburndale; Grace Garland Etherington, East Orange, N. J.; Frances Thomas Fiske, Newton Centre; Ethel I. Garey, Newton Centre; Rena M. Goodwin, Biddeford, Me.; Julia E. Hammond, Chicago, Ill.; Annie Judson Hannigan, Cambridge; Marion W. Harrower, Wilkesbarre, Pa.; Lucy D. Harvey, Gloucester; Elizabeth Hunt, Kansas City,

Mo.; Grace Myton Ireland, Amityville, N. Y.; Vira B. Johnson, Hallowell, Me.; Edith T. Kimball Auburndale; Katherine Pieree Martin, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Jennie G. Maxwell, Chieago, Ill.; Gertrude May, Auburn, Me.; May Muth, Mt. Auburn, O.; Gertrude P. Reynolds, East Haddam, Conn.; La-Verne A. Reynolds, Broekton; Bessie T. Roper, Hopedale; Ellen D. Sanborn, Milwaukee, Wis.; Maud Shurtleff, Montpelier, Vt.; Martha Prentiee Smallwood, LeRoy, N. Y.; Harriette Batchelder Spooner, Auburndale; Marion Stafford, Fall River; Margaret W. Tarr, Gloucester; Irene R. Thomas, Proetor, Vt.; Addie Rieh Treadwell, Dorehester; Mary K. Wales, Winthrop Center; Anna H. Wells, LeRoy, N. Y.; Maude E. Whitney, New York, N. Y.; Aliee Burr Williams, Hartford, Conn.; Florence M. Williams, Newton Highlands; Franees I. Wood, Worcester.

It is a noteworthy fact that there were present three members from the class of '56; eight from the elass of '57; two from the class of '60; some members from every elass of the eighties, and twelve from the elass of '98. Pretty loyal girls, these!

COMMENCEMENT VISITORS.

Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Allen, St. Paul, Minn.; Mr. and Mrs. John P. Allen, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mr. and Mrs. Arthur T. Bissell, Roekville, Conn.; Mrs. Eliza W. Burdiek, Hartford, Conn.; Mr. and Mrs. James A. Currie, New York; Mrs. A. Wells Case, Highland Park, Conn.; Mrs. John A. Ebert, Kansas City, Mo.; Mr. A. L. Confer and daughter, Oil City, Penn.; Mrs. Chas. H. Cleaves, Pigeon Cove; Dr. Wm. E. Fellows and daughter, Bangor, Me.; Mrs. D. W. Grubbs, Harrodsburg, Ky.; Mr. and Mrs. S. S. Henne, Titusville, Pa.; Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Johnson, Hallowell Me.; Mr. and Mrs. George J. Kendall, Kirkwood, Mo.; Mr. and Mrs. Chas. L. Marston, Yarmouth, Me.; Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Mason, Boone, Ia.; Mrs. Chas. H. Milliken, Saeo, Me.; Mr. and Mrs. Henry P. Moulton, Salem; Dr. and Mrs. C. W. Rishell, Newton; Mr. and Mrs. Levi Scott, Chestnut Hill; Mr. and Mrs. Chas. F. Sisson, Binghamton, N. Y.; Mrs. J. D. Vanee, Milwaukee, Wis.; Hon. and Mrs. S. J. Walton, Skowhegan, Me.; Mr. and Mrs. N. S. Watson, Woburn; Mr. and Mrs. Henry H. Barber, Milford, N. H.; Mrs. A. E. Muth, Cincinnati, O.; Miss Lynn Curtis, Omaha, Neb.; Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Brown, White Plains, N. Y.; Mrs. H. N. Noyes, Andover; Mrs. M. R. Diekinson, Milwaukee, Wis.

Professor: "You should be ashamed of yourself, sir; George Washington was surveying Virginia at your age."

Dull Pupil: "And at your age he was President of the United States."

Madame Bouguereau's Gift.

READERS of the LEAVES will be interested to know something more concerning Madame Bouguereau's gift of one of her best pictures to Lasell, of which mention has been made in the article on the Quarter Centennial.

As Lasell girls know, Elizabeth Gardner was one of our girls, Class of '56, long before she went to Paris to study art, and eventually, as appears, to become the wife of the noted French artist, whose name she bears. Mr. Bragdon desired, for this reason, joined to his admiration of her work, to procure one of her pictures for Lasell; but no sooner had he expressed his wish with a view to purchase, than she acquainted him with the fact that it had long been her desire to present the school with one of her representative pictures, and that the expression of his wish to add one of these to Lasell's collection, gave her the deepest satisfaction. She then specified the picture described in the foregoing article as that which she desired to give to the school.

Madame Bouguereau gives it on condition that it be hung in a good light on the Seminary walls, an important point, since the canvas is somewhat rougher than that usually used by the artist, which secures a gain in strength, at the cost of difficulty of lighting it properly; and that it prove a

This picture is some 9 feet by 6, and is certainly a generous gift, being expressly ranked by Madame Bouguerau as one of her best.

She is the *only American woman* whose work has received a medal at the Paris Salon, an honor attained after long and earnest study, and is now Hors Concours. We take pride in her talents, and shall be glad to see our walls graced with the work of her brush.

Locals.

Saturday, May 13, should have come in April, instead of May, for as the girls anxiously watched the sky all the morning, they one minute saw the sun shining, and the next minute dark clouds obscuring the sky. In the afternoon, however, the members of the Canoe Club, with their guests, started off hopefully for the river. While at dinner we saw some of them returning under umbrellas, but apparently in just as good spirits as ever. They went to the Woodland Park Hotel, where they had refreshments, thus managing in spite of disappointing weather, to have a very good time indeed.

The Monday set for our Plymouth trip turned out to be a beautiful day. On our arrival we set off immediately for Monument Hill, to see the handsome monument erected in commemoration of the landing of the Pilgrims. The bas-reliefs, surrounding the base, show the setting sail, and the landing of the Pilgrims, while the large figures above, and the one surmounting the top, are symbolical of the setlement and growth of the Colony. From this hill we went down into the town again, past many quaint old houses to Plymouth Rock, near the wharves, then to the old burying ground, where we were amused and interested by the odd inscriptions and epitaphs. We lunched on the side of the hill looking out over the beautiful bay; then after buying a few trifles as souvenirs, and visiting Pilgrim Hall with its quaint relics, we returned to Lasell.

This year's "Exhibition Drill," was as Col. Benyon confided to us, "the best show we have ever given." Some members of the battalion had risen early in the morning to decorate the grounds with their own company colors, but by the middle of the day there was about an equal showing of red, yellow, and blue. The prizes were awarded as follows: Company competitive drill, Company A, Capt. Case; individual bayonet drill, Lorena N. Fellows; individual manual drill, Eva Raymond, first prize, and Corinne Nickerson, second.

Thursday evening, May 25, Mrs. Martin's pupils in reading gave a very attractive entertainment. First came a little one-scene drama, "Six Cups of Chocolate." The parts were taken by Nell Horstmeyer, Ida Trowbridge, Ella Cotton, Therese Dudley, Elizabeth Snow, and Mary Hodsdon. Following that were recitations by Grace Houghton, Irene Wellington, and Florence Thompson, and a piano solo by Alice Ashley. This closed the program as prepared, but Mrs. Martin good-naturedly yielded to the general desire, and recited "Bobby Shaftoe" for us, which closed a very pleasant evening.

The day being unusually fine, the Junior garden party of May 27 was a gratifying success. Two hurdy-gurdies, hired for the afternoon, tinkled out unlimited enjoyment for those walking about the grounds, while refreshments were dispensed from the small tent to those who desired them, by several deft and gracious Juniors. The guests left at five, when the girls, still chatting about the afternoon's pleasure, dispersed until dinner time.

On June 1 we were told to assemble in the chapel at one thirty, instead of going to the regular Bible lesson. Some of us feared an examination in Bible, but we were agreeably surprised to find that Prof. C. J. Maynard, of West Newton, was to give us a short talk on birds. The Professor startled us a little by suddenly upsetting on the desk, a pasteboard box containing several dozen stuffed birds, each of which he showed in its turn as he came to it in his

lecture. He spoke of the characteristics of these birds, both as to appearance, and as to song, dwelling especially upon those that we see everyday around our homes, or in our walks in the country. After the lecture quite a number of us went out for a "bird walk" with him to the woods, a little distance back of the Seminary, and were fortunate enough to see and to recognize several of the birds of which we had just learned. There is so much that is fascinating in bird-lore, that one wonders how so many of us are content to live in ignorance of these small fellow creatures.

A Class ring, '96, has been found and not claimed. We shall be glad to restore it to the owner.

ROOMS LEFT IN VERY GOOD CONDITION.

No. 4. Miss Reynolds.
No. 9. Misses Ashley, Coffin, Flaherty.
No. 22. Misses D. Cook, Hasbrouck.
No. 25. Misses Ebert, E. Smith.
No. 30. Misses Fisher, M. Houghton.
No. 38. Misses Wellington, Woodbury.
No. 53. Misses Betts, Hills.
No. 54. Misses Harris, Risser.
No. 55. Miss Bailey.
No. 56. Misses Clokey, Ford, Safford.



—Martha E. Avery, '96, of Plymouth, Mass., was graduated, June 21, from the New England Conservatory of Music, ranking high in a class of ninety-six members.

—Mr. Bragdon saw Sadie Corey Bray, '83, on the cars the other day. She reports herself as entirely recovered in health, and ready to go to work again, which she thinks they will do soon at Stoughton.

—Louise Hubbard spent last year in New York, studying elocution, which she thoroughly enjoyed. While there she saw Alice Houghton and her family, who spent the winter at the Buckingham, where Alice was married on the 19th of April. Stella Cady and Elizabeth McEchron were both there. Alice, now Mrs. Wilkinson, expects to live in North Adams, next door to her old home. Julia Hubbard Kelly's boys, so says Louise, are big fellows now, and unusually nice ones too; and the baby is really pretty. Louise saw Emeline Carlisle and Edith Howe, during her months in New York, and spent Easter with Blanche Kelley. Sadie Burrill, she says, has announced her engagement to a Mr. Talley, an Englishman of Montreal.

—Alice Taylor speaks appreciatively of the many kind messages of love and sympathy that have come to her during these days of bereavement and sorrow.

—Jessie Eckhouse speaks regretfully of her inability to return to us next year, owing to the heavy trouble that has befallen her and her family in the death of her father.

—Caroline Thomson writes us how glad she and Mary would have been to be with us at Commencement this year, and speaks of her many pleasant memories of her old school.

—Mrs. Courtnay writes that Irene's health is much improved, and that they hope to avoid any recurrence of the eye-trouble that so alarmed them earlier in the year.

—Mattie Burnham writes that her sister, who has not been strong since the death of their father, some few years ago, now makes her home in Bethel, Me. Mattie herself, is a "Lynnite," as she terms it.

—Frances Barbour Sonntag is living now in Chicago, and her new address is 1723 Kenmore avenue, Buena Park, Ill. She met Rosa Best in the city not long ago, with Mrs. Dr. Bragdon.

—Caralyn Ebersole Martin, class of '85, with Mr. Martin, sailed on the "Aurania," June 6, for a summer in Switzerland, and by the Italian lakes, leaving Donald, a robust little fellow of almost six years—who can believe it?—in grandma's care.

—Helen Thresher Hartzell, who, we heard, was about to sail for Europe, writes us that it is her husband's brother, and his wife, who are off across the water, rather than herself and her husband. She is well, and enjoying life finely.

—Carrie Brown Cassell sends us a photograph of her four months' old baby girl, Marietta Cassell, a dimpled, winsome bit of babyhood.

—Nellie Ferguson Conant was present, as the guest of honor, at a recent meeting of the Peter Faneuil Chapter of the Daughters of the Revolution, in Allston, reading on that occasion a paper on "Flint Lock and Powder Horn." She is, it will be remembered, regent of the Flint Lock and Powder Horn Chapter, in Pawtucket, R. I.

—Nellie Hugus Caldwell sends a charming picture of her three boys, splendid little fellows, all of them—John, 9 years; Victor, 6 years, and Jabin, 3 years. The picture was taken in November, so you must add a half year or so, if you wish to be exact in their ages.

—Lee Lufkin, who has spent the last three years in Paris, and has twice exhibited portraits at the Salon, has now two portraits on exhibition at the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts. She now has her studio in New York, at the Chelsea, 222 West 23d street.

—Mr. A. N. Williams and his new wife, Alice Burr Williams, stopped to see us while on their wedding trip to Quebec. They dined with us, much to our satisfaction.

—Lillie and Stella Wadhams live now at 275 South Franklin street, Wilkesbarre, Pa. They kindly sent us an invitation to a "Flag Day" celebration, the exercises of which were under the auspices of the Wyoming Valley Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, of which they are members, and were confined to the ceremony of marking the site of Fort Durkee and Fort Wyoming.

—Grace Seiberling Chase is living at Ann Arbor, where her husband is a student in the Medical College, and Grace, herself, attends lecture courses of various sorts, among which she mentions with especial interest and appreciation, one on Evolution.

—Willie M. Kennedy will spend the summer in Europe, with her sister and brother; and Elsie Jones Rouse, of Geneva (used to live in Rochester) will spend the summer at the Thousand Islands, with her husband and three children.

—Grace speaks also of Gertrude Penfield Seiberling's report of her pleasant visit with us during the winter, a visit to us no less pleasant, be sure.

—A letter from Virginia Phœbus, speaks of her busy days at present; of her dear old days at Lasell, and of a wish to look in upon us again. We wish she would do so in fact, and not in wish alone.

—Frances Thomas Fiske, who came to see us again at Commencement, brought with her pictures of her two sweet little daughters—Mary Frances, aged one and a half years, and Lillian Proctor, aged three and a half months.

—The engagement is announced of Florence May Williams, Newton Highlands, to Waldo Edwards Mason, New York city. Mr. Mason is an Amherst man, of the class of '91.

Through a newspaper clipping we learn that at Eleanor Clapp's pretty wedding, the

bridesmaids were Sadie Eldredge, Elizabeth Stephenson, Julia Hammond, Annie E. Richards, and Anna Clapp.

—Margie Schuberth kindly sends Mr. Bragdon her congratulations upon his 25th anniversary, and wishes she might have been present. Talking over Anna Ampt's visit with her, before Anna came, she tried to impress upon the latter, what a piece of good luck it was to be able to be present. Dorothy Manning and Margie visit each other pretty frequently. Dorothy also visited Clara Souther in St. Louis, recently. Emma Grant has been to see Ella Ampt. Margie met Helen Cooke on the street the other day, and expects a visit in June from Blanche Kelley on her way from Omaha, where she went to attend Alice Andreesen's wedding. Her summer, Margie expects to spend in Michigan, where there's a chance of keeping cool, she thinks.

—Edith Howe is visiting Flora Ketcham.

—Charlotte Snell Simms expects to spend the summer at Thousand Island Park. She hears from Ella Stedman Frank, that she and her family expect soon to be living near New York city. Charlotte has lost her aunt, Mrs. Folts, founder of the Folts' Mission Institute, and a superior woman in many ways.

—Nora Burroughs writes that she, Clara Krome, and Marie Griswold, went to Polo to attend Lucia Shumway's wedding, the first of the class of '97.

—Evelyn Mason, we hear, is to take a course in library-work at the State Library Training School, Albany, N. Y. We wish her all success.

MARRIED

—Mary Packard Hanson to Edward Robinson McArthur, on Thursday, June 1, at Chicago.

—Alice Eugenie Burr to Almeron Newberry Williams, on Wednesday, June 7, at Hartford, Conn. Their address is 34 Evergreen avenue, Hartford.

—Lydia Sargent Tukey to William Grant Morrison, on Wednesday, June 7, at Omaha, Nebraska. Their address is (after July 15,) 1637 G street, Lincoln, Nebraska.

—Nora Westheimer to Louis Philip Rothschild, on Thursday, June 8, at St. Joseph, Mo.

—Eleanor Richmond Clapp to Horace Rogers Drinkwater, on Wednesday, June 14, at Hingham, Mass. Their address is Cedar street, Braintree, Mass.

—Mary Blanche Busell to Charles Arthur Hofmann, on Wednesday, June 21, at Somerville, Mass. Their address is 114 Bartlett street, Somerville, Mass.

—Lilla May Doughty to Llewellyn Oscar White, on Wednesday, June 28, at Topsham, Maine.

—Lucia Shumway to Frank Hammond Suffel, June 15, at Polo, Ill. Their home address is Green Bay, Wisconsin.

PASSED AWAY.

Just at this time, when all over the land the hearts of young people are filled with the joy of home-return from school, and with eager expectations of happy summer days, a feeling shared by those who await their return, and plan with them the future, it seems especially sad to catch in the general joy any note of sorrow, any suggestion of the deep grief of bereavement and mourning for those who will no more cheer the home-coming hearts, or add by their loved presence blessings and sweetness to our days, either of work or of leisure. Yet even then, as at other times, the Angel of Death, God's messenger, comes for our loved ones, and bears them away to a more glorious and happy vacation from Earth's losses and crosses, toils and anxieties, with its little guerdon of fleeting joy, to a rest in the Garden of God, while we, alas! feeling but our own deep smart, fail often to perceive their infinite gain. So it must ever be. Our hearts when throbbing so tensely with the wrenching anguish of separation, can but seldom step across the boundaries that now divide, or seem to divide us from our own, and rejoice in their new found happiness.

But there do come to us—and with increasing frequency and comforting power, as time wears on.—the feeling that over all, and in all, is the love of the Father, bidding us look up and be comforted. This sad experience of loss, and breaking of the home-circle has come to Alice Taylor, called suddenly home to the bedside of a dying father; to Jessie Eckhouse, who has also lost hers; and to Mabel Lutes, who like Alice, was called home by the fatal illness of Mr. Lutes—all within the last few weeks. We learn, too, of the death of Florence Wilber's mother, and of that of our old friend, Ava Lowe Stinson, at her home in Norristown, Pa., and of that of Mrs. Va-

leria Langworthy, mother of Bernice Langworthy McFadden, and grandmother of Carrie Glover Langworthy. She had reached the ripe age of seventy-seven years. Ava Stinson leaves a two year old daughter, and a young infant, a son.

For all those who are thus made acquainted with bitter grief by the death of these whom we have mentioned, we sorrow in sympathy, and commend them in their hour of distress to Him who alone knows how to comfort and to heal.

Just as we go to press comes the sad news of the death of Ethel Moore's brother, Herbert Clayton Moore, after her return home.

GYMNASIUM STATISTICS, MAY, 1899.

Average	Sept., '98.	May, '99
Age,	18 yrs.	
Weight, lbs,	116.25	122.5
Height,	5 ft., 4.085 in.	5 ft., 4.38 in.
Lung capacity,	147.14 cu. in.	154.4 cu. in.
Strength of back,	92.05 kilos	114.66 kilos
Strength of chest,	28.08 kilos	31.86 kilos
Strength of right forearm,	22.54 kilos	24.64 kilos
Strength of left forearm,	19.39 kilos	21.61 kilos

Number of pupils incapacitated for gymnastic work during the school year, one; three excused.

Number of pupils in the gymnasium during the school year, 142.

Strongest pupil, May, 1899, Emma Henne; age, 19; weight, 135 lbs.; lung capacity, 190 cu. in.; strength of back, 160 kilos; strength of chest, 43 kilos; strength of right forearm, 22.54 kilos; strength of left forearm, 19.39 kilos; height, 5 ft. 4 in.

SENIOR CLASS MEMBERS, 29.

	Average May, '98.	Average Gain May, '99.
Age,	20 years	
Weight,	125 lbs.	5.5 lbs.
Height,	5 ft., 5 in.	.392 in.
Lung capacity,	158.39 cu. in.	8.93 cu. in.
Strength of back,	116.07 kilos	25.36 kilos
Strength of chest,	32.57 kilos	4.22 kilos
Strength of right forearm,	24.64 kilos	1.46 kilos
Strength of left forearm,	21.75 kilos	2.93 kilos

Tallest pupil, 5 ft. 8 in., Miss Josephine Milliken; heaviest weight, 180 lbs.; lightest weight, 80½ lbs.; greatest gain in weight, 24 lbs.; greatest gain in strength, 162 kilos, Miss Flaherty; next greatest gain in strength, 145 kilos, Miss Hasbrouck.

Number of pupils gained in all strength tests, 29; number of pupils lost in all strength tests, 1.

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"DUX FEMINA FACTI."

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The Editors will be glad to receive from the students and Alumnæ any communications and items of interest to the school.

Editorials.

THE new teachers who come to us this year may rest assured that the LEAVES welcomes them most cordially. We miss the familiar faces of our former teachers, but wish them all success in their new work. To all the girls who enter Lasell's doors this fall for the first time, the LEAVES gives a most hearty welcome. By the old girls, who are so glad to be here again, this welcome is repeated as they give greeting to the new ones. Let each feel that this can and should be the best year in her life. To all we would give anew the motto Mr. Bragdon gave us all one of our first evenings in chapel,—"Be kind." It will help the year to pass smoothly and happily, and give you something to carry away that will be worth more than book-knowledge alone.

THE very name of our paper is most suggestive at this time of the year, for as many of you are gathering the bright autumn foliage to keep as a reminder of your days here, you may also be glad to begin your collection of LEAVES for the old Lasell tree of happy companionship, for the memories which they will preserve for you will grow more precious as time rolls on.

THE number of pupils studying music this year is very large, having, indeed, greatly increased in all departments since last year; and the art class, also, though not overcrowded at all, is still larger than it has been for some time past. It seems queer that the study of art should be so very much less popular than the study of music. Both art and music appeal to the æsthetic side of our natures, and both belong to a good education. Music trains the ear, art trains the eye. Music can be enjoyed by many who have never studied it, but art must be studied in order to be correctly appreciated. It is true that persons untrained in art may admire beauties of Nature, whether real or represented; but how much greater is the pleasure derived from these beauties by a person whose eye has been taught to see the harmonious blending of colors; the unity of composition, and the subtle grace of curves and lines; to one upon whose mind, practised in nice discriminations, these qualities of color, form, and suggestiveness make surest impress. It is a mistaken idea that people should study music and art solely to be able to accomplish something great in them. They should be studied, first, for their refining influence upon character; secondly, to help us appreciate what has already been done by persons infinitely greater than most of us can ever hope to be; and lastly, but not chiefly, indeed almost incidentally, for the amusement we may find, or may afford others by making practical use of what we learn.

BOTH the new and the old girls should make the best of these beautiful fall days and enjoy the walking periods to the fullest extent. The walks to the Lookout and to Pulsifer's, and the longer ones through the woods, on these delightful autumn days, give us renewal of health, a wealth of pleasant memories, and a knowledge of Nature's wonders.

A Trip to Yellowstone.

A visit to the Yellowstone Park had always been one of the things that I had dreamed of, and when it was decided to take the trip this summer, I was full of the pleasantest expectations.

The entrance to the Park was made through a beautiful valley, rightly named Paradise Valley. Upon reaching a little town named Cruisabar, we left the train and took the big stage coaches for a drive of nineteen miles to the first hotel in the Park, "The Mammoth Hot Springs Hotel." After dinner the guide, a curious old fellow, took a party around to see the Springs, which are great basins of boiling, bubbling water; the bottoms being of most beautifully colored sediment, some rose, pink and lavender, others shading from orange into light yellow. The overflow from the springs forms beautiful terraces, and while we looked on the delicately tinted formations, as the last rays of the sun fell on them, we were awed by the strange beauty, so unlike anything we had ever seen before. The next morning we arose early, and after breakfast the whole party which had come on the train with us, about 125 people, stood on the veranda of the hotel waiting for their respective coaches. At last one coach, a big red one with four horses rolled up, and we climbed in with some little trouble. The drive that morning was delightful; we forded brooks and climbed great hills, passing by a glass cliff, which to my sorrow was not transparent, and by a pond which the beavers had bridged across by the building of their strange homes.

Presently we were surprised by a rumbling, roaring noise, and coming nearer its source, saw Bear Geyser, so called for the growling sound it makes. It was our first geyser, and we were much interested in it;

but after lunch, which we ate in a tent-like structure,—an establishment kept by a jolly Irishman named Larry,—we went on to more geysers, hot springs and Devil's "frying pans," which were even more strange and wonderful than the first geyser. That night all stayed at a hotel in the midst of geysers, boiling "paint-pots,"—great basins full of a bubbling mass which looks like thick, white paint,—and hot springs. It was suggested to us that we might see some wild bears if, at dinner time, we would go in the direction of some woods a half mile from the hotel, so after dinner that night a number of us went near the woods and saw five great bears emerge from the underbush and cautiously come to the hotel garbage heaps, where they began to eat. It was a wild bit of natural life and novel to all of us. The next day was spent at Geyser Basin, as it is called, consisting of a stretch of land about a mile square, covered with curious mineral formations, and having almost thirty active geysers on it. Imagine, if you can, how strange it is suddenly to hear as one walks calmly along, the voice of the guide saying, "Stand back quickly, there comes a geyser!" and then to see a stream of steaming hot water rush some one hundred feet into the air. "Old Faithful" geyser is the largest and the most wonderful. Without variation, winter and summer, every seventy minutes it shoots forth into the air to the heighth of one hundred and fifty feet. The place seems unnatural, uncanny; one women expressed the feelings of most of us when she said, "If there are 'lower regions' they certainly are not far from the Yellowstone Park!" We were very tired that night, so many wonderful things we had seen, and were glad enough to lose ourselves in sleep and come back to the familiar sights of civilization; if only in our dreams.

Our next drive, one of fifty miles to the Yellowstone Lake, was a beautiful one, lying through primæval woods, by rushing mountain streams, and up and down great hills. We rose to the altitude of over eight thousand feet, and then by steep inclines went down in a short time, a distance of a thousand feet. On one of the highest places we rode by the "Continental Divide" of the Yellowstone River; the river on one side flowing into the Gulf of Mexico, and on the other into the Pacific Ocean. The Yellowstone Lake is most beautiful. It is some miles long, and is constantly changing its aspect because of the winds which blow over it; in some places it is green changing to blue or ultra-marine. We spent Sunday at the lake and enjoyed the day unspeakably, never tiring of the beauty of the ceaseless changes of this lovely sheet of water. The next day we drove on to the Grand Canyon, going beside the rushing Yellowstone River most of the way, and in the midst of the wildest nature all of the time. We startled three deer, in the underbrush, and sent them leaping over logs and stumps at the approach of our coach. The Grand Canon was the most wonderful and beautiful thing I have ever seen and ever expect to see in this world. From Inspiration Point one can look down hundreds of feet to the Yellowstone River, which looks like a narrow green ribbon winding and curving so far below, between the great walls of the canyon which are most exquisite in coloring, shading from beautiful red to pinks, yellows, greens, yellows and lavender; far in the distance one can see the white foam from the Lower Falls of the Yellowstone, and bent above all this beauty of the earth is the glory of the heavens. It is a sight which once seen can never be forgotten.

Our Park experiences ended with the long drive from the Canyon to the Mammoth Springs, in a raging snow-storm; a strange

end to a summer trip, but after six days in this wonderland one is surprised at nothing; not even at a snow-storm in August. The trip is one that cannot but impress one with the marvelous wonder and beauty of nature, and the powerlessness of man to improve on the handiwork of God.

M. L. G.

New Teachers.

Miss Priscilla White, of Boston, has taken charge of the vocal department this year.

A recent number of the *Musical Courier* says:

"Miss White's musical career has been one uninterrupted success. Born in Illinois, at seventeen she graduated from the Conservatory of Music in piano, playing a Schumann Concerto in Music Hall when she graduated. Afterward she studied at Wellesley, teaching with great success at Dana Hall. Her musical education has been carried on under the able instruction of Clara E. Munger—that is, her vocal education, for it was not until after she had studied piano for some years that Miss White began to take vocal lessons. In the past few years Miss White has sung with marked success with Boston Symphony Orchestra in Boston, Cambridge, Fall River and Providence. In different concert tours that Miss White has made through the East and West, her appearance has always been characterized by enthusiastic appreciation, both by her audience and the critics.

"Miss White comes from good New England stock. She is, on one side, a direct descendant from John Alden and Priscilla, and on the other from the Dudleys and Peregrine White, the first white child born in America.

"Press notices without number could be quoted or given to show the opinions of the leading critics of this country. Mrs. Beach, the composer, said, 'Her calm and absolute sureness are worthy of the highest praise.'

"Carl Zerrahn wrote of her, 'She has a very beautiful and high voice. You do not make a mistake by engaging her for any kind of concerts. She is also a fine looking and most amiable young lady, and makes friends wherever she goes.'

"Other Boston critics, as well as those of many other cities, both in the East as well as in the West—in fact, wherever Miss White has sung—all have added their meed of praise for her beautiful voice, fine method, perfect enunciation, fulness of tone, sweetness—in fact, for all the qualities of voice and manner that go to make up the successful singer."

Miss Kate Watkins, who has charge of the art department of Lasell, this year, worked for several years at the Art League, New York, studied in Paris, in the Julien and Colarossi studios, has exhibited at the Art Club, Boston,—her work being well spoken of,—and has taught six years, four of them at the Pennsylvania College for Women, Pittsburg, where her influence was felt and recognized throughout the city. She was a member of the Artists' Association of Pittsburg, and was elected honorary member of the Pittsburg Art League, of which she was one of the directors. Her coming means, doubtless, increased life and interest in this department which Lasell, by virtue of its unusual number of fine paintings, strives to make prominent.

FOUND.

Various teaspoons, dessert spoons, napkin rings, etc., which we wish the owners would send for!

At opposite ends of the sofa
They sat with vain regrets,
She had been eating onions,
He smoking cigarettes. —Ex.

LOCALS.

—The girls came this year with their usual promptness. By Tuesday evening the new girls had almost all arrived, and nearly all were classified. On Wednesday evening an orchestra played throughout dinner, and afterwards in the gymnasium, thus giving the new girls an opportunity to forget their homesickness awhile, and to become acquainted.

—Thursday evening, September 14, Col. Homer B. Sprague lectured on Macbeth. The interpretation he gives of the character of Macbeth is in opposition to that of Sir Henry Irving, who in his reading describes Macbeth as a thoroughly wicked man from the first. Col. Sprague's idea, which seems the more reasonable one, shows that from being at first a lover of right, justice, and humanity, Macbeth, by successive yieldings to temptation, became a thoroughly wicked and abandoned soul.

—On Saturday evening the old girls gave a reception to the new girls in the students' parlors. Prof. Hills entertained the girls with musical selections. Ice cream and cake were served later in the evening.

—On Monday, September 18, about fifty of the Lasell girls enjoyed a clam and fish dinner at Nantasket Beach. The trip from Boston was taken by water, and proved to be both delightful and instructive.

—Under the auspices of the Lasell Instrumental Club, Mr. A. K. Virgil gave, on Saturday afternoon a talk, briefly explaining and illustrating the merits of the Clavier system of pianoforte studies. Mr. Virgil had with him Miss Dodd, one of his pupils, who executed perfectly certain illustrative technical exercises.

—The girls had the pleasure of hearing on Sunday morning, the Rev. John Brown of Bedford, England, deliver a fine sermon at the Congregational Church. Rev. Brown is now pastor of the Bunyan Church, which was founded by John Bunyan.

—On Monday Mr. Bragdon took a party to visit Bunker Hill and the Navy Yards. The girls had on that occasion the pleasure of examining the training-ship Wabash, and the Frigate Constitution.

—This year about thirty took advantage of the White Mountain trip. On account of the cloudy weather, however, they were unable to get a good view of the top of Mt. Washington, and of the surrounding mountains. The party consisted of Misses Cotton, Cox, Cubbison, Douglass, Duncan, Harris, H., Hayden, Hill, Howes, Kendrick, Knights, Lair, Lapowski, Mallory, McCarthy, McCoy, Newman, Plum, Rodgers, Scott, Spalding, Stone, Taft, Taylor, Rose, Tidd, E., Tidd, G., Whitney, M., Winn and Zeller.

—Plans have been made by Ernest N. Boyden, and estimates are being submitted, for a new Athletic hall for Lasell Seminary, to give larger room than the gymnasium affords for the marching of the companies of the battalion. Being 100x60 feet, it will also afford a magnificent indoor campus for winter sports, such as tennis, basket ball, etc. It will be a presentable building on the knoll heretofore occupied by the deer house, and will be connected with the seminary by a covered bridge from the second story.—*Boston Times.*

Work on the new Athletic hall has been delayed because the site has not yet been definitely decided upon. The hall may possibly be built south of the gymnasium, and if this is done, it is probable that there will be several other changes. The gymnasium will be used for a chapel, and the present chapel fitted up as the library. The gymnasium will be in the new building, which is to be supplied with everything necessary to an up-to-date exercise hall. If these changes

are made the Athletic hall will be much larger than planned at first.

—Another improvement will be the use of the former annex for an experiment hall, where students may devote their extra time to practicing the various arts that make a home successful and pleasant. This will be under the charge of a competent matron, and those properly qualified will be allowed to take up a period of residence there, during which work various portions of the domestic economy will be alloted to each in turn under most exact and scientific superintendence.—*Boston Times.*

The school is so crowded this year that some of the pupils had to take rooms in the former annex, but this does not greatly interfere with the plans made concerning the experiment hall. Mrs. Perry, who is to have charge of the work has arrived, and six girls are already making arrangements to take advantage of this fine opportunity.

—The two old Steinway pianos in Mr. Hills' room have been replaced with two new Knabe pianos. The Knabes have excellent tone and good action.

—The Canoe Club has been organized for the year. Three new members, Misses Lord, Taft, and Raymond, have been taken on, and there is now a full crew for one canoe. The girls are practicing very hard, and have hopes of making the club a stronger one than it has ever been before.

—Looking always to the best interests of the girls, Lasell makes now and then such changes in its requirements as seem on the whole to be for the general good. This year the restriction on keeping crackers in the rooms has been done away with; the dresses worn to church are not required to be of walking length; on Sunday evening there are no "room hours," and evening chapel is omitted on Tuesday, the weekly prayer meeting taking its place.

DANIEL WEBSTER was the editor-in-chief of the first college paper published in the United States.

GOLF.

"All those interested in golf will please remain a few minutes after Chapel." Such was the notice given one evening in the beginning of the term, and so enthusiastic are the girls over this game, that the larger part of them stayed. It was discussed whether we should use the links at the Woodland Park Hotel and begin playing right away, or wait a short time and have some of our own made. The decision finally reached was that we should take advantage of Mr. Bragdon's kind offer to have golfing grounds laid out on our own campus. In a short time everything will be ready for us to begin to play, and although comparatively few of us know the game well, all are anxious to learn it, and hope in time to become experts.

LASELL PROVERBS.

—All roads lead to Lasell.
—A short skirt gathers no microbes.
—While there 's money, there 's fruit.
—Make blue prints while the sun shines.
—When the teachers are away, the girls will play.

THE NEW MANDOLIN AND GUITAR CLUB.

At last there seems to be a prospect of having once more a Mandolin and Guitar Club at Lasell. Among so many girls there surely ought to be enough musical talent to support such a club. There were but few players on these instruments last year, but so many of the new girls have this year brought their mandolins and guitars with them, that such a club is the most natural result. We understand that they are to appear very soon, and it can be taken for granted that the other girls will appreciate their efforts and do all in their power to help them them in their new undertaking.

There are still a few copies of the 1900 *Allerlei* left, and any old or new girl desiring them, can procure them for $1.00 each. Address, K. V. WHITE, '00, Lasell.

LIST OF NEW GIRLS.

Albright, Margaret A.,	Allentown, Penn.
Applebee, Anne G.,	E. Pembroke, N. H.
Atwood, Edith I.,	Hampden Cor., Me.
Auchinvole, Agnes M.,	Buffalo, N. Y.
Bertolette, Florence,	Mauch Chunk, Penn.
Billings, Julia A.,	Newtonville, Mass.
Bingham, Alice K.,	Waltham, Mass.
Boultenhouse, Caroline A.,	Roxbury, Mass.
Bowland, Marie S.,	New York, N. Y.
Bratten, Theodore M.,	Media, Penn.
Bullock, Grace T.,	Pawtucket, R. I.
Butler, Evelyn F.,	Mexico City, Mex.
Chase, Ellen,	Los Angeles, Cal.
Chase, Laura,	Los Angeles, Cal.
Clemens, Emily A.,	Pottsville, Penn.
Conklin, Maude S.,	Troy, O.
Cox, Julia E.,	Conneaut, O.
Cubbison, Martha M.,	New Castle, Penn.
Deering, Helen J.,	Saco, Me.
Deering, Joanna F.,	Saco, Me.
Douglass, Cornelia, B.,	Trov, O.
Draper, Bessie M.,	Lansingburgh, N. Y.
Dresser, Alice E.,	Allston, Mass.
Duncan, Georgie M.,	Bath, Me.
Fisk, Lucy R.,	Hoosick Falls, N. Y.
Friedeborn, Mabel E.,	Norwood, O.
Frisbie, Mattie M.,	Cromwell, Conn.
Fuller, Bessie Y.,	Hartford, Conn.
Graffam, Grace E.,	Malden, Mass.
Green, Roxy H.,	New Bedford, Mass.
Ground, Jesse,	Carthage, Mo.
Gurley, Mary L.,	Troy, N. Y.
Harris, Edith A.,	Newark, N. J.
Harris, Helen C.,	Lombard, Ill.
Harris, Mollie,	Tyler, Tex.
Harrison, Jessica R.,	New York, N. Y.
Hayden, Florence,	Denver, Col.
Hayward, May S.,	Winthrop, Me.
Hill, Zoe,	Council Bluffs, Ia.
Holden, Anna L.,	Newark, N. J.
Howes, Helen L.,	Blair, Neb.
Huestis, Ella L.,	Crown Point, N. Y.
Hunt, Emily,	Concord, Mass.
Hutchins, Jennie E.,	Rockland, Mass.
Jay, Kathryne M.,	St. Mary's, O.
Kendrick, Catherine,	St. Louis, Mo.
Kimball, Elizabeth W.,	Haverhill, Mass.
Knights, Jeanette M.,	Chicago, Ill.
Knowlton, Ethel M.,	Ellsworth, Me.
Krag, Bessie S.,	Columbus, O.
Lapowski, Jeanie J.,	Abilene, Tex.
LaSelle, Nellie V.,	Beatrice, Neb.
Leavitt, Mary F.,	Butte, Mont.
Lockwood, Edna H.,	Pawtucket, R. I.
Lum, Bessie M.,	Minneapolis, Minn.
Mallory, Ida M.,	Franklin, Penn.
Mizner, Elizabeth H.,	Knoxville, Tenn.
Moses, Catharine M.,	Saco, Me.
Newman, Lucile H.,	Emporia, Kan.
Parker, Mary L.,	Medfield, Mass.
Peck, Margaret A.,	Colchester, Conn.
Piper, Leonora E.,	Sidney, O.
Plum, Florence G.,	Indianapolis, Ind.
Robinson, Belle S.,	Newport, Vt.
Roby, Florence H.,	Burlington, Vt.
Rodgers, Effie M.,	Paris, Tex.
Sabre, Marion L.,	Providence, R. I.
Salisbury, Mary C.,	Beatrice, Neb.
Scott, Ina,	Paris, Tex.
Smith, Olive E.,	Ashland, Me.
Sperry, Helen,	Des Moines, Ia.
Stark, Maud M.,	Waltham, Mass.
Stilson, Mabel,	Atlanta, Ga.
Stone, Hazel G.,	Lincoln, Neb.
Taft, Flora,	Kansas City, Mo.
Talcott, Ruth M.,	Talcottville, Conn.
Tarbox, Julia C.,	Chelsea, Mass.
Taylor, Rebecca W.,	Sewickley, Penn.
Taylor, Rose K.,	Mansfield, O.
Tidd, Edith B.,	Cleveland, O.
Tidd, Florence G.,	Cleveland, O.
Tirrell, Grace M.,	Allston, Mass.
Toole, Edith L.,	Holyoke, Mass.
Toole, Florence M.,	Holyoke, Mass.
Ward, Harriette S.,	New Haven, Conn.
Warren, Bertha M.,	Worcester, Mass.
Watson, Marie L.,	New Castle, Penn.
Wells, Grace P.,	Kingston, R. I.
White, Bertha E.,	Peterboro, N. H.
White, Fanny R.,	Morgantown, W. Va.
Whitney, Louise K.,	St. Paul, Minn.
Whitney, Mabelle H.,	Boston Highlands, Mass.
Wiedenmayer, Helene C.,	Newark, N. J.
Winn, Evangeline E.,	Northboro, Mass.
Yocum, Mary,	Reading, Penn.
Zeller, Mary L.,	Evanston, Ill.

LIST OF OLD GIRLS.

Ashley, Alice M.,	Norwood, N. Y.
Bailey, Edith L.,	Streator, Ill.
Barber, Ethlyn F.,	Milford, N. H.
Brewer, Florence,	Duluth, Minn.
Brown, Harriet V.,	White Plains, N. Y.
Campbell, A. Bessie,	Topeka, Kan.
Clemens, Isabella C.,	Pottsville, Penn.
Cole, Marion,	Chester, Ill.
Cornell, Ethel S.,	Chicago, Ill.
Cotton, Ella B.,	Omaha, Neb.
Crouch, Ruth E.,	Erie, Penn.
Dustin, Edith,	Gloucester, Mass.
Fisher, Margaret E.,	Red Oak, Ia.
Flaherty, Agnes E.,	Massena, N. Y.
Fry, Anna D.,	Vermillion, S. D.
Gallagher, Ethel L.,	Auburndale, Mass.
Gamwell, Mabelle C.,	Pittsfield, Mass.
Gardner, Blanche E.,	Wilkes Barre, Penn.
Hammond, Clarissa D.,	Lyons, N. Y.
Hart, Edith L. C.,	Newark, N. J.
Houghton, Mary,	Red Oak, Ia.
Ives, Anne E.,	Meriden, Conn.
Jenckes, Alice,	Nayatt Point, R. I.
Johnson, F. Grace,	Muncie, Ind.
Kemp, Jessie C.,	Lansingburgh, N. Y.
Kothe, Emilie,	Indianapolis, Ind.
Lair, Sue T.,	New Castle, Penn.
Lord, Georgiana R. W.,	Irvington, N. Y.
Mann, Marion E.,	E. Weymouth, Mass.
Marsh, Madora,	Glens Falls, N. Y.
Marsh, Susie L.,	Providence, R. I.
Martin, Mabel,	Springfield, O.
McCarthy, Jessie S.,	Austin, Ill.
McCoy, Katherine E.,	Kane, Penn.
Metcalf, Bertha L.,	Plainville, Mass.
Milliken, Josephine E.,	Saco, Me.
Moore, Ethel,	Clayton, N. J.
Pinkham, Annie M.,	Haverhill, Mass.
Pooler, Florence,	Wellesley, Mass.
Porter, Rhoda E.,	Port Huron, Mich.
Ramsdell, Helen M.,	Woburn, Mass.
Raymond, Eva S.,	Salem, Mass.
Reynolds, Elsie B.,	E. Haddam, Conn.

Richardson, Grace P.,	Erie, Penn.
Robbins, Clara W.,	Nashua, N. H.
Slayton, Genevieve,	Manchester, N. H.
Smith, Mary A.,	Wheeling, W. Va.
Spalding, Ella M.,	Sioux City, Ia.
Taylor, Alice R.,	Buffalo, N. Y.
Thompson, Florence N.,	Wareham, Mass.
Tompkins, Catharine A.,	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Trowbridge, Ida F.,	So. Framingham, Mass.
Waite, Eleanor J.,	West Newton, Mass.
Walker, Lelia A.,	Milford, Mass.
Wellington, V. Irene,	N. Oxford, Mass.
White, Katharine V.,	Parkersburg, W. Va.
Wilber, Florence B.,	Peoria, Ill.

NUMBER FROM EACH STATE.

Including day scholars.

Massachusetts,	32	Minnesota,	3
New York,	16	Missouri,	3
Pennsylvania,	15	West Virginia,	3
Ohio,	11	California,	2
Maine,	9	Kansas,	2
Illinois,	8	Vermont,	2
Connecticut,	7	Colorado,	1
Rhode Island,	6	Georgia,	1
Iowa,	5	Mexico,	1
Nebraska,	5	Michigan,	1
New Hampshire,	5	Montana,	1
New Jersey,	5	South Dakota,	1
Texas,	4	Tennessee,	1
Indiana,	3		
		Total,	153
East of Hudson,	69	West of Chicago,	34
West of Hudson,	84	East of Chicago,	119

CLASS OFFICERS.

Senior.—President, Katherine White; vice president, Roe Porter; secretary, Edith Bailey; treasurer, Mary Houghton.

Junior.—President, Isabelle Clemens; vice president, Ethelyn Barber; secretary, Ida Trowbridge; treasurer, Margaret Fisher.

Sophomore.—President, Grace Richardson; vice president, Marion Mann; secretary, Grace Johnson.

Freshman.—President, Edith Hart; vice president, Edna Lockwood; secretary, Frances Leavitt; treasurer, Emily Clemens.

PRIDE OF ANCESTRY.—"Some men," said Uncle Eben, "is mighty proud of dah ancestors; but ef de ol' folks wuz alive I has my doubts 'bout whethuh de feelin' would be reciprossified."—*Washington Star.*



—Mrs. Shepherd wrote from Paris during the summer: "Friday noon. We've had lunch of omelette, cold veal and creamed potatoes, bread, cheese and a little cake. Our dinners are at seven, and quite good. We find that Miss Parloa lived here for six months when in Paris, and I think they learned some cooking from her—more like ours. We expect Harriet Sawyer and Fanny Dillingham here this evening, for a week or ten days."

—Miss Ransom passed part of her vacation with Mrs. Wagner at Depew, near Buffalo. She found Alice Taylor in a very pleasant home, and in a trip to Toronto met Prof. Hills and his brother. The rest of the time she was with Mrs. Hazelet in Williamsport, Pa., who is thriving. Just think of Sadie Ransom's having a son 6 feet, 2 inches tall!

—Maudie L. Stone, of the Class of '88, Director of Gymnastics in the State Normal School, Emporia, Kansas, spent a Sunday with Mr. Bragdon during her attendance on the Harvard Summer School for Teachers. She is bound to be in the front rank of her profession, is alert and keeps up with the times, as teachers ought to do, and would do, if they knew their own best interest. She had the mumps this summer, which is a little funny for a person of her experience and discretion. She said that Anna Staley, '92, and her mother, were passing the year in Europe; that she, Maudie, had had a successful year with her thousand pupils, and that her salary has been advanced. She sends

Miss Newman as her representative from Emporia.

—Ruby Blaisdell Carter, here in '89, whom Mr. Bragdon and Miss Ransom unfortunately missed in a call made one day last summer at her home, writes of having spent her outing in the Berkshire Hills. She saw our new acquisition, the Bouguereau picture, when it was on exhibition in Springfield, and says that Lasell is fortunate in possessing it

—Annie Hackett, '96, tells us that Emma was home in July for a short visit. After school closed, Emma did dispensary work two weeks at Dr. DeLee's, during which time he requested her to oversee for two months the furnishing and completing of a new hospital which he was about to open, and besides this to attend cases for him and to make calls. It was an opportunity which she was glad to seize, and so it was that she spent her summer in this work. Annie, herself, is looking forward to the early completion of her kindergarten studies, and the securing of a position so that she may lose no time in getting practice in her art.

—Helen Westheimer Cahn, here in '85, and her husband are to live in Cincinnati, have, indeed, already begun housekeeping there, according to her report of her plans, received in the summer. She was with her parents when she wrote. Her letter contains good words for Lasell, together with a request to know of Gertrude Stewart's, (here in '87), whereabouts.

—Jennie Williams Brainard, '85, says, "Hattie Williams Wilson, (here in '83), and her two children have been spending the past week (last of August) with Mary. It is hardly necessary to add that Lasell and those connected therewith, came in for a good share of discussion. Nene will not return to America till next spring, at least."

—Gertrude Penfield Seiberling, '86, expresses her pleasure at the prospect of meeting Miss White, of our vocal department, some time during the winter, when the former expects again to favor us with a visit. She is to be two weeks or so in New York, which will be her opportunity. She has among her engagements for the winter and spring the "Elijah," a Schubert song cycle, and the "Stabat Mater," in preparation for which she is expecting for awhile to pay some especial attention to that fine voice of hers. She was expecting, at the time of her letter, August, to go a few days on a camping trip to Les Cheneaux Islands, a pretty resort near Mackinac, with Mr. Seiberling and the three older children.

—Miss Charlotte Willard arrived in New York from Turkey at about the middle of July, she says: Her health was in question, and she had come home for a year's recuperation. Gertrude had not seen her, but had had a ship-letter from her.

—Helen Thresher Hartzell, '91, went in July with her husband to Bloomington, Ill., where Mr. H. is to teach in the college, where they expected to remain for some time. She spoke of expecting to visit Evanston, and while there to see Mr. Bragdon's mother.

—Avila Grubbs, '99, sent us from Dublin, in July, a card telling of the safe arrival of her party on the "other side," after a delightful voyage over. Sea-sickness, it seems, was not *that time* as black as it had been painted, and the trip was much enjoyed. We were truly sorry to learn afterwards that the journeying about among places of interest, which had been anticipated with so much pleasure, was interrupted by an untoward occurrence in London, the party broken up, and Avila and her mother led to return to the States rather than proceed in

the trip. May their next venture be so successful as to obliterate from memory the misfortunes of this.

—To the list of those present at last Commencement, published in the June LEAVES, should be added the name of Martha E. Stone, '56, who writes us that the pleasant surprise of Madame Bouguereau's gift of the picture completely drove from her head all thoughts of registering. "The Class of '56," she says, "is glad to have a member who could, and would, do this thing; and also glad that there is in 1899 a 'Lasell' which honors the gift—thanks very largely to yourself"—meaning by "yourself," Mr. Bragdon, of course. Her permanent address she gives as 52 Institution Avenue, Newton Centre, Mass.

—Prof. Hills had an enjoyable vacation, we may suppose, a western trip forming part of it. When he wrote us he was steaming across Lake Michigan, "en route to Gladstone, Minneapolis, St. Paul, etc."

—Lillian Myer, whom we were sorry to miss from our number when school opened in September, sends a hearty letter, joining with the many others of her Lasell sisterhood in expressions of loving loyalty to the old school. The obstacle to her return seems to have been the sore trial of being for so long a time, and by so great a distance, separated from the dear home folks.

—Julia Anderson, '94, is still an invalid. Her last letter is dated from Streeter Hospital in Chicago, to which she was forced to return after having been a few weeks with her sister. She speaks regretfully of having been obliged to give up attending Alice Andreesen's wedding.

—Of Alice's wedding, by the way, we have had an interesting account clipped from an Omaha paper of that time. An evening wedding in the cathedral, it was, with all the accessories of imposingly beautiful floral decorations, exquisite music, and thronging friends. Among the names of those present we notice those of Blanche Kelly, '96; Marie McDonald, here in '94; Grace Allen, '95, and Mabel Taylor, '95—bridesmaids; Miss Gertrude Kountze was the fifth, and Julia, had her health permitted, would have been the sixth.

—Mrs. Hubbard, mother of Alma, Julia and Louise, has been very seriously ill, as we learn through Mary Smith, but is recovering from the attack even more rapidly than had been hoped. We sympathize with the family, and share their joy in her convalescence.

—Emma E. Ferris's, here in '95, new address is No. 15 Whitby Terrace, Dorchester, Mass.

—Dr. Henry Lummis was here during the summer for a call, which he made delightful. He taught at Lasell thirty or thirty-four years ago, and is now Professor of Greek at the Lawrence University in Wisconsin.

—Mrs. Cotton and Ella were here one day during vacation on their way to West Chop. Mrs. Cotton rather tired; Ella full of her good times.

—Mr. Bragdon called recently on Bessie Sayford Bacon, (here in '88), 44 Hyde Avenue, and saw pictures of her two dear children, though he missed seeing Bessie who was off summering. The pictures he coveted for Lasell.

—Florence May Williams promised to bring her fiance, Mr. Nason, who by the way is a cousin of Marion Cole, to Lasell to see us sometime in August, but the time was too short.

—Annie Young's, ('97), entertaining little story in the *Outlook* last spring is a further proof of her facility with pen. Success to her efforts! She may yet write her name high, for fortune is favoring her in oppor-

tunities for good training in this line of work. She is Maid Marian.

—Ethel Johnson, '99, had a summer visit from Ethlyn Barber, who, so Ethel says, had thought that there were hills in New Hampshire, but became convinced of her error during her visit to Hallowell, which is "one grand big hill, with little ones appearing at every turn."

—Clara Eads, '93, expected, when she wrote, to visit Mackinac and Les Cheneaux Islands, and, perhaps, Marquette before returning home. She was then at Petosky, Mich., with a traveling party of six. Harriet Noble, '93, was to visit her later on.

—Pauline Collins, here in '90, gives a new home address; Corner of Vernon and Perkins Streets, Vernon Heights, California.

—Belle McKenzie Cryer (Mrs. Harry Cryer) here in '83, also sends new address: 528 N. Pennsylvania Street, Indianapolis, Ind.

—Susan B. Haywood, Class of '96, of Uxbridge, Mass., has received an appointment as teacher of drawing in the public schools of that city.

—Edith Allen of last year writes that her family have moved to Worcester. Her summer program included a two weeks' visit to the Maine coast with her mother, and a visit from Myrtle Hewson, '99, who afterwards Ethelyn Prentice, '99. She mentions especially Carol Case, '99; Mabel Currie, '99; Mabel Martin, Ethel Smith, '99, and Evelyn Ebert, '99, as reporting in their letters good times at various resorts.

—Miss Call spent her summer in Europe.

—Martha Baker, '98, wrote in July, giving some account of the rescue of her two brothers from impending death, the newspaper account being, so she said, not at all accurate. Her brother, Joshua, was married August second.

—Minnie Bullard, here in '82, writes of Sadie Read's loss of her father, shortly after Minnie lost her own. Sadie still lives in Mandarin, Fla., with her mother, and is not very strong, owing to a severe attack of fever some time back, from which she has recovered but slowly and imperfectly. The picture of Lasell in the June *Century* made her feel like renewing old acquaintances, and she inquires of Minnie about old friends among both the pupils and the faculty. We should like to hear personally from Sadie. Minnie is now assistant superintendent at the Pomeroy Home in Newton, and is kept very busy by her duties.

—"Clarissa Arnold, here in '96, and a friend," says Mr. Bragdon, "called one day to see Lasell and its new phases last summer. She looked well, and has grown in mind and heart. Europe is in prospect for her next year she hopes."

—"Lucile Parish Chickering," says Mr. Bragdon, "brought, as every loyal Lasellian should, her husband to look over her old school home. They were especially interested in the new pictures. Mr. Chickering seems to be quite a man. He is engaged in the manufacture of pianos in Chicago, and reports success. They were doing the New England shore and mountains, and enjoying it thoroughly. How glad I am to see the old girls!" After their return to Chicago, Lucile wrote appreciatively of their visit to Lasell. She met Mary DeRidder, (here in '96), at Saratoga, and had a pleasant chat with her there about old times.

—Therese Dudley, Mr. Dudley informs us, is now settled down in Berlin for a year or two.

—Edna Cook, (here in '98), had a delightful visit to Emeroy Ginn last summer, and expects Emeroy to return it sometime this fall, after visiting Marion Harrower.

—Flora Gardner, '93, her sister, Jean, and Mrs. E. J. Rogers, gave a pleasant house

porch party one afternoon during the warm weather. The clipping about it, which was kindly sent us by a friend, mentioned among other guests on that occasion, May Rice, here in '91, and May Towle, here in '90.

—Julia Tulleys, '96, writes of busy days approaching—her letter, like others of these here mentioned, having been a vacation letter. She had been devoting some time to her music, but May had been too busy for it. Of the Omaha Lasell girls she had seen very little for some time. "May sees Martha Stone, occasionally at the Y. W. C. A. rooms," she remarks. Francis Bowman, here in '96, was then home from California; Grace Beebe, here in '95, had written from Denver where she was spending the summer. Alice Beesley Bridaham, here in '94, has a little boy, Lester Burbank, the second. Julia mentions having received a card from Bess Bailey, '96, then at Eisenach, and having had a visit from one of Bess' friends.

—Louise Knill, here in '87,—Mrs. Frank L. Linden—living now at 4596 Oakenwald Avenue, Chicago, called upon us some time ago, with her husband, a Chicago decorator, employed at present in decorating the new room of the Ancient and Honorables, Faneuil Hall, Boston. This is decidedly an honor, as it seems to us.

—Hattie Freebey, '95, is now at Calumet, Mich., employed in the Central School there, doing 8th grade departmental work. She was studying during the summer at Chicago University.

—Ruth Kimball's, ('98), last letter informs us that she and her mother spent about a month in Colorado recently, visiting and sight-seeing in Manitou, Colorado Springs, Cripple Creek, Edgewater, Denver, and other places. On the whole, she prefers the ocean to the mountains, she thinks. Chicago University allures her, and a course there in literature, sociology, and psychology is in prospect for her. This she chooses rather than a California trip, which is hers for the asking. Among other things she tells us that May Stanley's brother was very ill when last May wrote her, and that Luella Houghton, '99, had a visit to Lillian and Gertrude Taggart, '97, planned for this fall, at last accounts. Of Miss Call's work here she speaks with most earnest appreciation, regretting that some are too short-sighted to estimate rightly its true value.

—Emma Grant, here in '95, and Edith, '98, we hear, are to study at the Teachers' College this winter.

—Emily Bissell, '99, had a delightful summer at the shore, Long Island Sound. They have a cottage there, and Emily says she found it a very good place to put to the test her skill in swimming acquired at Lasell. In July she spent some time with Frances Allen, '99, at her cottage on one of the Maine islands. One day, during this visit, the two girls sailed over to Mouse Island to see Florence Pooler, who was spending her vacation there. Rena Fellows, '99, was visiting Florence, but chanced to be away at Bath on that day.

—Charlotte Snell Simms, '82, spent part of her summer at Thousand Island Park, enjoying to the full the delights of boating on the broad St. Lawrence, being on the river "every day, except Sundays, and most of the time *all day,*" and returning home finally burned to the hue of Indians.

—Lillie Hathaway Muir, here in '91, and her family, are living now at 15 Hollywood Avenue, East Orange, N. J. Mr. Muir is in business in New York, but on the children's account they preferred not to live in that city. They like very much the change of climate from that of Denver to that of East Orange, but she thinks that she will always like western ways better than any

others, and will remain loyal to the West. Mother and father are to visit her soon, and expect also to see Boston and Lasell, during the time of their trip East.

—Blanche Best, here in '85, writes that she is now a graduate of Trinity University, Toronto, having taken there her degree in medicine, May 31, 1899. She plans to do hospital work for awhile.

—Mabel Currie, '99, expects to spend the winter abroad, "working hard." Among other things, she plans for vocal music. She and Maritta Sisson, '99, were together during the summer. They attended a house party at Mabel Marston's, '99, enjoying it to the full, then went to the Thousand Islands together. When she wrote Mabel was deep in the mysteries of cooking, to the wonderment of her grandmother.

—Sara Hitcock had a pleasant visit from Susie Young, (here in '89), not long since.

—Bessie Legg, (here in '98), writes that Alma Claflin was East during the summer, and that they have seen each other several times. Ida Trowbridge visited Bessie in vacation.

—Anna Ampt, '98, and Ada Cadmus, '98, visited Sophie Hall, '98, last summer. Anna also visited Ada for a month, and at the time the latter wrote, Sophie was in New York. They saw the Dewey parade together from the Plaza Hotel, and called upon Edith Grant, only to find her out. Edith and Ada, by the way, saw each other at the matinee the other day to their mutual satisfaction. Ada is pleased with the new Experiment Hall scheme.

—Carolyn Ebersole Martin, '85, and Mr. Martin, spent the summer in Europe and had a fine trip—enjoying every moment.

—Mary Ebersole Crawford rejoices in a new baby boy born the last of July. Dr. and Mrs. Ebersole spent a little time in Saratoga in August. Grandma Ebersole feels herself a successful rival of Lasell-trained mothers in that Carrie's little Donald, (six years old,) passed the time of his mamma's absence, hot weather and green fruit, in perfect health.

—Jennie Raymond Geyer, here in '83, expresses regret at her enforced absence from our celebration last Commencement time, duties at home keeping her. We should have been glad to welcome her then as always. "Louise Walston Chubb, '85," she says, "was not at all well at the beginning of the summer.

—Northhampton has a Lasell street, so named by Gertrude Clarke's father. That is loyal!

—Mrs. John Reis—Sue T. Lair's sister—called to see us not long since, in company with Mrs. Louis Taylor Kentz, Mrs. Reis's sister-in-law.

—Sara Hayden, '95, writes us that we may possibly have her sister Bertha with us next year; that Jessie is busy with library work and elocution, and that she herself is, among other things, giving instruction in Latin.

—Bettie Aston Kennedy, here in '88, drops us a line from her home in Knoxville, Tenn. In the LEAVES she says, she has not for a long time seen mention of Mary Beckwith, here in '88; Annie Alexander, here in '89; Nora Gibson Perley, here in '89, and Fannie Thomas Fiske, here in '88. News of any or all of these girls will be gladly received by the LEAVES. Who will send it to us? And Alma Hall Rust, here in '88, where is she now? Bettie calls the roll of her children for us—nine-year-old Emily, a little romp, who, nevertheless, loves books; Linda, of five years; William Aston, of four, and baby Granville, who counts only seven months. We appreciate her promise to send us their photographs shortly for the album.

—Arthur Winslow, husband of Annie

Bragdon, class of '82, writes from their new home in Buenos Aires:

"It is the tail end of winter here, but the grass is still green; I wear no overcoat; roses strawberries and violets are in bloom; I pick oranges and lemons from the trees—indeed, there is no winter here as we know it, and the luxuriance of vegetation is a constant marvel to me. Annie seems quite happy and contented."

—Rev. Luther Rees of Paris, Texas, who was attending the International Congregational Council, made a pleasant call at Lasell the 23rd of this month.

—Annie Blanche Merrill, now Mrs. Wilson F. Higgins, of Manchester, N. H., called to see us some time since. We were glad to give her welcome.

—Carrie Manning Dexter, who, by the way, knows Emily Hunt of this year, writes us of her continued work with her music classes, and of her healthy, happy little girl.

—The engagement is announced of Evelyn Wires of Milford. Don't know the name as she has not told us yet.

—Mrs. John Sturgis Potter, of the Class of 1859, announces the marriage of her daughter, Mabel Howe, to Mr. Harry Lincoln Arnold, on October 11th. Mr. and Mrs. Arnold are to be at home after January 1st, at the Bangor House, Bangor, Me.

—The engagement of Miss Sarah Coleman, daughter of Theodore Coleman, of Pasadena, California, to Mr. John Bragdon, is announced. Mr. Bragdon is a graduate of Williams College, and is connected with the Edison Electric Company.—*Pasadena Star.*

—Mabel Bliss Tibbitts and Kittie Totman Brownell, here in '87, called lately. Mabel has been stopping for some weeks at the Woodland Park Hotel.

—Caroline Poe, here in '97, enters college this year.

—Isabel Bronson, '96, is engaged to Robert Johnston, of the Geological Survey Who would have thought it of Isabel?

—Caroline Thomson, here in '98, writes bravely and hopefully about the great loss that has befallen her home. Her brother and his wife were about to return to their work in Washington, at the time of her letter, and the thought of separation was all the harder because of the dear father's departure. Gertrude May, she tells us, has met with a similar loss. Caroline and Mary were looking forward to seeing Luella Houghton soon.

—Bertha Lillibridge, here in '94, like a good Lasell girl, sends her subscription to the LEAVES this year. She sends also news of something vastly more important, namely, her engagement to Mr. A. S. Merrill—"just the very best man" in Minneapolis. (Yes, but how about St. Paul, Bertha?) Effie Symms', ('93), mother has been ill, but is recovering, and Kittie Pennell, '96, is to be married in November, she tells us. She mentions hearing from Julia Hogg Powell, '94, who is very well. Mr. Powell is running for mayor of Forth Worth, and Julia's father is building a fine new house. Martha Stone, here in '93, Bertha sees once in awhile, and says of her home that it is lovely, and of her father and mother, that they are delightful people. Mrs. Lillibridge was ill all summer, and is still delicate.

—Emily Eaton regrets her inability to return to us this year, but speaks of her good chance to learn business habits in the office with her father. She and her mother were at Glen Park in the summer for three weeks. Through her friend, Miss Gratz, Emily knows of Florence Hayden, of whom she has pleasant things to say. Lasell is a dear and valued memory to her now.

—Hortense Watts, with us a little while this fall, writes of visiting Elizabeth Snow,

and of sundry wishes to be back at Lasell this year.

—Dr. Martha Champlin, whom some of the girls remember, has opened a pretty cottage in Brookline, Caledonia Cottage, for the reception of chronic and convalescent patients. The cut on the little circular is quite attractive.

—From dear Doctor Steele comes word of continued ill health, though he is now, we are glad to hear, out of the hospital. He sends Mr. Bragdon a copy of his latest book, "Character and Conduct," much of which consists of the doctor's chapel talks to the girls at Lasell, only given a somewhat more literary form for publication. It must on this account be a book which our girls will care to look over, and, we hope, personally to possess for themselves.

—Bertha Simpson's, ('88), sister, Susannah, has gone with a party of friends to Germany, there to spend the winter. It is her intention to take up some studies during the time of her stay. Bertha said in August that she might go with her, but an illness prevented, so that the home doesn't miss them both at once this time. Susannah will probably see Bess and Margaret Bailey.

—Mrs. Jennie West Atwood spent the summer in Europe, enjoying it greatly. She promises us a picture of herself to hang in the studio, where she taught so well and faithfully when she was with us; moreover, and better still, she says that she will come to see us some time ere long.

MARRIED.

—Edith Marshall to Joshua Hamblin Baker, on Wednesday, August 2, at Somerville, Mass. Mr. Baker is brother to Martha Baker, Class of '98.

—Ethel Josephine Garey, (here in '95,) to William Julian Henderson, on Tuesday, August 22, at Newton Centre, Mass.

—Grace Carolie Thomas, here in '97, to Charles Percy Fonda, on Thursday, August 31, at Montclair, Colorado. They are to make their home in Pueblo, Colorado.

—Sadie West Burrill, '92, to John William Tatley, Tuesday, September 5, at Ellsworth, Me.

—Besse Smith, here in '94, to Charles Beck Dechant, on Wednesday, September 6, at Cincinnati, Ohio.

—Clifford Branch Dasher, '98, to William Berry Stephens, on Wednesday, September 6, at Savannah, Georgia. Home address: 110 Fifth Street, East Savannah.

—Annie May Dickinson, '95, to James Spencer Adsit, on Wednesday, September 27, at Martinsville, Indiana. Home address: 1524 Troost Avenue, Kansas City, Mo.

—May Willman Emery to Washington Yale, Jr., on Wednesday, October 25, at Waltham, Mass. Their home address is 2120 Nicollet Avenue, Minneapolis, Minn.

—Margaret Shepard Gere, '95, to Wallace Henry Swan, on Wednesday, October 18, Sioux City, Iowa. Home address: 819 Tenth Street, Sioux City.

—Elizabeth Sumner Shaw, here in '95, to Phineas Warren Sprague, on Tuesday, October 7, at Brookline, Mass.

PASSED AWAY.

"Far out of sight, while yet the flesh enfolds us,
Lies the fair country where our hearts abide,"

sang one who had learned what it is that makes our hearts abide in that far away land; and those of our friends, who, since last the LEAVES went to press, have looked into the face of death doubtless learned in that bitter hour that the "Home-land" had grown nearer and dearer to them than ever before, now that it held out to them the hope of reunion with their loved and lost. Without that hope how would death's terrors be increased!

—Caroline and Mary Thomson have lost their dear father, as has also Gertrude May; Anna Fry, her mother; Gertrude Newcomb, here in 1888-9, died at her home in Biddeford, Me., a short time since, and Dr. William Butler, one of the most earnest and efficient of our Mexican missionaries, father of Clementina, and the grandfather of Evelina Butler, with us this year, has passed to his reward. With all whom the death of these leave sad and lonely we sympathize most deeply and truly. May they find comfort in Him who knoweth all our needs and our griefs.

Death of Jules Luquiens, Ph. D.

MEMBER OF BOARD OF DIRECTORS OF LASELL.

THE high ranks of pure teaching lost a valiant comrade, Yale College an able and honored professor, Lasell Seminary a discriminating and judicious adviser, and the world a rarely noble soul, on Wednesday, August 23, when Jules Luquiens, professor of modern languages at Yale, quietly passed on from the home of his wife—his vacation resort—in Salem, Ohio.

Professor Luquiens was born in Lausanne, Switzerland, was graduated at the University of his native city, afterwards studied at other universities in France and Germany, and received degrees and titles which his great modesty never let him mention. In this country he taught at Charlier Institute, New York City; Wesleyan College for Women, Cincinnati, Ohio; the Cincinnati University; Lasell Seminary, Auburndale; the Institute of Technology, Boston, and at Yale University. It was conceded by many friends of the Institute of Technology that a strong man was lost when he went to Yale. He was for years an intimate friend of Prof. Whitney, with whom he was collaborator in several works. He was author of several text-books, but was singularly faithful to the work of teaching, with which he let nothing interfere, authorship being indulged in only as an aid to instruction. His was a rare insight into human nature, a ripe scholarship, a discerning judgment, very clear and elegant expression, and great conscientiousness. On the board of instruction of Lasell, and, later, on its board of directors, his work and thought were very thorough and helpful. He was cut down in his prime, and will be greatly missed. Always of noble thinking and sweet speaking, he made very dear friendships, which, however, his modest shrinking from people caused to be far too few for his worth. He was a man to admire, to trust, to love. He leaves a wife and three children, the oldest of whom was made instructor at Yale immediately upon his graduation two years ago.

Dr. William Butler.

FOUNDER OF THE M. E. MISSIONS IN INDIA AND MEXICO.

THIS distinguished man, whose death during the summer has elsewhere received notice in these columns, was long one of our ablest, most earnest and devoted missionaries to India and Mexico, where he has done a wonderful work, a monument to his noble Christian character far transcending shaft of marble or statue of bronze. Converted to God sixty years ago in Dublin, Ireland, he thenceforth gave himself up to God's service, cast in his lot with the Methodist church, and eventually found in India and Mexico his life-work. For the future of this country he had great hopes, and to bring nearer the day of her redemption he labored with enthusiastic earnestness and whole-souled devotion.

The memorial services held in his honor, in Gante Street M. E. Church, were most impressive and beautiful. There were present besides the members of Dr. Butler's family, the presiding elders of the church, and the ladies of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society throughout the entire Republic of Mexico, together with numerous other ministers and people of note in various lines of church work from all over the country; and the tributes paid by these to the memory of this saintly servant of God were most beautiful and exalted, convincing evidence of the power and influence of a life hid with Christ in God.

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"Mrs. Aeneas."—*Ex.*



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A WORD TO ALL ABOUT THE LEAVES.

The LASELL LEAVES is a paper that belongs to Lasell and to everybody connected with it. It is thoroughly a school paper. While we are at school, it is a kind of diary, which every month tells what has happened during that time; when we have left the school for the larger and more trying stage of life, it is the only means of communication with Lasell as a whole. Whether the LEAVES be successful in its mission or not, lies entirely in our own hands. If we feel that our help and interest is not necessary to make it what it should be, it will soon be a total failure; but if everybody does her little cheerfully, the paper cannot help but be worthy of dear old Lasell, that we love so dearly.



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"DUX FEMINA FACTI."

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The Editors will be glad to receive from the students and Alumnæ any communications and items of interest to the school.

Editorials.

BROWNING says, "All we have willed or hoped or dreamed of good, shall exist." This is a most helpful and comforting thought to keep before us. Sometimes we are discouraged, and may even feel that our life is likely to prove a failure, but if we can believe with Browning in the truth of this thought, it will encourage us to begin anew with strength doubled by the very failures that had disheartened us. That which counts in our life is *honest endeavor,* and not success. He who tries hard and faithfully, but fails, is much more to God than he who succeeds without half trying to do his best.

HOW easy it is for us all to put off a thing we dislike to do! We look at it from all sides, measure it, weigh it, wonder how long it will take to do it; rack our brains to find how and where to begin, and then we put it aside for duties that seem more pleasant and enjoyable to us. But we do not enjoy these duties under such circumstances so much as at other times. That undone task is like a weight upon our minds, and seems to spoil everything else. As time goes on, it seems to grow larger, to become heavier, and we dread more and more to think of doing it. The only way to relieve ourselves of such a needless and vexing

strain, is to do our work as soon as possible, and get it over with. The longer one shirks it, the harder it becomes. The best way then, is to do the unpleasant work first, and after that is done we can doubly enjoy our pleasures, for then we have only enjoyable things before us, while in the other case, we are always conscious of that disagreeable duty threatening to cut short everything else.

AS these delightful autumn days are passing, we are reminded of the near approach of Thanksgiving, with all its joys, so especially delightful to the hearts of the New Englanders. The girls who have never yet spent a Thanksgiving here, have a treat in store, while those who have spent the day at Lasell before, know full well its pleasures. But in the festivities of the day, let us not lose sight of the true meaning of Thanksgiving, and as we enumerate our blessings, let us place among the first, our right and duty to be well educated American women.

THE news-board is something which we all feel is a great convenience. When lessons press hard it is a help to us to be able to get the most important of the daily happenings of the world in a glance or two from the board, and our thanks are due to the obliging members of the Junior English, who every morning glean for us the most noteworthy bits of news from the papers to present them to us so concisely. Judging from appearances, these items are often of such interest to the girls, that the news-board becomes a rival of the post-office boxes.

There are still a few copies of the 1900 *Allerlei* left, and any old or new girl desiring them, can procure them for $1.00 each. Address, K. V. WHITE, '00, Lasell.

The White Mountain Trip.

THIS year the party for the White Mountains left on Saturday, September 30, and was gone for three whole days. What a jolly, good time we had! Surely, it would be impossible for any one to have a better trip, or to see more in that time. "If we could only stay three weeks, instead of three days!" was the continued cry of every girl. The trip thither was most enjoyable. We left Lasell on Saturday morning, had luncheon at Plymouth, and arrived at North Woodstock early in the afternoon. Here we found the stage and a big mountain wagon waiting for us. It rained a little at first, and the girls prepared to make the most of a rainy drive, but it presently cleared off; the sun shone; the air was bracing, and everything seemed brighter on account of the previous grayness. The driver cracked his long whip, and those six strong horses never pulled a jollier crowd of girls over ten miles of the way to the White Mountains. We saw the mountains at their very best; the leaves had all turned, and the blending of the gorgeous reds, yellows, and purples produced a marvelous effect. After driving for five miles, we came to the Flume, a waterfall which starts from a spring in the rocks, and flows down over the big, flat stones. Up the side of the falls we climbed until we came to its source,—a hard and steady climb. Then we took the stage again and drove to Franconia Notch. It was here that we saw the "Old Man of the Mountains," a wonderful rock-formed profile of an old man's face, which at this time was lit up by the last rays of the setting sun, and stood out strongly against the red sky, from the top of Mt. Cannon.

We stopped at the Profile House, and from there took the train to Mt. Pleasant,

passing on the way Echo Lake, where we listened to the achoes of our whistles clearly and distinctly thrown back from the mountains. We were very late in arriving at the Mt. Pleasant House, but, nevertheless, found awaiting us a savory meal, which amply satisfied the ravenous appetites of the girls. Across the tops of the menu cards was written, "Welcome to the Lassies of Lasell," and we soon found out that we had two hospitable proprietors. After this we danced in the ball room until bed time, and then retired, to find that our rooms opened into each other. It is needless to say that vaudevilles and pillow fights were the results, and that the bell-boys were kept busy running for lemonade and ice water.

It was snowing when we awoke in the morning, and the tops of the mountains were capped with white. Some of the girls went for a short walk after breakfast, while others, more afraid of the cold, sat around the big grate fire and talked and read. Later in the morning, through the kindness of the proprietors, we went for a long drive. It was very cold, and the guests bundled us up in overcoats, capes, shawls and golf stockings—every available piece of warm clothing they had. When we were all ready, some of us were astonishing figures, and Mr. Bragdon pretended to be very much ashamed of us. We were, however, able to keep warm and enjoy the drive, with the exception of one girl, who was quite positive that the thermometer *must* be below zero, and said that if a thermometer were slipped into her shoe, it would drop fifty degrees. She was *not* the girl who wore the doctor's golf stockings. We saw the Crawford Notch, and the Silver Cascades where a great landslide occurred some years ago, killing seven people. We returned in time for dinner, and as usual, were quite ready for it. When we went into the dining-room a large Lasell banner greeted us, and the girls showed their hearty appreciation in applause.

In the afternoon the girls went for a walk, and it was a good five mile one, too; but they were fully repaid, for they saw grand scenery and a "Dandy" wind-mill (even Mr. Bragdon will agree to that). Sunday evening we listened to a delightful concert in the ball room, by the hotel orchestra.

The hotel closed on Monday morning, so that we had to come home then. The girls though loth to leave, started off amid songs and cheers for Mt. Pleasant, and for the people there who had treated them so kindly.

H. C. H.

The Oldest Church in London.

Rev. A. J. Coultas, A. M.

A LITTLE to the east of Smithfield, hidden from view by many dingy tenements that seem to have grown up in thick confusion about it, stands the priory of St. Bartholomew the Great—the oldest church in London. The neighborhood of the church, crowded with wretched buildings, intersected by narrow streets, confusing lanes and courtyards, is one of the oldest parts of London. On Cloth Fair, a street of dirty shops and dwellings running irregularly near the north side of the church, are still standing some of the original houses that escaped the great fire of 1666. It is hard to believe that in this squalid quarter of the city once thronged the fashion of London, and that here also lived no less a person than Sir Walter Mildmay, chancellor to the exchequer of Queen Elizabeth. But such, indeed, was the constituency of St. Bartholomew centuries ago.

The church had its foundation in the lofty purpose of a noble soul. The story of its inception reads like a romance. Famous

among the courtiers of King Henry I. for his witty conversation was an ecclesiastic, Rahere, who, in 1120, went on a pilgrimage to Rome. While visiting the reputed site of the martyrdom of St. Paul, that malarious region some three miles outside the city's wall, Rahere contracted the Roman fever. His lingering illness gave opportunity for sober and repentant thought, and he resolved upon a new life. During his convalescence he had this extraordinary vision: A winged beast with eight feet carried him up on high and seemed about to drop him into a pit of unfathomable depth. Calling aloud in terror, there suddenly appeared to him the form of St. Bartholomew, the Apostle, who assured him of succor and directed him to build a church in London. Having fully recovered, Rahere returned to London, and, intent upon the fulfilment of his mission, sought at once from his friend, the Bishop of London, a grant of some waste land in Smithfield, and there built his church. An account of the founding of the priory, taken from an original manuscript, reads as follows:—

"The church was founded in the month of March, in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, in memory of St. Bartholomew the Apostle, the year from the incarnation of the same Lord, our Saviour, 1123. The Holy Father, Pope Calixtus II. then holding and ruling the Holy See of Rome; William, Archbishop of Canterbury, presiding in the Church of England, and Richard, being Bishop of London, who consecrated that place."

Rahere lived to see his work substantially completed, and to found as well the Hospital of St. Bartholomew, that group of buildings to the south of Smithfield which has been a refuge for the sick during twenty-six generations, and where even now 150,000 poor sick people are ministered to every year.

Dying, Rahere was buried in the church he had built, and wherein he had often preached. His generous dust is there still.

"Such a man,
Might be a copy to the younger times,
Which, followed well, would demonstrate them now
But goers backward."

The priory may be entered from Smithfield through an archway of early English style opening to a foot thoroughfare. After crossing this thoroughfare, the church-yard to the south is reached, where the door-way into the church passes through the base of of a brick tower erected in 1628. We entered, however, through the north court-yard leading from Cloth Fair, and, descending a flight of eleven steps, passed through a Norman arch and stood in the ground space of the central tower in full view of the ancient interior. The central aisle extends eastward perhaps a hundred feet, to the chancel which is enclosed by an apse of five arches. On either side are five bays connecting the apse with the north and south transepts, while north and south aisles and ambulatory surround the entire enclosure. The arches and piers on the ground, the whole triforium and the vaulting of the aisles are the best period of the Norman style. The piers are circular with square bases and solid cushioned capitals; the arches of the triforium have zig-zag and billet moldings, and the vaulting of the aisles is plain-groined.

The church shows the marks of time, war, and innovation. The central tower is entirely gone, while ruinous fragments only of the north and south transepts remain. Once existing chapels in the north and south aisles are now barely identified, and but one wall remains to locate the cloister. The Lady's chapel to the rear of the apse is in partial ruins, while the crypt to the rear of and beneath the chapel is literally filled with *debris*. In the time of Cromwell many of the monuments, to preserve them from the hand of the iconoclast, were marred and

blackened, and still show the marks of their defacement.

On every hand are evidences of successive alterations. The greatest of these were made in the 15th century when the then prior, by the remodeling of arches, corbels, moldings, traceries, etc., endeavored to give to the church the perpendicular architecture of his time. His greatest change was the construction, directly in front of the apse, of an east wall with large stained glass window. To make way for this innovation the upper part of the apse was pulled down. Four years ago this square wall was removed and the apse now appears as it originally stood.

Walking down the middle aisle of the church we passed, on either hand, in the spaces between the bays, the monuments of a knight, a benefactor, a statesman and a youth. Continuing to the chancel rail and then turning to the left we beheld in the last bay on the north side of the church an elaborate but quaint tomb. Upon it lay the prostrate effigy in wood of a shaven ecclesiastic in the black robe of an Augustinian canon. At his feet was an angel; on either side of him a small kneeling figure of a monk reading from a book; while over all was a vaulted canopy of tabernacle work of the 15th century. The following simple inscription marked it as the tomb of Rahere: *"Hic jacet Raherus primus canonicus et primus prior hujus ecclesiæ."*

Here, then, for more than seven centuries have rested the remains of the noble prior. His good deeds according to his biographer were only exceeded by his pure character. As a preacher he must have excelled. "And in this wise he delivered his sermon, that now he stirred his audience to gladness so that all the people applauded him, and then again he urged them to sadness and sorrow for their sins so that all the people were compelled to sighing and weeping." So reads a manuscript written in the time of King Henry II.

Turning from Rahere's tomb we noticed, opposite, in a bay of the triforium on the south side of the church, a projecting window. Its more recent architecture and unnatural position were conspicuous. It was built by Bolton, prior in 1506; for carved on the middle panel below the window is his rebus, a cross-bow bolt passing through a wine tun. Ben Johnson speaks of him as "Prior Bolton with his bolt in tun." The window was probably built for the purpose of watching Rahere's tomb.

Entering the north aisle, which once contained three small chapels and several tombs, we passed on to the ambulatory, and thence through an iron door admitting us to the Lady's chapel. But for the original north window, which of the old chapel is all that remains, one would never suspect its early purpose. In turn it has been neglected, desecrated by a fringe factory, and used as a store-room. We saw there, however, among the collected relics, some of the finest fragments of Norman work in original designs and colors.

Passing without to the yard adjoining the south side of the church we peered into the crpyt below and to the rear of the Lady's chapel. It was in process of excavation, and a portion of its vault, a single span of twenty-two feet of chalk with stone ribs, could be plainly seen. Part of the unaltered crypt wall with its deeply-splayed unglazed lights had also been laid bare. The original buttresses of the Lady's chapel may be seen from this south yard, and the curious flint-work battlements and turrets of the exterior of the apse. At the base of the apse, where the workmen had been digging, two skeletons were found the day of our visit. This, we learned, is not an infrequent oc-

currence. How many ancient monks and saints have been buried within and without the old church walls will, perhaps, never be known.

Re-entering the church we walked along the south aisle, pausing for awhile before the elaborate tomb of Queen Elizabeth's chancellor, Sir Walter Mildway. This tomb, the finest in the church, has been restored; and with its marble paneling, pilasters, gilded moldings and shields presents a very fine appearance. A door near the west end of the aisle led us up a flight of steps to the present vestry, a room built in the first bay of the south transept, and preserving a well-defined Norman arch of the triforium. With a glance out at the moldering tombs of a little cemetery which occupied the rest of the transept, and a fine view of the whole interior of the church from an adjacent organ-loft, we descended to the ground-floor. We left the church by the way we had entered, tarrying, however, before leaving, over a plain octagonal font standing in a western recess once used as a porch. This font is of interest from the tradition that it is the one in which William Hogarth, the painter, was baptized on November 28, 1697.

Such is the church of St. Bartholomew the Great, which after the neglect of centuries is beginning to attract attention as a great value in history and architecture. A fund for the restoration of the property has recently been started, and soon some of the old buildings about the church are to be torn down and the priory itself to be fully renovated. Thus will London save one of her "ancient landmarks."

One will not leave the vicinity of St. Bartholomew without marking out the spot where perished the Smithfield martyrs. Not more than 150 feet from the Smithfield entrance to the church, across the southeast corner of the square, in the wall enclosing the hospital grounds, is the following tablet:

"Within a few feet of this spot,
JOHN ROGERS,
JOHN BRADFORD,
(and others)
servants of God, suffered death by fire,
for the faith of Christ,
in the years 1555—1556—1557."

We were able to locate with tolerable certainty the place of martyrdom. Starting from the centre of the pointed archway which leads to the church, and walking in a straight line to the place of intersection opposite the tablet in the wall, we stood where were found in 1849 charred bones and stones blackened by fire. That this spot marks the position of the stake is now generally accepted. Here, with faces turned toward the gate of the priory, the prior himself being chief witness of the scene, perished, in the time of Queen Mary, no less than 277 men of God.

"Still, still, though dead, they speak,
And trumpet-tongued, proclaim
To many a wakening land,
The one availing Name."

In one of our parlors is a beautiful and valuable etching by Oliver Baker, which shows the interior of this interesting old church. The etching is taken from the northeast corner of the choir, and shows the long vista of Norman columns and arches enriched with the characteristic billet moulding. Above is the heavy string course, and rich range of blank arcading which forms the triforium, and still higher two windows of a later clerestory are visible.

Odds and Ends About Early Boston.

THE following clipping contains some interesting matter about the Hub:

"At the time of the Revolution, a British war ship was anchored near where Trinity Church in Boston now stands, the Back

Bay and the greater part of the South End being all made land. William Blaekstone was the first white settler in Boston, and built for himself a house upon what is now called Louisburg square. In 1634 he sold the town of Boston for £30. In the early days of no sidewalks, people who were wont to take their nightly outings carried their own lanterns, and this eustom was adhered to until 1834, when gas was introduced for street lighting. The old Latin school was built near King's Chapel, and later on was rebuilt on the site now oeeupied by the Parker House. It has always been thought that Robert Newman hung out the lantern on Christ Chureh for Paul Revere, but now it is believed that the deed was performed by the latter's confidential friend, John Pulley."

A Word From the Klondike.

ONE of the girls who has a friend in the Klondike sends us the following clipping from one of his letters, thinking that it might be of interest as eoming from a plaee about whieh people are yet curious.

"What next winter has to unfold can only be known by one more season of tents, dog-teams, snow-shoes, ete. Cape Name near St. Miehael's seems to be the favorite stamping ground for ineoming miners and for many from Rampart City and Dawson. Our own party of twelve is now redueed to six men. Two more may leave us at any time now, for they eannot see anything sure here, and I must eonfess that the continual report of good times and increased salaries in the States has an effect upon all of us. Rampart is at present dull. Not even a poker game in any of the dozen or more saloons. That means marked stagnation of business in a mining camp.

"We spend much of our time this summer, on the river in our canoe. We have two large salmon nets out, and are just feasting on the best fish in the world. The nets are set three or four miles down stream, and we go down to them twice a day. It is great fun to haul in a net over the side of our canoe, and to get, perhaps, eight big fellows, ten or twelve pounders, in at once. They are powerful fish and struggle hard for life. We dry the poorer fish for our dog-team next winter, and eat the king and silver salmon.

"I took my first involuntary plunge in the Yukon the other day. I had one of our eanvas eanoes, and made a reach over her side for the net, when the line of direction got tangled up in a rowlock, or something, and in I went with the fishes. I got out all right, however, and brought the net with me."

In the Days of Queen Bess.

IT is one of the most eommon of beliefs that the lives of those who are surrounded by all that wealth ean buy must of neeessity be exquisitely happy. Often do we envy their state, and espeeially do we look with longing eyes upon eastles and palaces, pieturing to ourselves with fond minuteness the blessed condition of those who oeeupy them.

To very many the word "palace" is espeeially suggestive of everything of luxury and splendor that can give ease to the body, or delight to the mind, and of all who have dwelt in these lordly piles not one, perhaps, is more faseinating to us than Good Queen Bess. Royal in station, in manners, in endowments, she lived too in a royal age; for England, during her reign, was mother of a throng of men of distinguished abilities, and of some of transcendent genius, the implanter of lofty ambitions, the fosterer of high achievements; it was rich and prosperous, commercial and adventurous. Yet not

withstanding this, it is a fact that a man of only moderate means enjoys to-day more comforts, even more luxuries, than did Queen Bess herself.

Without entering into the intricacies of the question of architecture, it may safely be said than in many ways the houses of the great were in those times much less conveniently planned than are the average houses of today—the homes of the merely well-to-do. They still used the huge fireplaces for warmth, knowing nothing of the comfort of the modern furnace-heated house in which the temperature throughout may be made equable and pleasant, the dust and dirt of a wood fire, which needs frequent replenishing, obviated; the clouds of a suffocating smoke, which at times almost drove the inmates from the room, done away with; and the danger of fire reduced almost to zero. Even the coal stove with its many inconveniences would have been hailed with delight by the Elizabethan noble, or by his queen herself, shivering in the winter chill of their spacious, but ill-warmed rooms.

The walls were adorned with loosely hung tapestries, a feeding-ground for the moth, and a refuge for the assassin. These with them took the place of our beautifully designed and delicately tinted wall-papers, as well as that of the many pictures, oils, water-colors, photographs, etchings, pen-and-ink drawings, with which we beautify our rooms and educate our taste for things lovely. How many of us would exchange with any degree of pleasure our pictures for the queen's tapestries, if we knew that the exchange was to be permanent? Glass for windows came into general use among the wealthy during Elizabeth's reign, we are told, so that for at least a part of her life as queen, her nobles, and perhaps she herself, were without the comfort of glazed windows, the commonest of our 19th century *necessities,* for such they have now undoubtedly become. A palace without windows! It seems paradoxical; yet we are told that the innovation of glass was grumbled at by no less a personage than Lord Bacon himself. To illuminate at night, the great halls of these old Elizabethan days, to make visible the pictured glories of these tapestries, resort could be had only to candles. Fancy the difference in brilliancy between such means of illumination and the gas and electricity of our own time.

In the matter of chairs, sofas, and other such articles of furniture, we must admit the elegance and richness of the taste of those days; but though made of costly material, beautifully carved and otherwise ornamented, and well cushioned, these were by no means so skillfully fashioned for grace and daintiness as those we have now, nor so cunningly adapted to the curves of the body. Moreover they were large and heavy for the most part, and by no means easy to move from place to place at the convenience of the user. Carpets, too, which are found in every home now, even of the very poor, were in Elizabeth's time newly introduced luxuries; the rushes and mattings of the former times being yet hardly forgotten even by the wealthiest nobles. In general we may say of the furniture of the palaces of those days, that it was massive, ornate, lacking a great degree in comfortable qualities, and scanty.

Perhaps a word might be said regarding the table at that time, "At meals all wore their hats as in church or at the theatre," says one authority, a custom at which our latter-day love of ease would rebel. Forks were unknown. the food being taken from the knife point, and conveyed to the mouth by the left hand. The viands, though now becoming far less confined to wines and dishes of flesh than formerly were still

much less delicately and daintily prepared and served than with us. Queen Elizabeth would doubtless puzzle what to do could she return to us for a banquet from a modern dining table. In this as in many other ways the advancement of the years has been steadily to daintier and more healthful foods, fewer heating flesh dishes and less wine; and more fine art in preparing and in serving the food taken. Moreover, we have now tea and coffee, which were then unknown articles of luxury. This is but a glimpse into a condition of things among the wealthy Elizabethans, such as few of us realize in thinking of the glories of that splendid age; it might be extended almost indefinitely, but there is here enough to suggest at least that on comparison of Mr. Smith's house around the corner, its comforts and luxuries, with palaces of the Tudor queen and her nobles, you would one and all unhesitatingly choose the former for your own occupancy, and that you would be wise in doing so.

Counsel For Girls.

AN ASSOCIATION of young women in a western city wrote through a committee of one—the most effective sort of a committe—to their favorite authors, asking advice which would be profitable. The Springfield *Republican* published the answers, and among them is a reply from Dr. Holmes, penned a few days before his death, and from which we cull these wise words:

"You will remember, doubtless, that Lockhart tells us in his 'Life of Sir Walter Scott,' that when Sir Walter lay upon his dying bed he said to Lockhart, 'My dear, be virtuous, be religious, be good. Nothing else will give you any comfort when you come to lie here.'

"I know of no better words of advice that I can give to you and other girl readers of my writing, than those of the author of 'Waverly,' which I have just quoted.

"Be clever, if you will and can; but, first of all, be good.

"I think I cannot do better than to urge upon you and all my other young women readers the importance of sincerity and earnestness of purpose. Let it be your aim in every act of life to be, rather than to seem.

"Avoid all hypocrisies and shams of every kind. Be wholly sincere in every word you speak and everything you do.

"Remember that intense earnestness and earnest, conscientious labor are the keys to success in every undertaking. Be in earnest, then. Work hard. Having formed a purpose let nothing tempt you from its accomplishment.

"If you have high and lofty aims, no matter how hard a struggle you may have to make before they may be realized, press on, fight on, till you have attained them.

"What if you do have to sacrifice the thousand and one pleasures of life? Let them go without a thought. Time enough for them when sincerity and earnestness have made you more than conquerors, have brought you, the triumphant winner of a good fight, to a commanding elevation, whence you can look down in peace and contentment upon the rugged path up which you have struggled.

"If you and all my other young women readers will conscientiously follow this advice and be true to yourself and to God, you will do all that is possible to attain the happiness that is sincerely wished you by, very truly yours,

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

NOT GIVING IT AWAY.—Dixon.—Why is it that it is usually unmarried women who write on "How to manage a Husband?"

Hixon.—Oh, you don't suppose a married woman is going to give her little plan away, do you?—*London Tit-Bits.*

LOCALS.

On Saturday, October 14, Dewey was in Boston. The girls had the privilege of going in town to see the parade, seats on Columbus Avenue having been secured for a party of them.

In the afternoon of the same day another party attended the football game between Yale and Dartmouth.

About sixty of the girls went in to see Joseph Jefferson in Rip Van Winkle, Thursday evening, October 19.

Dr. Mary Pratt has this term delivered before the senior class eight lectures on Psychological Physiology. The lectures this year were exceedingly useful, giving suggestions for the care and preservation of the health.

On Monday, October 23, Dr. Winslow took a party to see the Olymphia. Although the famous boat was being repaired at the time, the girls were allowed to inspect all parts of it, and the trip proved very interesting.

On Monday, October 16, a large party visited Concord, Lexington, and Walden Pond. In the evening the party returned delighted, after having spent a day in the famous historic places.

Drill began, November 3, with an unusually large number in the battalion. In the combined companies there are one hundred and three. The new officers have not yet been chosen.

Miss Call has begun her work in nerve training. Her classes are even larger than last year.

The chorus classes this year are under the direction of Mr. Clarence Ashenden of Auburndale. The classes will meet once a week throughout the year. The chief object is to gain facility in sight reading.

On Hallowe'en the seniors entertained the school with a Phantom Party. The invitation read, "The shades of the Senior Class of 1900, B. C., invite the shades of all good Lasell girls to the gymnasium at 7.30. Hallowe'en." The gymnasium was without light except the dim and eerie gleams cast by the pumpkin lanterns. Around the room were apples on strings, and here and there tubs filled with water in which were floating other apples elusive, though tempting. After the performances usual at such times, the girls danced until half past nine.

On Friday Dr. Rolfe delivered his second lecture on "Shakespeare, the Man."

November 2, several of the girls attended Mr. Henry Dunham's organ recital in the Shawmut Avenue Congregational Church, Boston. The new organ there is exceptionally fine. The music surpassed that of his former recitals.

The golf links are in good condition now. Several of the girls have made good records. Rival clubs are to be organized, to stimulate the interest in the game.

The Reverend Luther D. Townsend, D. D., lectured, Thursday, November 2, on "Transcendentalism in Every Day Life." The girls were awakened to the value of idealism in their every day lives.

Through oversight the notice of the address of welcome to the new girls was omitted from last month's issue of the LEAVES. On the first day of school, Mrs. Blanche Martin spoke in the chapel, welcoming the girls in behalf of the faculty, and in her usual attractive manner gave them helpful thoughts to guide them in their new surroundings and conditions.

By the kindness of Mr. Henry Williams, an old friend of Mrs. Bougeareau, the picture, whose gift to Lasell was mentioned in our June number, was placed on exhibition for two weeks in the gallery of Williams & Everett, 190 Boylston Street. The pupils

of Lasell and their friends residing in Boston and vicinity, in large numbers, improved the opportunity of seeing this interesting work. It has now come to its future home, and will be placed in one of the parlors.

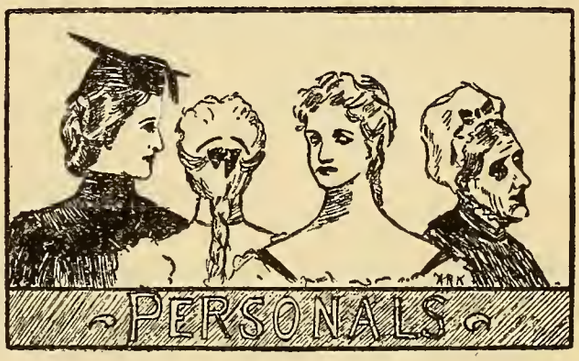
The following have been favored with calls from members of their families: Misses Flaherty, Brewer, L. Whitney, Stilson, M. Whitney, Tarbox, Wells, Slayton, Graffam, Tirrell, B. White, Parker, Fry, Moses, Scott, Jenckes, A. Taylor, Talcott, Thompson, Robinson, K. White, Draper, Metcalf, H. Deering, Ward, Fuller, Fisk, Gurley, Krag, Kendrick, Hart, Lockwood, J. Deering, Winn, Butler.

Former Pupils:—Edith Gale, Harriet Scott, Mrs. Fanny Thornton Brown, Elise Scott, Grace Washburn, Alice Kimball, Kathryn and Elizabeth Robertson, Mrs. Kate Gibbons-Ashenden, Lillie Potter, Ernestine Orton, Edith Dresser, Myra Davis, Mabel Currie, Mrs. Mabel Sawyer Rodgers, Marion Stafford, Corinne Nickerson, Elizabeth Snow, Hortense Watts, Bessie Hayward, Clementine Butler.

Mrs. Elva Gibson Plumb called with her husband, also Bertha Warren's sister.

First Impressions.

THE first impression of a new girl at Lasell will doubtless be of some interest to those who read this paper. The opening day is looked forward to by all with pleasure and curiosity; with pleasure that one is to see new faces and meet new friends, and with curiosity as to what these new faces and friends will be like. The opening day this year was certainly a delightful one, especially for the girls who were strangers to Lasell. The kindness of the old girls in welcoming them, was fully appreciated by those who were just entering. The evening of this day brought us a memorable and delightful surprise; on going to the dining-room we found there an orchestra which played cheering and lively airs all through the dinner hour, after which we went to the gymnasium, where the orchestra continued to play, and we had a gay time. Many of the girls who had been threatened with homesickness felt much happier after the evening, and retired to rest, feeling that the year at Lasell would probably be a happy one for all.



—Elsie Burdick ('99) thinks of pursuing still farther the study of cooking as a fine art. We wish her all success. She half promises us a visit before a great while.

—Lena Josselyn had Carol Case for guest at the time of Alice Burnham's wedding. Alice, by the way, is by this time living in her pretty new home, and doing the honors with her native sweetness. Mary Johnson has fallen into the snare of the fowler, and is to be married in the spring, and Marion, so Lena says, sometime next year.

—Ella Wilson ('96) came back, October 6, from her trip to Europe, more in love with America than ever. "It's the only country worth living in," she declares. She especially enjoyed Venice, then London; saw Mr. Shepherd and Nellie Feagles ('98) in Munich, and Elizabeth Shaw in Paris, and at some other place Mr. Spaulding, whose lectures at Lasell she remembered. Ella is just now busy planning for the success of the New York Lasell Club this winter, she being

one of its most enthusiastic and efficient officers. She is still interested in Lasell itself, and speaks of being acquainted with Miss Clarke, who lately visited Katharine White, and through whom she had news of us.

—Lorena Fellows ('99) reports having had a delightful summer, during which Maude Mayo ('98) and Ethelyn Barber visited her. When she wrote she was expecting shortly to see Maude again; since the Portland Music Festival had attracted her to the city. Rena has set about learning the art of housekeeping, and reports progress in that direction. Wise girl!

—Edith Dresser ('97) and Myra Davis delighted us the other day by a pleasant call, though all too short. Both were looking well, and evidently enjoying life. Edith says that she met last winter Gertrude Hooper, of Baltimore, then visiting in Charlotte, North Carolina, and heard that she was about to marry.

—Carrie Brown Cassell, we are grieved to learn, has lost her little son, Willie, and has come perilously near losing her dear baby also, though she finally recovered, and is now as well and cunning as ever.

—Edna Cooke, like Ella Wilson and some others, is still sufficiently interested in her old school to send in her subscription to the LEAVES. (Why not others?) Edna sends, too, congratulations on Lasell's prosperous beginning of the new school year.

—October 20, says Mr. Bragdon, was a blue-letter day at Lasell. Ernestine Orton, of Rome, called. She was visiting Nettie Eldredge Shaw in Brookline, having come to be present at Elizabeth Shaw's marriage. Voice study in New York is her programme for the coming winter. Nettie's two-and-a-half year old little boy is a fine lad, she says. I saw both Ernestine and Nettie later at Rip Van Winkle. Then came Maude Case, Elizabeth Snow and Hortense Watts to spend the night, and it *was good* to see them all so well and happy. Maude was just from Alice Burnham's wedding, and Hortense had been with Elizabeth Snow a month, and now Elizabeth was going home with her.

—Mr. and Mrs. Spear, friends of Blanche Gardner, dined with her, and were present at evening chapel recently.

—Mrs. Jennie West Atwood, formerly teacher of art here, has sent us a fine photograph of herself, which we are very glad to possess.

—Bertha Hammond McPhatter and her husband announce the birth of a baby daughter, Janet Hammond, on the first of last month; also Mr. and Mrs. Frederick S. Webber (Ida Sibley, '84) that of little Miss Elizabeth Webber, on the twenty-fourth of October. Our congratulations.

—Mary Vance ('99) and her mother called not long ago. They are now at No. 1648 Massachusetts Avenue, Cambridge.

—We had the pleasure of a visit from Arminta Henne ('99) a few days since, and also of a call from Mabel Currie ('99) and Corinne Nickerson, all of whom we were heartily glad to see.

—Madeline Meegan's engagement is announced. The gentleman is Mr. Hebert R. Gates. Madeline, besides having done special work in music and French since leaving us, seems also to have added miniature painting to the list of her accomplishments. A good picture of her is given in the paper announcing the engagement.

—Emma Goll's engagement to Mr. Albert Edgar Dacy, of the Chicago Beach Hotel, has recently been announced.

—Elizabeth Allen's "Coming-out party" occurred early in November, and many pleasant things were said of her in certain newspaper notices that have chanced to come in our way. We trust her social barque

will find smooth sailing, and plenty of sunshine. We note a very faithful likeness of her in one of the papers.

—A Texas paper calls especial attention to the excellence of a certain pamphlet, "The Railroad in Education," from the pen of Prof. Alexander Hogg, of Ft. Worth, that state, whose three girls, Lulu, Nan, and Julia, have all been with us at various times. This little book is bright, lively, full of interest, and packed with valuable information.

—Emily Eaton's present address is, 2609 Lafayette Street, Denver. She writes of pratical office work, of pleasant social times, and of her new home, into which the family has but recently moved.

—Jennie Maxwell speaks of seeing Elizabeth Hitchcock quite frequently. Jennie is much better than she was, and Elizabeth is very well. Both girls were expecting to be bridesmaids at Sallie Ellwood's wedding, on the twenty-second, a "pink and white" wedding, by the way, with gowns that are "poems," so Jennie says.

—Gertrude Watson, we hear, expects to be married in January.

—Emma Goll's approaching wedding (December 6) is receiving attention in the Chicago newspapers, one of which, at least, prints a very good picture of Emma, and gives a somewhat detailed account of the wedding as planned, and of the parties, receptions, etc., heralding and following the event. Through this paper we learn that among the bridesmaids are to be Ada Cadmus, Kittiebel Chapman, Helene Little, Gertrude Clark, and Kathryn Robertson, all her schoolmates here.

—Alice Fuller writes a delightful account of herself and her work at Pratt Institute. Is very busy and very happy. Miss Barrows was there for a lecture some time since, and Alice through her came anew into touch with Lasell. She teaches two classes in cooking, and finds it absorbingly interesting. When home last summer she effectually convinced her family of her ability to cook wisely and well, which she considers a great triumph. The "Cooking Class dinners" at Pratt, she says, cannot cost over seventy-five cents, must be served for *four,* and must be dietetically correct. Each member of the class gives one. Alice finishes the course this year.

—Ruth Kimball ('98) is at her work in Chicago University, and has made friends with the dean, Miss Marion Talbot, who did her first lecturing at Lasell, and takes an especial interest in Ruth, partly, no doubt, because of that fact. Ruth has recently seen Luella Houghton.

—Gertrude Clark ('97) is personally interesting herself in the plan for an endowment fund for Lasell. She seems, judging from her letters, to be well and contentedly enjoying her home life.

MARRIED.

—Grace Shellabarger to James MacDougall Allen, on Wednesday, November 15, at Decatur, Illinois. Home address: 6 Pelham Place, Colorado Springs, Colo.

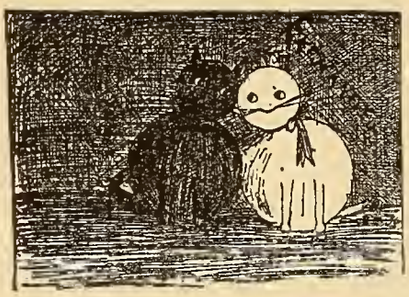
—Kate Small Pennell to S. Willis Price, on Wednesday, November 22, at Atchison, Kansas. Home address: 714 Spencer Avenue, Marion, Indiana.

—Bess Phelps to George Caslow Yocum, on Wednesday, November 22, at Scranton, Penn. Mr. Yocum is the brother of Mary, with us this year.

—Josephine Simonton Burkett to Edward Ansel Wadsworth, on Thursday, November 9, at Belfast, Me. Home address: 8 Church Street, Belfast.

—Sally Ethel Ellwood to Ralph Emerson Wiet, on Wednesday, November 22, at Sycamore, Ill.

DEWEY—you know the rest.



We were pleased to receive the following papers:—Bowdoin Orient, Connecticut School Journal, The Pennsylvanian, The Students' Review, The William's Weekly, The New York Amateur, The College Rambler, The Quill, The Mirror, The New Crusade, The Chelsea High School Beacon, The Harvard Lampoon, Acta Victoriana, The Bowdoin Quill, The Crescent, The College Folio, The Wesleyan Literary Montly, The Porcupine, Students' Life, Latin School Register, The Classic, The Jabberwock, The Tiltonian, R. M. S. T. Register.

What The Girls Say.

"Where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise."

New Girls' Motto.

* * * * *

In Literature Class.

Teacher.—"Where was Wordsworth born?"

Scholar.—"In Providence in England, I think."

Teacher.—"Where did you find that?"

Scholar.—"Why, I read that Providence reared a great poet."

* * * * *

Coming from church, on the day on which Dr. Brown of Belford, England, preached, one was heard to ask: "Is that really the man who wrote Bunyan's Pilgrim Progress?"

* * * * *

Teacher.—"How large is an iceberg."

Bright Senior, from the West.—"Well, I guess it is about as large as a house.

"Don't you remember any thing about Spencer?"

"I wasn't here when we took Spencer's life."

* * * * *

"If Chaucer was the father of English literature, who was the grandfather?"

* * * * *

"When was George Washington president of the United States?"

"During the Civil War."

* * * * *

"What are the followers of Luther called?"

"Lutherans."

"And the followers of Wycliffe?"

"Wycliffans, I suppose."

Lasell Advertisement Column.

Lost—Briggs' Collar—Will all the girls kindly examine their belts to see whether it may be among them?

Lost, Strayed or Stolen—A fine Latin pony. Finder will please return to Seminary stables.

Lost—A brilliant idea—$25 reward to the person who returns it to the inconsolable owner.

Lost—An opportunity. Finder may keep it.

Lost—A chord. Please return to practice room.

Found—A high C. Finder will be glad to return it to the prima donna who can prove ownership.

Wanted—A girl who can remember to replace books used from the library.

Wanted—Key for learning lessons with the least possible exertion in the least time.

Wanted—A perfect room-mate.

Wanted—More time.



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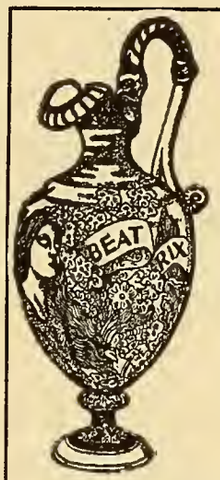
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VOL. XXV. LASELL SEMINARY, AUBURNDALE, MASS., DECEMBER, 1899. NUMBER 3

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The Editors will be glad to receive from the stude nts and Alumnæ any communications and items of interest to the school.

Editorials.

EVEN before the festivities of Thanksgiving drew near, we had begun to plan for our Christmas vacation, and now we are all counting the hours until we shall see the dear home faces again. The work of packing, so hard when leaving home, now becomes our greatest pleasure, and our farewells lack the sadness generally associated with them. The joys of the Christmas-tide add so much to the delights of home, that our anticipations are of the pleasantest; yet those who expect to be at Lasell during the vacation, will find, without doubt, that both Boston and Auburndale are as good substitutes for home as one could find anywhere. And now we wish everybody a "Merry Christmas," and add, in the words of "Tiny Tim," "God bless you every one."

Generally speaking more interest is felt by our readers in the "Personals" than in any other part of the paper. This being so, everyone who is thus interested should lend all the aid possible to make this department of the paper a success, which can be done by sending to the editor such items of interest about girls as they may chance to know. No item need be considered "too small to send," since any news of our friends cannot fail to be interesting.

ONE can hardly realize how many difficulties beset the path of the business manager of a school paper, until he has had actual experience in this line of work. There are many schools and colleges in and near Boston, and since in most cases each has its own monthly publication, there is much demand for advertisements. We feel sure that all in our own school will gladly help the LEAVES' manager as much as possible to secure easily these necessary "ads," and for this reason we give you this suggestion about how best to do it, *patronize those who advertise* in the LEAVES. In making your purchases of these firms, let it be known that you are from Lasell; you will thus both secure your discount, and make it easier for the manager to secure a continuance of the advertisement inserted by these people. You can easily see that if no school custom comes to a firm as a result of its advertising, the chance of securing a renewal of the "ad" is very small, certainly much smaller at least, than if it were more obviously profitable to the advertiser. Please, therefore, examine the LEAVES' list of advertisements, before your next shopping expedition into Boston. You can, we feel sure, find what you want at these stores, and by buying there help the business manager.

SHE WHO IS TO COME.

A woman—in so far as she beholdeth
Her one beloved's face;
A mother—with a great heart that enfoldeth
The children of the race;
A body, free and strong, with that high beauty
That comes of perfect use, is built thereof;
A mind where Reason ruleth over Duty,
And Justice reigns with Love;
A self-poised, royal soul, brave, wise and tender,
No longer blind and dumb;
A human being, of an unknown splendor,
Is she who is to come!

—*Charlotte Perkins Stetson.*

A Christmas Story.

THE sun had gone down with royal glory behind the hills. The western sky in its opaline splendors of rose and fire was reflected in exquisite beauty by the lake, the playful waves multiplying again and again as they rose and fell in tumultuous delight far out from the shore, or broke with a bubbling swish upon the rocks. The gentle breeze sighed through the pine tops, which rose in tiers against the brown of the hillsides. The peace of a winter wilderness rested on the Iron Range. Away out on the lake towards the east, the gray of the water melted so indefinably into the gray of the heavens, that the eye could discern no horizon. For a moment, all the air seemed saturated with rose that slowly toned down to one universal sombreness, advancing, apparently, from the east, and gradually veiling the whole landscape.

A little back from the shore, the wall of rock rose abruptly, except in one place, where Nature, in a freakish mood, had carved in it a few rough and uneven steps. On the top, amidst a cluster of pines and dwarfed birch trees, stood a weather-worn cabin. The smoke curled lazily out of the chimney, as if reluctant to leave such a warm abiding place and go forth into the sharp, winter air of this Christmas Eve. Snow covered the ground in patches, not with a deep, warm covering, but with a scant layer, which had been blown hither and thither by the Lake Superior winds, leaving some spots of earth entirely unprotected.

The door of the cabin suddenly opened, and an old man came out into the twilight, his long, white beard blown aside by the wind, which had been gradually rising since the setting of the sun, and his cap pulled low down over his ears and his wrinkled forehead. His face was reddened and tanned

by continual exposure, and his bent shoulders showed hard labor. Going to the edge of the rock, he looked off with a knowing eye into the ever increasing haze in the east, and mumbled, "Soon," shaking his head as if to emphasize the thought. Then he carefully descended to the shore to see that all the boards were in place over his beloved boat, in the summer his constant companion, but now drawn ingloriously up on shore, only an added care. The net reels were bare, the gulls gone. He missed their chatter. The forlorn, old man was happiest when he worked hard all day long, pulling up his nets or placing them. The winter was a lonely time for him, because he loved so to be upon the water and to hear its lapping waves caress his trusty boat.

A light shone through the little cabin window as he returned, and he caught a glimpse of his daughter within, washing the few supper dishes. Extraordinary preparations for Christmas had been going on that afternoon. A loaf of cake had been baked and a chicken dressed. What a wonderfully good dinner they would have! She was merrily singing as she worked, her hands showing wet and rosy against the white suds. She could make the day happy for father and be happy herself, yet she wished—and here she glanced at a photograph on the mantel.

A little later, when her dishes were done, she got her knitting, a pair of mittens for the fisherman, and sat down near the small kerosene lamp, which they allowed themselves to burn a short time every evening. The old man, with stiff fingers, was making a net. Whenever he busied himself in tying a knot, a puff of smoke from his pipe curled in halos about his head. Here was solid comfort and industry combined. His white locks and furrowed face contrasted strangely with the dark hair, rosy complexion, and bright eyes of the girl beside him. There she sat, a picture of health and happiness, contented amidst plainest surroundings. The bare, uncarpeted floor, the wooden table covered with oil-cloth, the mantel with its one photograph and an alarm clock, the walls of the room, so covered with newspaper pictures, varying from a view of the slums of New York to a vivid illustration in red and blue of the "Maine," that not a bare square foot of board was to be seen, all lent their charm to the peaceful scene.

The wind had now risen even higher, and the snow was falling in fine, icy flakes. Faster and faster it came down. The wind howled around the corners of the cabin, and the old fisherman, when he stood at the window just before going to bed, gazing out into the storm and darkness, said, "Worse. I knew it. Still more." The waves, now beginning to pound with thundering force on the shore and to rush over the rocks with a hungry sound, gurgled, "We will do our best."

* * *

The boat which chanced to be going from Duluth to Grand Marais about a week before had a passenger. This was quite out of the ordinary, first, because it is not often that a boat makes such a long trip in December, and, secondly, if a trip should happen to be made, few there are who want to journey at such a time unless it be absolutely necessary. The "John B." was taking provisions to Grand Marais, usually reached in winter by dog-train; but, as it is a trip up the north shore of the lake and not out into the open, and also as that month had been particularly free from storms and wind it had been deemed safe to take a load of supplies by water.

Evidently, the passenger had heard of the proposed trip, and considered it a good opportunity to make a journey he had in mind, but, although the captain had several times

regarded him in a questioning manner, the young man seemed in no way desirous of telling what was apparently his own business. When he had arrived at Grand Marais, his first question had been, "Does any one know of a boat that is going to Port Arthur?" He found that one was to leave for that place at noon of the day before Christmas if nothing should happen to prevent. He was happily disappointed. This *was* luck! From Port Arthur, he could easily walk in half a day to the most joyous of Christmas dinners, and, moreover, could bring thereto a good appetite. What would she say? Well, he could imagine without much difficulty. What *would* she do? He liked to think about it.

* * *

The cabin trembled at every blast of wind. The snow beat against the window panes, and the waves broke on the shore with deafening sound. The fisherman's daughter slept restlessly. At an unusually heavy squall, she arose and went to the window. Never had she seen the waves so high, so furious. The wind swept off their crests with an angry whistle, and the spray mingled with the sheets of snow which were being carried across the lake. The whirling snow and the continual crash, crash of the huge waves on the rocks below impressed on her mind the terror of the storm, and the strength of the waters. She had seen many gales, but none the equal of this.

What was that, a light? No, surely not. She peered again into the darkness, straining her eyes, then sank into a chair with a frightened expression on her face. She must dare to look once more. No mistake this time. It was necessary to act quickly, for without a doubt, some boat was fast approaching its destruction. The captain had certainly lost his bearings, and in a few moments the ship, if unwarned, would be grinding to pieces on some of the outer rocks. Who knew how many lives might be depending on her calmness and presence of mind?

Snatching a coat, which happened to be her father's, from the hook on the side of the wall, and wrapping a shawl around her head, for it was bitter cold, she seized a box of matches and all the dry kindling that she could possibly carry, and ran to the edge of the rock. She must hurry! Only a moment remained! With trembling fingers she brushed away the snow, placed the wood in a light heap, and lighted a match. It went out. Another and still another before she had the blaze started beneath the shelter of her coat. At length, when she felt that she could leave it for a second, she ran to the house for more wood. Oh, what could be done if the captain did not see the fire? "Father!" she cried at the top of her voice in her excitement, though she knew that he would be able to do nothing. The flame rose higher. She eagerly watched the oncoming light, and occasionally imagined that she even could see the outlines of the boat as it mounted the top of a wave. Presently the glimpses caught of it became less frequent, then it disappeared, and she saw it no more. Thank heaven! The pilot had seen his danger and had turned. Then came the reaction, and she staggered, exhausted, into the cabin.

The next morning dawned bright and clear. The dinner was cooking and an appetizing odor stole forth from the oven. Our passenger arrived at the cabin door just in time for the meal. Imagine, if you can, the joy of that Christmas Day when the fisher's daughter learned that it was her lover's life that she had saved on that wild night of storm and destruction.

B. M. L., '01.

"Flowers are lovely—love is flower-like:
Friendship is a sheltering tree."—*Coleridge.*

Our Contemporary Poets.

"TIME is the test of all things." How often has this statement been proved true! Things of today are either looked upon with the indifference bred of familiarity, or with the enthusiasm induced by the spirit of the moment. Great men in war, in statesmanship, and in science received for the most part, during their lifetime, the honor due their ability or ingenuity; but few literary men have been really appreciated by their own generation. We of today pride ourselves on the long list of heroes which we are adding to the world's roll of honor; but we do not know, cannot even conjecture, how many of those living and working now, will, in days to come, rank permanently as famous names in literature. Let us consider a few belonging to just one division of this class—our contemporary poets.

Probably the name which heads this list in most of our minds, is that of Rudyard Kipling. His "Recessional" has stirred us all, and when, during his comparatively recent illness, we felt that he might at any minute be taken from us, we realized how strong a hold he had upon our hearts. His may not be the polished verse that will stand as a model of pure English, but its dialect is usually necessary to the subject, and constitutes one of its many charms. We admire Kipling for the sturdy manliness of his verse. "The White Man's Burden" has set men in both continents to thinking of their duties to their fellowmen.

There is also that poet whose name is still almost new to us—Edwin Markham. Perhaps we have thought of him as a young man before whom a brilliant career was just opening. But if so, we are mistaken, for he is a man of nearly fifty. Nor is his poem, "The Man with the Hoe," which has received so much attention and called forth so much criticism, his first attempt at poetry. He is rather one of those who after years of labor, suddenly find themselves famous. For Edwin Markham has long been contributing to the Eastern magazines. "The Man with the Hoe," which has won him fame and appreciation, is said to be the most striking poem published for twenty-five years, possibly excepting Kipling's "Recessional." This poem Mr. Markham wrote during the last Christmas vacation, for besides being a poet, he holds the position of head-master in the Tompkins Observation School at Oakland, California. The thought of the poem, as we know, was first suggested to him by Millet's great painting, which he saw for the first time ten years ago.

Margaret Sangster must be accorded a place among our poets. She was born at New Rochelle, New York, in 1838. Hers was a quiet home life, for it was there that she received the most of her education, and her poems reflect this. They are of the kind which suit every phase of life, and we cannot but feel as we read her verses that her nature is a genuinely sympathetic one. She pictures the joys of a beautiful home life, and if we would but take to ourselves the hints she gives, we could not fail to make ourselves and those around us happier and better.

We have, too, a writer of sonnets, of whom we may justly feel proud, for the critics place Loyd Mifflin on a level with Mrs. Browning, and compare some of his verses with those of Keats. He is an artist whose discriminating vision and power in suggesting thoughts and images by his words are among the characteristics which give him a right to this high appreciation. His verses are free, sweet, and melodious. As some one has said of him, "He is a true singer, and sings because it is his nature to sing." He himself has put the same

thought in these verses, which he gives as his plea for the poet to the world: —

"Why do we sing? the world has sung its lay
Sweeter than we can hope to sing;
Of all things sweet is there left one sweet thing—
But one—for us to say?
What can we utter new at this old day?
As some late coming birds, the songs we bring
Are dulled by earlier songs of spring;
Why do we sing? the world is deaf and gray.

We know full well our words 'twill never read,
But leave them in the dust,
We know—ah, well we know! it takes no heed
Of song the sweetest sung; that not a crust
It gives in life; in death no praise—no meed;
Why do we sing? Alas, because we must."

There are many others who should be mentioned, and who deserve more than mere mention. Their voices ring from all over the land, expressing in many kinds of verse thoughts sweet and beautiful. There is Stephen Crane, whose latest collection of poems has been published under the title, "War is Kind." Richard Hovey is another. Into one of his recent poems, "The Call of the Bugles," he has woven the battle cry, "Remember the Maine," and the effect is beautiful as well as stirring. James Whitcomb Riley's poems fascinate and charm us all by their very simplicity and sincerity. From Alabama comes the lyric poetry of Samuel Minturn Peck, and from Nova Scotia, that of Bliss Carmen.

And so we might go on, adding more and more names to this short list. As we have said, time must be the test of the value of their works; but we feel sure that a few, at least, of these our contemporary poets, will stand the test, and will ultimately take their places with those whose works have been studied, and quoted, and loved throughout many generations. E. A. H.

"Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul."

—*Pope.*

A BIT OF GENEALOGY FOR LASELL READERS

From a little circular published by the Hills Family Genealogical and Historical Association, we learn that four English emigrants bearing that name came to New England in 1632, 1636, 1638, and 1807, respectively; and that of these Joseph Hills, who came in 1638, and settled at what is now Malden, Mass., was the progenitor of our own Professor Joseph A. Hills, who was, indeed, named for him. From this colonial New Englander, it seems, are descended nearly all who in Massachusetts, Maine, and New Hampshire bear this family name. He came originally from Billeriacy, Essex County, England, and became distinguished in the land of his adoption, as speaker of the Massachusetts Colonial House of Deputies, and as the man who prepared and perfected the first body of laws established by authority in New England, receiving for this service a special grant of five hundred acres of land in New Hampshire. He died in Newbury, Mass., 1688. His descendants are numerous in the three states above named.

If I Were a Girl.

I would take care of my health by living out doors as much as possible, and taking long walks in the sunshine. English girls understand how necessary this is for good complexions and cheerful spirits. Wear simple clothing, that you may climb mountains and breathe freely.

I would secure the best education. Go to college by all means, if it is possible. Read good books, and thereby become intelligent.

I would cultivate cheerfulness. Discontent soon shows itself in the face. If you have some disappointments, so do others. If you are cramped for money, be thankful

that your lot is no worse than it is. Learn to make the best of things. An unhappy woman is a perpetual cloud in a home. A fretful girl has few friends, and the number lessens year by year.

I would say kind things of others, especially of the girls. A girl who makes unkind remarks about other girls would better be avoided by young men. She will not make an agreeable companion for life.

I would learn how to be self-supporting. Especially in this country, where fortunes change, it is wise for a woman to be able to care for herself. Helpless women are not a comfort to others, and usually are not to themselves.

I would try to be polite everywhere. True courtesy is more winsome than a pretty face or fine dress. Loud talk or loud dress does not betoken the lady. Be appreciative and sympathetic, and you have two keys which will unlock almost all hearts.

I would learn self-control. To know when to speak and when to be silent, to have hateful things said about you and be able to answer pleasantly, to have people confide in you and be wise enough to keep it locked in your heart, to be in poverty and not be soured by it, to meet temptation and be strong before it, to be strong enough to perform any labor or duty which needs to be done—all this shows a noble mastery over self.

I would be punctual. Being late at meals, late at church, or late in meeting engagements makes unnecessary friction in families. If we are willing to lose valuable time, we have no right to make others lose it.

The golden rule, of doing unto others as we would that they should do unto us, is especially applicable here.—*Mrs. Jenness Miller, in Pittsburg Advocate.*

Helpful Quotations.

"He who from travel would bring home knowledge, must take knowledge with him."

—*Samuel Johnson.*

"It is heaven upon earth to have a man's mind move in charity, rest in providence, and turn upon the poles of truth."

—*Lord Bacon.*

"Studies perfect nature, and are perfected by experience; for natural abilities are like natural plants, which need pruning by study."

—*Lord Bacon.*

"The mind is its own place, and in itself can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven."

—*Milton.*

"Still where rosy Pleasure leads,
See a kindred Grief pursue;
Behind the steps that Misery treads,
Approaching Comfort view;
The hues of Bliss more brightly glow,
Chastised by sabler tints of woe;
And blended forms with artful strife,
The strength and harmony of Life."

—*Thomas Gray*

"All we have willed or hoped or dreamed of good, shall exist; not its semblance, but itself." —*Browning.*

"The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength and skill—
A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, to command."

—*Wordsworth.*

NEW BOOKS IN THE LIBRARY.

Gray's Biblical Museum, Vol. 1, revised by Rev. George M. Adams, D. D.; Sprague edition of Macbeth, As You Like It, The Tempest, A Midsummer Night's Dream, Hamlet, Julius Cæsar, Merchant of Venice, The Lady of the Lake, The Vicar of Wakefield; Longfellow's Poetical Works, Vol. 6; Our Girls, Dio Lewis; The Queen's Body-Guard, Margaret Vandegrift; Inebrity, Chas. Follen Palmer; Westlake's 3,000 Practice Words.



—The following list of officers for the Lasell battalion was posted, November 7:

Company A.—Captain Trowbridge; Lieutenant, McCarthy; 1st Sergeant, Gardner; 2nd Sergeant, Lord; 3rd Sergeant, Martin

Company B.—Captain, Cotton; Lieutenant, Raymond; 1st Sergeant, Flaherty; 2nd Sergeant, Kothe; 3rd Sergeant, Taylor, A.

Company C.—Captain, Houghton; Lieutenant, Bailey; 1st Sergeant, Clemens; 2nd Sergeant, Cole; 3rd Sergeant, Metcalf.

—On the evening of Nov. 8 Dr. G. Wharton James gave a very interesting stereopticon lecture on the "Missions in Southern California." The pictures, which were taken under the personal direction of Dr. James, were very good, and lent even greater interest to the lecture. On the next morning Dr. James gave an interesting talk on "Browning;" his interpretations and renditions of certain of the poems, which he read were much appreciated by the girls.

—On Monday evening, November 13, Mr. Bragdon took a party to see the new organ in Shawmut Avenue Congregational church. Mr. Dunham was there and explained fully its construction and mechanism.

—The students of the fourth year French class gave a little play, "L'amour de L'art," in the parlors on November 17. The characters were well taken, and throughout the whole play the girls did admirable work, both in their acting and in their handling of the language, which was spoken with remarkable ease and fluency, so well had they been prepared.

—A party of the girls attended, November 19, a union meeting of the Rescue Mission of Boston. Mr. Hendsey, the superintendent, gave an interesting account of the work of the past year. The girls of the school had already contributed quite generously to the Mission Thanksgiving feast for the unfortunates whom it tries to aid.

—Miss Annie Downie of Nellore, India, talked to the girls of the Missionary Society at its last monthly meeting. Miss Downie wore the native costume of the girls of Southern India, near Madras. After her talk she sang some of the songs of India.

—On the 25th of November, Mrs. Alice P. Norton began her course of lectures on Chemistry of Foods. These lectures will occur every Saturday afternoon for several weeks. The course promises to be exceedingly interesting and instructive.

—Prof. Hills gave an analytical talk on music to the music students, November 23.

—We had a special treat in the lecture by Chaplain C. H. Tribui, November 22, on the "Navy, Old and New." Pictures of all the different kinds of ships from the time of the "Constitution" to the present, were thrown on the canvas, and interesting explanations of their various points of inferiority and superiority given.

—A small party attended the Congrega-

tional vesper service Sunday evening, November 25, when the oratorio "Gallia" was rendered very beautifully.

—Mr. Bragdon took a party of us, November 29, to see Henry Irving and Ellen Terry in "Robespierre." Another party went to see Irving in the "Merchant of Venice," on the following Friday night.

—We are very much pleased this month to have the new cuts for the "Local" and "Personal" columns.

—Early in the morning of Tuesday, December 5, the girls were suddenly awakened from pleasant slumber and sweet dreams by the terrible clamor of fire-alarm bells. Immediately the halls and corridors were filled with girls in strange attire, hurrying down the stairways, and carrying such things as instinct had prompted them to save from destruction. Some girls were tightly hugging their beloved hats; some were carrying patent leather shoes in their hands; others were dragging bureau drawers, dress-suit cases, or boxes down the stairs, and still others had purses or jewelry in their hands. One especially thoughtful girl was carrying her opera glasses; another, a large bottle of perfume, and still another, a photograph. One very brave girl came down-stairs in her gymnasium suit, and another had been brave enough to go back and put on her best evening dress. The girls, clinging to their treasures, all assembled in the main hall on the first floor, and found that the whole scare was due to the crossing of some wires. The fright now being over, most of them for the first time realized what queer things they had done. The girls who had brought their hats, now released them, to find that these were almost ruined. Those who were carrying their shoes wished them on their feet rather than in their hands. Those thoughtful girls who had their purses found that they had taken the empty ones, and had left their money behind. One girl who was sure that she had been very wise in bringing down her bureau drawer in which she kept all her valuables, found that she had saved only some old letters, and nothing else. The girl with the photograph took the first opportunity to conceal it from the inquisitive eyes of those around her. After many peals of laughter, we all returned to our rooms, happy that it was only a scare.

—A large number of the girls spent their Thanksgiving vacation at Lasell, and all say that they enjoyed it very much—indeed, *almost* as much as they should have enjoyed it at home. The Thanksgiving dinner, in our eyes the most important part of the holiday, lasted from half past one until half past five o'clock Thursday afternoon. An orchestra played during the whole time, and many of the popular new pieces were included in the programme.

The menu for the dinner was as follows:

Blue Points.
Green Turtle Soup. Consommé, Royal.
French Bread.
Baked Chicken Halibut, *Sauce a la Chambord.* Boiled Penobscot Salmon, *mit Meerretig Sauce.*
Rice Potatoes.
Pim-Olas. Cucumbers. Celery.
Roast Turkey, Oyster Dressing, Cranberry Sauce. Roast Green Goose, Apple Sauce.
Raspberry Sherbet.
Creamed Onions. Mashed Sweet Potatoes.
Cauliflower. Tomatoes.
Salted Almonds.
Sweetbreads, *French Peas.* Chicken Croquettes, *Jelly.*
Lobster Salad.
English Plum Pudding, Hard Sauce.
Pumpkin Pie. Mince Pie. Apple Pie.
Imperial Cheese. Swiss Cheese.
Frozen Pudding. Orange Ice.
Fruit. Nuts. Confections.
Coffee.

Mr. Lapowski, of Abilene, Texas, father of Jeanie who is here this year, sent some delicious pecans, which in spite of the numerous other delicacies of a Thanksgiving dinner, were greatly enjoyed by all.

—The pupils of Lasell sent $25.00 to the Union Rescue Mission, and the White Mountain party has sent a magnificent Lasell Banner to the Mount Pleasant House, which entertained them last fall.

WHEN FATHER CARVES THE DUCK.

We all look on with anxious eyes
When father carves the duck,
And mother almost always sighs
When father carves the duck.
Then all of us prepare to rise
And hold our bibs before our eyes
And be prepared for some surprise
When father carves the duck.

He braces up and grabs a fork
Whene'er he carves a duck
And won't allow a soul to talk
Until he's carved the duck.
The fork is jabbed into the sides.
Across the breast the knife he slides,
And every careful person hides
From flying chips of duck.

The platter always seems to slip
When father carves a duck.
And how it makes the dishes skip!
Potatoes fly amuck,
The squash and cabbage leap in space,
We get some gravy on our face,
And father mutters Hindoo grace
Whene'er he carves a duck.

We thus have learned to walk around
The dining room and pluck
From off the window sills and walls
Our share of father's duck.
While father growls and blows and jaws
And swears the knife was full of flaws,
And mother jeers at him because
He couldn't carve a duck.
—*E. V. Wright in Detroit Free Press.*

Nell.—Did your French lessons carry you through in Paris?

Belle.—Not very well. The stupid creatures don't seem to understand their own language.—*Philadelphia Record.*

Teacher.—"What is the difference between ocean water and fresh water."

Pupil.—"I'm sure I don't know; is there any?"



PERSONALS.

—Katharine Mason, ('99), and Daisy Cook, have been having a delightful visit with Jennie Maxwell, from the three of whom, "jointly and severally," comes a letter full of good times. They speak of having seen Elizabeth Hitchcock. Daisy was expecting to be bridesmaid for Sallie Ellwood.

—Emma Goll's wedding trip is planned to include some two months west, mostly in California. They are to live at The Chicago Beach Hotel on their return, until they can fix up and furnish a house to their liking, after which they are to go to housekeeping. Mr. Dacy, by the way, was at Harvard, she says, at the same time that she was here at Lasell, though they had not then met.

—A short letter from Alice Fuller, who had heard a little while before from Bernice Cogswell. Bernice is now teaching. Alice is busy with a big B.

—Sara Lord Bailey, here in '74 is kind enough to send us a copy of her interesting new book, "Work and Art," for which we thank her.

—Apropos of the matter of names, it is a little odd that we have this year from Minneapolis, Miss Lum, and from Indianapolis, Miss Plum, and that they are chums here.

—Daisy Aull ('96) was formally presented in society early last month. The newspaper cut accompanying the clipping

through which we learned this, is a fairly creditable one of Daisy. Her gift with the pencil is especially noticed in the paragraph about the event.

—Beulah De Forest has announced her engagement to W. Howard Wright, a graduate of Union College, and the son of Professor T. Wallace Wright, of that college. The young man is a chemist, and is in charge of the chemical department of the General Electric Company of Schenectady, N. Y.

—The following is an extract from a letter written to Professor Hills by one of his former pupils:

"Your music that I ordered came this afternoon, and I have been having a feast this evening, I assure you, reading them over. All of a sudden *something* flashed over me as I was playing, (or trying to play) the Tarantella. I must sit down and write it to you.

"Do you remember one concert in which one of the girls who was to play in an eight-hand piece was suddenly taken ill the day before the concert? You came to me and asked me to take her place, and I did. I am almost positive this was the piece. You told me then, that you meant to work it up for a solo and publish it. I am so glad, for I never heard it but that once, and I never quite forgot it. It is *beautiful*—truly a Tarantella. The Valse Etude sounds so like you, too, that I feel I am back again, a student at dear old Lasell. They are just what I want—bright, full of life and crispness."

Right here it may be of interest to say that Professor Hills has recently published a new work, "Special Pianoforte Technics," which is a comprehensive and valuable aid to the music student as well as to the teacher, and which has received flattering notice from the press.

—Ettiemay Pierson is in the hospital in Boston, ill with scarlet fever. At last accounts she was improving.

—We hear that Maude Daugherty is to be married this month.

Odds and Ends.

A century ago Adam Smith noted as a remarkable accomplishments, the manufacture of 48,000 pins by ten men in a day. In these times it is considered an ordinary achievement for three men to make 7,500,000 pins in the same time.

During the past summer there were 5,942 visitors in Yellowstone Park, who lived in camps, and 3,217 who staid at the hotels.

The lead pencil originated with the discovery of the graphite mines in England in 1664, during the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

A missionary paper says that 84,000 Bibles, distributed among the Chinese, were used by them for the manufacture of firecrackers.

A cinematograph film of the Oberammergau Passion Play, now being exhibited, is over a mile in length.

The wood of the redwood tree never decays, it is said, and fallen trunks which have been overgrown by old forests are as solid as the day they fell.

Amber is found all along the Prussian shores of the Baltic, but principally in the peninsula of Samland. All amber, found everywhere, is state property, but the state can not mine amber without the permission of the owner of the ground.

The Mayflower, after her memorable trip across the Atlantic with the Pilgrim Fathers of New England, went into the West Indian cotton trade, and was lost in a cyclone.

For every million inhabitants in Russia there are only ten newspapers and journals of all sorts.

London has 1,000 houses that are tenantless because they are supposed to be haunted.

Cleveland ranks as the greatest iron-ore market in the world.

Over sixty different languages are spoken in the Philippine archipelago.

John Brown's son, Jason, is living a hermit's life on the highest peak of the Santa Cruz mountains in California. He was with his father at Harper's Ferry, and still suffers from a wound received there.

Russian explorers are now busy in several sections of Siberia. Large stretches of that country are still practically unknown to Europeans.

The New Kearsarge.

The new Kearsarge is interesting not only in itself, but because it bears the name of a warship that rendered important service to the nation during the days of the civil war. The old ship was wrecked a few years ago on Roncador reef, but though the ship is gone, it is well that the great name survives. A comparison between the two vessels will show what progress has been made in the building of war vessels. The figures are as follows, the first in each case applying to the new, and the last to the old Kearsarge: Displacement in tons, 11,525, 1,550; speed, 16.84 knots, 9 knots; horse-power, 10,000, 822; armament, four thirteen-inch and four eight-inch breech-loading rifles, fourteen five-inch rapid-fire guns, twenty six-pound rapid-fire guns, six one-pound rapid-fire guns, four Gatlings, and one field gun, as against two eight-inch smooth-bore, four nine-inch smooth-bore, and one sixty-pound breech-loading rifle. The old ship was wood, while the new one is steel. Yet the old Kearsarge was thought to be a formidable ship thirty years ago. It certainly did efficient service. But when compared with the monsters of the new navy it was a small affair.

CONSIDER THE SEA.

Consider the sea's listless chime:
  Time's self it is, made audible—
  The murmur of the earth's own shell.
Secret continuance sublime
  Is the sea's end; our sight may pass
  No furlong further. Since time was
This sound hath told the lapse of time.

No quiet, which is death's—it hath
  The mournfulness of ancient life,
  Enduring always at dull strife,
As the world's heart of rest and wrath,
  Its painful pulse is in the sands.
  Lost utterly, the whole sky stands,
Gray and not known, along its path.

Listen alone beside the sea,
  Listen alone among the woods;
  Those voices of twin solitudes
Shall have one sound alike to thee;
  Hark, where the murmurs of thronged men
  Surge and sing back and surge again—
Still the one voice of wave and tree.

Gather a shell from the strown beach
  And listen at its lips; they sigh
  The same desire and mystery,
The echo of the whole sea's speech.
  And all mankind is thus at heart
  Not anything but what thou art;
And Earth, Sea, Man, are all in each.

—*Dante Gabriel Rossetti.*

Max Beerbohm, who is the enfant terrible of modern literature, has recently said a very true and awful thing about unæsthetic England, which might be taken home by readers in this part of the world. Max sticks at nothing saucy, and his description of the latest fashion for sitting rooms, once furnished in "reps and mahogany," is painfully suited to many rooms in our own cities, where feeble decorations abound in the name of art. But London, according to him, is growing uglier and uglier, for sitting rooms are "plastered with horrid little fans, horrid little saucers, and horrid little pieces of art cretonne." The picture is not attractive, but who cannot recall its duplicate, who hasn't been in just such "fixed up" places, where this attempt to be æsthetic is a pathetic failure in taste?

The Names of Boston Streets.

FROM a clipping from Greater Boston we learn these interesting facts. Adams square in 1880 was Dock square in 1710, and Around-the-Towne Dock in 1673; Boylston street was Frog lane in 1699; Devonshire street was once Pudding lane, and after that, Black Jack alley; Exchange street was Royal Exchange lane; High street was Cow lane; Hollis was Broad alley, and North street was in various partions of its length called Ann street, Ship street, Fish street and other names. In 1783, Park street was Centry, (Sentry); Salem, was Black street, State, in 1781, was King street; Summer, in 1708, was Seven Star lane, and Temple Place was Turn Again alley. Washington street has borne several names; from Dock street to School street was Cornhill; from School to Winter, Marlborough; from Winter to Essex, Newbury; and from Essex on, Orange. Beacon, now the abode of the rich and exclusive, was once "the lane that leads to the poorhouse."

A WORD TO ALL ABOUT THE LEAVES.

The LASELL LEAVES is a paper that belongs to Lasell and to everybody connected with it. It is thoroughly a school paper. While we are at school, it is a kind of diary, which every month tells what has happened during that time; when we have left the school for the larger and more trying stage of life, it is the only means of communication with Lasell as a whole. Whether the LEAVES be successful in its mission or not, lies entirely in our own hands. If we feel that our help and interest is not necessary to make it what it should be, it will soon be a total failure; but if everybody does her little cheerfully, the paper cannot help but be worthy of dear old Lasell, that we love so dearly.

Interesting Facts.

The process of printing with movable types was a gradual transition from block printing. Both were practised in China and Japan long before they were known in Europe.

The Chinese printed from movable types of clay from the middle of the 11th century.

In the British Museum is a Corean work printed with movable types in 1337.

There is no evidence that either block or movable type printing were brought from these countries to Europe.

In Europe the first well authenticated date of movable type printing occurs in two different editions of the same letter of indulgence issued in 1454 by Pope Nicholas V.

* * * * * *

The height of the atmosphere is estimated at forty to forty-five miles, possibly a very thin air still farther.

It is attracted or drawn by the earth—as all other things are—and being also compressible, about one half the whole atmosphere is pressed into a height around the earth of less than three miles, about two and three fourths miles.

A man of average size, bearing all the time a weight of about 30,000 lbs. of air, finds himself unable to exist above this height, the fluids of the body expanding and forcing themselves through the pores as the pressure is lightened.

A BABY FOR SALE.—Robbie had longed long and earnestly for a baby brother and a pair of white rabbits. The answer to both wishes came on the same morning, but it was not quite satisfactory, for there were two baby brothers and only one rabbit. The next day his father found the following notice tacked to the gate post:

"For SAIL."

"One nice fat baby or will swap him for a white Rabbet."—*Tit-Bits.*

About Men and Women.

Lady Henry Somerset has told how she was first drawn into temperance work. She had seen two children, a boy and a girl, sip wine at their father's table, and heard the guests laugh at the precocious little ones. She had seen the boy go to a drunkard's grave when twenty-four years old. "But what of the girl?" she went on. "The girl was happily married and became the mother of lovely children. The fatal seed had been sown, however. The young mother became a slave to strong drink. I prayed with her and wept with her. She asked me one day if I would be a total abstainer if she renounced strong drink forever. The proposition was a strange one, and I asked twenty-four hours for consideration. When I saw her again she said it was too late. I felt that, if I had given her promptly the answer she would have received, she might have been saved. To-day her home is shattered, but I resolved to do in future all I could for God and humanity."—*Onward.*

* * * * * *

During the proceedings of the recent conference of the Library Association in England a characteristic story of John Ruskin was told in connection with the subject of village libraries. A library for the laborers of a lake-country village had been established, and just before the opening, Mr. Ruskin was asked to inspect it. He cordially consented, and upon leaving, expressed his admiration of the arrangements, and promised to send a present, which came in the form of a sumptuous set of Scott's novels. The wife of the founder thought the edition much too splendid for the purpose, and at the earliest opportunity told the donor so. "Madame," said Ruskin, "if the money the books cost had been spent in floral decorations or wines for a dinner, nothing would have been said against it, but because it has been laid out for the enjoyment of the simple villagers, it is thought extravagant."

* * * * * *

Every artist who has risen to sufficient distinction to claim the public attention has something which none of the others has. Each one has some element of personality which has differentiated him from the crowd, and it is the possession of this that has made him eminent. You may go to hear every pianist in the world except D'Albert, without hearing what D'Albert will play to you. Behind the art lies the man. The interpretative artist must of neccessity read something of himself into every composition that he plays. No man would say that Mr. Mansfield's Richard III was enough. He would ask you if you had seen that of Edwin Booth. The Juliet of Julia Dean was one thing; that of Adelaide Neilson another; but both of them were in Shakespeare. Adele aus der Ohe does not play the "Emperor" concerto as D'Albert plays it, but that is no reason why you should not hear both. Neither of those artists exhausts Beethoven. That is one of the lovely things about works of genius. They lend themselves to the touches of different personalities, without losing their own identity. Therefore, I say it is folly to try to find out who is the greatest pianist in the world. You can not get a compendium of the music of the piano out of any one man or woman.—*W. J. Henderson, in New York Times.*

* * * * * *

Harper's Bazar says the editor of the first woman's magazine ever published in this country is still living. "Her name is Mrs. Harriet Farley Donlevy, and the magazine

she conducted was the *Lowell Offering,* issued by a literary association composed entirely of mill girls, who call themselves the 'Improvement Club of Lowell.' That was in the early thirties, when the high tariff made wages high, and the factories of New England were filled with well-educated, American born young women. The *Offering* was published at irregular intervals until 1840, when it assumed a monthly form, and continued for about ten years longer. It was written and edited entirely by women—a more unusual circumstance in those days than now."

Fighting Temptation.

The true way to conquer temptations is not to fight them in detail, but to go up into a loftier region where they cease to be temptations. How is it that grown men do not like the sweet-meats that used to tempt them when they were children? They have outgrown them. Then outgrow the temptations of the world! How is it that there are no mosquitoes nor malaria on the mountain tops? They can not rise above the level of the swamps by the river. Go up to the mountain-top and neither malaria nor mosquito will follow you—whieh being interpreted is, live near Jesus Christ and keep your hearts and minds occupied with him and you will dwell in a region high above the temptations which buzz and sting, whieh infest and slay, on the lower levels.—*Dr. Alexander McLaren.*

EQUALLY SUFFERERS.

[Chicago Tribune:] "This makes the tenth morning, ma'am, that I have tried to collect this milk bill."

"I've tried more mornings than that, sir, to collect a little cream from your milk, and I have never had any better success than you're going to have this time. Don't step on the cat when you go out, please."

Use Your Strength.

A lady was watching a potter at his work, whose one foot was kept with "never slackening speed turning his swift wheel round," while the other rested patiently on the ground. When the lady said to him, in a sympathizing tone, "How tired your foot must be!" the man raised his eyes and said: "No, ma'am; it isn't the foot that works that's tired; it's the foot that stands. That's it."

If you want to keep your strength, use it; if you want to get tired, do nothing. As a matter of fact, we all know that the last man to go to for a helping hand for any new undertaking is the man who has plenty of time on his hands. It is the man and woman who are doing most who are always willing to do a little more.

The people who are tired of life are not those who work, but those who are too proud or too lazy to do so. Many of the rich are morbidly restless, while those who have to earn their daily bread are comparatively contented and happy. The Bible says that "the sleep of a laboring man is sweet, whether he eat little or much" (Eccles. V. 12); and the busy worker has health and blessing which the listless idler never knows.—*Selected.*

MARRIED.

—Emma Henriette Goll to Albert Edgar Dacy, on Wednesday, December 6, in Chicago. Home address (after February): Chicago Beach Hotel.

—Mrs. Clara Sarah Cotton to Mr. Herman Kountze, on Thursday, November 23, at Omaha. Mrs. Cotton is the mother of Ella, member of the class of 1900. Mr. and Mrs. Kountze are to live at Forest Hill.

—Emma Estella Walker to Edgar Herman Andress, Jr., on Wednesday, November 29, at Lafayette, Indiana.

EXCHANGES



We were pleased to receive the following papers: The Bowdoin Orient, Connecticut School Journal, The Pennsylvanian, The Students' Review, The Williams' Weekly, The New York Amateur, The College Rambler, The Quill, The Mirror, The New Crusade, The Chelsea High School Beacon, The Harvard Lampoon, Acta Victoriana, The Bowdoin Quill, The Crescent, The College Folio, The Wesleyan Literary Monthly, The Porcupine, Students' Life, Latin School Register, The Classic, The Jabberwock, The Tiltonian, R. M. S. T. Register.

Why did the fly, fly?
Because the spider, spider (spied her.)

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"DUX FEMINA FACTI."

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The Editors will be glad to receive from the students and Alumnæ any communications and items of interest to the school.

Editorials.

SURELY the Christmas vacation has been pleasantly spent by all, for most of us have journeyed to our homes or have been among those who are near and dear to us, and who have shown us their love and thoughtfulness in many ways. Now we assemble once more in our school home to be together for several months. If each one tries to see how much she can help her neighbor and her classmates, and to what extent she is able to forget herself, what a happy time we shall have from now to June! We are starting on a new term as well as a new year. The way to get the most out of our advantages here is to get the best out of every minute; so let us resolve to extract more happiness and profit out of the coming days than we were ever able to obtain in those gone by.

TO start in well in 1900, why do not you who are not members of the Lasell Leaves Association give your names to the subscription editor? If you like, call it a New Year's gift to Lasell, a gift of loyalty. Let us be true to our own school and support it in every possible way, for we are proud of it. Perhaps it is hard for us to

realize now, how much our school life will mean to us in the years to come; but later, when we look back and see how much was done for us while we were here, we shall find great gratification in feeling that we did our best for Lasell.

THERE has gone out from among us one whom we shall miss during the coming weeks. We have been saddened and shocked by the sudden death of our housekeeper, Mrs. Bartlett, and we feel our loss deeply, yet we are comforted to know that it is her infinite gain. At such times in our lives there comes to us such steadfast confidence in our mortality as awes us and yet makes us profoundly thankful. How beautiful to have lived such a noble life that, as in her case, nothing but good and gentle things can be said of us when the outworn garment of flesh is laid aside.

AS a New Year thought, let me offer you this little poem by Sharlot M. Hall, in the *Midland Monthly*. It is worthy a second reading.

THE BEDESMAN OF THE YEAR.

Stands Time, the gray old bedesman,
And loosely through his hold
Slips down the days like carven beads,
Silver and dusk and gold.
And each day hath its whispered prayer,
Each one its patron saint,
And each its holy memories,
Like incense sweet and faint.
O, gray old bedesman, when you've told
Life's rosary all through,
Leave us the old life's memory
To consecrate the new.

"The woman who is always trying to bring out the best in others, who is always putting the shy and awkward at ease, is more gracious, better remembered and loved, than if she had shown all the wit of De Stael, or all the intellect of Marian Evans."

Jocko's Day.

IT is night. How glad I am when night comes. And this is not because the streets are all lighted, and Master and I go to a bright room where a great many men are sitting at tables and drinking out of shining glasses, and where Master plays while I dance, or get the pennies in my little red cap, as I always do; for this is not the real night, but only a part of my day, and a part, too, that I do not like much, for I get nothing good to eat then, but they make me drink the queer water out of the glasses, which is sometimes bitter, and sometimes sharp and stinging, and makes my head feel bad, and my legs weak, so that the men laugh noisily at me. No, what I mean by *night* is that time when Master brings me here to this little dark room, and takes off my coat and cap and little red skirt, and we lie down on the floor and go to sleep. I like that sort of night best, for I am always so tired. I am tired now, but it is so cold that I cannot go to sleep, even though I have crawled under Master's blanket to keep warm, and snuggled up close beside him. So I have been thinking over the strange things that happened today.

How long it seems since Master called, "Jocko, Jocko!" this morning. I was not really asleep, I was only pretending, and I jumped up very quickly and ran to him, so that he would not hit me with his stick as he sometimes does. He put on my red coat and skirt, and the soldier's cap with plumes, and fastened the string about my neck. Then I knew he was ready to start; but I hoped he would give me something to eat first, and I even asked him to do so; but he only told me to "keep still," put me on his shoulder and started. I cried a little, because I was so hungry and it was such a cold morning, but I did not cry very loud, I don't like to be whipped. We left the children

fast asleep. That was strange, too, for the boys are usually off with their kits and papers before we are up. So it must have been very early.

We walked a long time, that is, Master walked, while I sat upon his shoulder holding tightly to the hand organ strap. By and by the sun came out; it grew warmer and the streets began to be crowded with people, but we did not stop to play for them; only once in awhile Master would ask a man with a blue coat a question, and then he would walk along very fast. Perhaps he was afraid of the man! Such cross voices men in blue coats have!

After a long, long time we came to a great brick building with an iron fence around it. Master turned in here, went up the steps to the front door, and rang the bell. I was surprised, because we usually go to the back door when there aren't any dogs,—Master and I don't like dogs. The man that came to the door did not look a bit cross, but said, "Come in." We followed him down a long hall through a door at the very end, into a large, warm, sunshiny room.

There were two women and a little boy sitting in the farther corner of the room. The little boy clapped his hands, as we entered, and cried, "Oh! here he is!" The women rose, but the little boy did not move at all, and one of the women pushed him toward us, right in the chair in which he sat. He took me in his arms and patted my head, and I was not at all afraid of him. Then one of the women said, "Now call the children." And the other woman opened a door and said, "Here's the surprise!" And then a crowd of children, big and little, came running into the room, and when they saw us what a noise they made! They crowded around us, clapping their hands and laughing, until one of the women noticed how frightened I was, and made them stand farther back. Then Master played and I danced, and bowed, and passed my cap, just as I always do, only none of the children would put any money in my cap. But Master did not seem to mind a bit, and only laughed when I showed him how empty it was.

And oh, what nice things they did give me to eat!—milk and crackers, and cookies, and I wasn't afraid at all then, but ate everything up, because I was so hungry. And they gave Master some things to eat too. Another strange thing I noticed was that all the children were dressed so much alike that I could not tell one from another, except the little boy who sat still in his chair. He wore a white suit instead of a checked apron or a blouse, and was paler and more quiet than the rest.

Finally the woman said something to the children, and they crowded close around us again, and after they had petted me and some of them had kissed my hands, they all ran out of the room. Then the little boy took me in his arms, and the woman who stood beside him gave Master some large pieces of money, and I heard her say to the other woman, "How little it takes to make children happy, I think Johnnie has enjoyed the monkey as much as the little orphans did."

After that we came away, and after another long walk, reached home. Master said, we had done such a good day's work today that we need not go to the saloon tonight, which meant that soon after our return we would go to bed. This day has been so different from other days, and so many things that I could not understand have happened, that I cannot help thinking and wondering about them. I have thought of the soft hand of the little boy who took me in his lap and petted me, and I wondered why he did not get out of his chair and play

with me. And when the children left the room, why did they stop and bow to him and to the woman he called "Mamma" and say, "Thank you." And why did the tears come to her eyes, and why did she step behind the little boy's chair, so that he should not see that she was crying?

Men say that monkeys cannot think as people can, just because they cannot understand us when we try to tell them our thoughts. And so I suppose since I am only a hand-organ man's little monkey, these strange happenings today, which have so puzzled me, will always remain unexplained.

M. W.

A Letter.

DEAR Mamie: As we've both looked forward so long to the Christmas vacation of '99, I am going to tell you how we spent it at Lasell, and you can judge for yourself whether or not we had a good time.

A few days before the close of school all the trunks belonging to the girls who were going away were brought to them, and I confess that it did make us a little blue to see them all getting ready to leave. But at last Thursday came and good-byes were all said. They went away in parties, of which the larger ones were escorted to the train. When we came back everything looked a little lonesome, but not a minute could be wasted, for we must get ready for a trip in to Boston. After dinner off we started, bound for the B. A. A. gymnasium, where we saw fine fencing by some champions both of America and England. Coming home we indulged in a midnight feast. There was no harm in this, of course, because it was vacation, and fruitcake is known to be especially wholesome at midnight. On Friday those girls who could not leave on Thursday went off, and those who stayed began their Christmas work. On Saturday a few of the girls went to the grand opera, and heard "Die Walküre." This was the best of all, and our only regret was that that was the last opera of the season. Nordica seemed to do her best and was well supported. Then came our first Sunday in vacation, and the congregations must have been surprised at the good attendance, notwithstanding that it was vacation.

During the days that followed great shopping expeditions of course set forth, and the girls bought everything from dolls to Dickens. Every uncle, aunt and cousin, must be remembered, and it was as much fun to buy the presents to give, as it was to receive our own. The gifts were about finished by Thursday, and many mysterious and queer looking packages left Lasell besides the especially big one which each girl sent to her home, boxes every nook and corner of which were filled with love, besides the gifts that had been selected with so much loving thought. It might be well to advise that next year everybody save cord and wrapping paper for months ahead, to supply the Christmas need.

At last the long-looked-for Christmas eve came, and by 12 o'clock every stocking was hung and every girl wrapped in innocent and peaceful slumber; but little did our elders know what had been planned for us in the early evening. Next day, promptly at half past four, a merry girl was up, and it didn't take long to find the dinner gong and try its tone.

A certain one of the teachers, remembering that everyone had been requested to be at breakfast on time, and hearing the gong, which she supposed was the breakfast gong, hurriedly arose and dressed. As the gong kept on ringing, she thought it might be a good idea to look at her watch. Imagine her surprise on finding that it was only 5

o'clock. To use her own expression, "She made one bee-line for the bed." After patient waiting, the breakfast gong proper rang. We descended to the dining room to meet with another surprise in the shape of a rubber Christmas tree, in other words a rubber tree made to do duty as a Christmas tree, and hung with presents. Besides this the tables were loaded, and there were on the floor many boxes containing all sorts of lovely things. The dining room was beautifully decorated with evergreens and colored bunting. Breakfast had to be eaten before anybody could have a single thing; but, strange to say, no one felt hungry, and the meal was a short one. The presents were then distributed, and, judging from the happy faces, every one seemed to have received her full share. But there was—just think!—another surprise coming. When, after breakfast, we entered the chapel we saw one of the funniest and prettiest sights possible. There were hanging around the chapel fire-place, stockings of every size, color, shape and form. Santa Claus certainly has artistic taste in addition to other good qualities. The fire-place was decorated with red, white and blue bunting, and holly, and a cheerful fire was burning. Each one ran for her own stocking, to find it filled from top to toe with everything good to eat. It took the rest of the morning to assort things and admire them, and dinner time came all too quickly. We sat down that day to a dinner which can best be described by saying it was almost like the one we had at Thanksgiving, only better. We were entertained by puns, conundrums and puzzles of all sorts. But all good things will come to an end, and when dinner ended we were almost glad that "Christmas comes but once a year."

Christmas night, thanks to the kindness of Mr. Bragdon and Dr. Gallagher, we heard the Messiah rendered by the Handel and Haydn Society. The performance was pronounced by all a brilliant success.

The day of days over, there remained yet a good long time for fun and frolic and happy social times together. One night at about 12 o'clock it was decided that it would be fun to scare the night watchman. Accordingly, wrapped in sheets and other disguising habiliments, we started. It was very hard to keep quiet so long, but the fun was to be worth all the trouble. After waiting several minutes—hours it seemed—and changing positions several times, we thought he must have gone to sleep, and, giving up the venture, we left, determined to come again. But we have been kind enough to spare him the awful shock, so far, and it has been decided to wait until next Christmas.

It would be impossible to give an adequate account of the good plays we saw and enjoyed, but among them were these: Song of the Sword, The Sunken Bell, Marie Antoinette, Beckie Sharp and Sag Harbor. Paderewski we heard also at the Symphony Concert, and certain of us went to his recital. Every one liked him, of course, and all hope to hear him again. One evening the girls had an exceptionally good time in Fraulein's room. She told their fortunes, and now they know their entire future. A German lunch was served, and the evening passed merrily and quickly.

As the weather was so cold the skating was fine, and some of us who went had a good time. A few of the girls went who wanted to learn to skate, but finding the ice so hard and cold, they decided to wait until warm weather. The house was open and the girls were free to go where they liked from the swimming tank to the studio. Dr. and Mrs. Gallagher entertained us, and helped to make the evenings most pleasant. One of the greatest successes of the vacation

was the chafing-dish party, at which everybody helped to cook, so that the results were indeed fine. All the girls wore caps and aprons, and could therefore cook all the better. Two of them had brothers in Auburndale, so that Lasell was not entirely without young men. One valued privilege of vacation was the permission to sleep as late as we liked, and on some days the first gong heard was that for lunch at twelve o'clock. To crown the whole vacation, a snow storm came on New Year's Day. School began on Thursday, and strange to say, every one would have been willing to have three weeks more. Wednesday night a farewell feast was given, and it was a fine one. We sincerely hope that the girls who stay next year will have as good a time as we did, for then they certainly cannot feel cheated by circumstances, of any Christmas fun.

I. S., '01.

A New Year Greeting.

KLEISTSTR 11, Dec. 12, 1899.

My dear Mr. Bragdon:

Please accept our cordial greetings for yourself and all Lasell friends, and may the New Year be a bright and prosperous one for you all. Mamma and I are both well and happy here, have many good friends among the Americans, and I am stuyding German.

Cordially yours,
NELLIE FEAGLES.

The eager year
Is passing, with its triumphs and defeats.
Alike earth rests from labor and from joy;
Hushing each tiniest insect; wearing now
No careless ornament of flower or leaf;
Reaching her pleading arms up to the sky
In longing for its silent chrism of snow
In benediction.

—*Alice Wellington Rollins.*

Take care of your *life;* the Lord will take care of your *death.—F. Whitfield.*

California Trip No. 5.

Again an easy trip to Chicago, arriving on time, and finding my Evanston people well.

The trip from Boston to the Pacific Ocean is now made in less than four days, and in greatest comfort. Leaving Boston at 2.45 p. m., one reaches Los Angeles before 2 p. m. of the fourth day.

I prefer the Santa Fe route from Chicago as most comfortable; most picturesque, and with the best food of any of the trans-continental routes I have used. One makes only one change of cars between Boston and California. Over the Santa Fe, my mother, 83 years old, came this time in perfect comfort and untired. She is enjoying the roses and violets of the Land of Sunshine with us now. At Topeka, Kan., I stepped from the car into the bright presence of Carrie Clarkson Edson, who had kindly come with her manly looking husband and sweet baby, Elizabeth, to brighten the journey for me. With her were Myrtle and Ivah Davis, our dear girls of '97, who looked as if Kansas, as well as Lasell, had agreed with them. We spent five happy minutes together. And at Emporia, two hours later, Maudie Stone, '88, and Mr. Newman, the young looking father of our present Kansas representative, gave me kind and cordial greeting, and added to the pride I was already (and am always) feeling over our Lasell folks. I tell you Lasell families are of better blood and quality than the average of people, and I notice it more and more.

As I stepped on the car, sorry the meeting was so brief, Maudie put into my hand a box of Huyler's best, with a sprig of holly on it, for Mrs. Bragdon. A thoughtful lass! On the platform at Pasadena, the "Crown of the Valley," stood my wife, and Belle, and some friends. At a banquet I met a

Rev. George Taylor, who knows all our Biddeford and Saco families, the Garlands, Newcombs, Millikens, Deerings, Moses, and was glad to make acquaintance on that basis. He used to be superintendent of the Bragdon Granite Works in Biddeford, and sends remembrances to all those girls. He is now pastor of a Baptist Missionary Church here.

I have seen Carrie Johnson Miller, '94, though not to talk yet, Katherine Watson (at a distance) and Mr. and Mrs. Philip Butler (the artist) of Auburndale, here for a year. They have a nice home. Also Laura Conger, at Lasell, '86, '87, who is staying with her uncle after a year in Pekin, China, where her father is our minister; Helen Campbell who lives with her grandmother here, and the incomparable Mr. Hugus, father of our Nellie, who has the finest ranch hereabouts, and who is the most noble and modest of men.

For Christmas dinner Mrs. B. gave us, all fresh from the garden, new spring chicken, new peas, new rhubarb, new asparagus, new potatoes, new tomatoes, new string beans, new peanuts, new spearmint, new cranberries, besides jellies from new berries of strange sorts to me, etc. Think of that for Christmas. There is never a day in the year when one cannot pick a ripe lemon or a new lemon blossom from the same tree, or a fresh rose from some bush!! Yours for a good new year. C. C. B.

P. S.

Since writing I have found here Jennie Jackson Watts, who with her mother and boy are at the hotel. She is developed into the fine woman we might have expected Jennie to be, and reports Henrietta well and happy with her two boys. Also met Daisy Curtis and her mother driving in a hurry for a train, so I could see little of her.

I find Miss Call's "Power Thro' Repose" on many tables, and its owners envious of your chance, my girls, of getting instruction at first hand from its gifted author. You see we don't always appreciate our opportunities, when we are young and in school.

"Carpe diem,"

C. C. B.

A Mistake Corrected.

In the account of Mr. Bragdon's Twenty-fifth Anniversary in the June LEAVES, it was said that Lillie Potter sent him the flowers. Miss Potter disclaims the ascription, and divides the responsibility for this affront between herself and Annie Kendig Peirce, Carrie Kendig Kellogg, Isabella Jennings Parker, Flora Drew Sampson, Nelly Ferguson Conant, Lucy Curtis, Marion Gilmore, Clementina Butler, Charlotte A. K. Bancroft, Martha B. Lucas, Edith I. Gale.

Famous Authors.

What an uneducated man says to his son when entreating him to masticate sufficiently.

A lion's lair on a hillside, where no water is.

Pilgrims and devotees kneel low to kiss him.

Makes and mends for first class customers.

Represents the dwellings of civilized man.

"A name which means such fiery things,
I can't describe the pains and stings."

No one of the points of the compass, but inclining toward one of them.

What an oyster heap is apt to be.

An internal pain.

A ten-footer whose name begins with fifty.

Brighter than the other one.

Small talk and heavy weight.

A young domestic animal.

"'Tis my part indeed
To agitate a weapon."

A fraction in currency, and the height of fashion.

A slang exclamation.

"They Say."

Have you heard of the terrible family "They,"
And the dreadful, venomous things they say?
Why, half the gossip under the sun,
If you trace it back, you will find begun
In that wretched House of "They."

A numerous family, so I am told,
And its genealogical tree is old;
For ever since Adam and Eve began
To build up the curious race of man,
Has existed the House of "They."

Gossip mongers and spreaders of lies,
Horrid people whom all despise!
And let the best of us now and then,
Repeat queer tales about women and men,
And quote the House of "They."

They live like lords and never labor,
A "They's" one task is to watch his neighbor,
And tell his business and private affairs;
To the world at large they are sowers of tares—
These folks in the House of "They."

It is wholly useless to follow a "They"
With a whip or a gun, for he slips away
And into his house, where you cannot go,
It is locked and bolted and guarded so—
This horrible House of "They."

Though you cannot get in, yet they get out,
And spread their villainous tales about;
Of all the racals under the sun
Who have come to punishment, never one
Belonged to the House of "They."

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in Youth's Companion.*

One Vacation Afternoon.

NEW YEAR'S DAY dawned snowy and cold. My first impressions of it were unqualifiedly disagreeable, my dreams of a beautiful palace where I was queen, waited on by a retinue of servants, having vanished that morning with the trite remark, unseasonably addressed to me, "It's time to get up now, and you'd better hurry, or you'll be late to breakfast." The sand man, it seemed, had left an unusual amount of his burden with me, because, of course, I was obliged to hurry, but when at last I had shaken myself free of it, I found, to my great joy and surprise—snow, the first of the season, whirling swiftly about in the air and driven everywhere by the wind. I made up my mind then and there, while dressing, that I should take a trip out of doors before the day was over, to examine the texture of nature's blankets.

At noon I confided my secret to my friend Esther, and our plans were laid. After lunch we wrapped up warmly in our thickest clothes and sallied out to see whom we could find, besides ourselves, daring enough to venture out in such a storm. We wandered rather aimlessly for a while, then Esther suggested that we go to find Grace, and off we started. Grace, easily persuaded that out of doors the weather was invigorating, was soon ready to follow us wherever we should feel inclined to lead. But Grace's brother, John, thought that there was something else beside fun in the wind, and so, when we three girls started back, we found an addition to our party whom we hailed with delight, because, we reflected, he would be useful in drawing the sled back up hill. So, now, instead of two, behold four individuals (to say nothing of the dog) all bent on having some fun. When we had gone almost back to our starting point, John, saying that there were too many girls for only one fellow, left us with a "Good-bye" in quest of someone to protect him from what he thought imminent danger. As he started off he called back: "I'll meet you in front of the Seminary in about ten minutes." The ten minutes had hardly passed when back he came with three protectors, and we seven, counting our reinforcements, started out coasting with but one sled among us all.

We were bound for the Ridge, where we soon arrived, called a halt, and unanimously voted (the dog being denied the franchise, however) that we place ourselves in Indian file and run down the ridge slope to the pond below. Of course, in such case, if number

one fell all back of that one would fall too. The signal for start was given, and all started, the order being, Ed, John, Charles, the Chronicler, Tom, Esther and Grace, the sled and the dog bringing up the rear. A yell from the head of the procession announced to all that Ed had broken the line of march, and was proceeding down the hill without the help of hands or feet. While watching his graceful descent I suddenly, and quite unaccountably, to myself at least, decided to go down in the same style, and, without telling any of the others of my purpose, quickly started, lest my inclination should pass away before I should have time to execute it. Now please to remember that John and Charles were ahead of me in the file. As I had not told them of my sudden determination, they were naturally quite startled when I bore down on them with all the force of an avalanche, and a howl from Charles told those in the rear that danger awaited them further down. I never could tell how it happened, but John, Charles and I fell in a shapeless heap, and had not time to extricate ourselves before the others came down in the same fashion. After several minutes of vain trials to free ourselves, we all finally regained our feet and looked around to see what else we could do.

"Come on," called Ed from the other end of the snow-covered pond, where he had succeeded in getting before the rest of us were up; "let's snap the whip." Of course, we all agreed to play, but not as to who should be the snapper. It was, however, in due time settled by drawing lots. Under the snow was a coating of ice, and, needless to say, our footing was not very secure. At last, when we were running at a good rate, John snapped the whip, and at the same instant a muffled thud and a bark from the dog announced that one man was down. In trying to see who was the unfortunate one, Tom's feet suddenly flew out from under him, and he, with both decision and precision, seated himself on the ice, drawing with him in his downfall those next him on either side, including myself. Our quick reversal of position called forth shouts of laughter from those still on their feet, but just then along came the canine on a dog-trot, and, rubbing unexpectedly against one of the scorners, sent them all down together. We decided after this not to crack the whip any more that day at least, and started back to the Seminary, where we slid down the embankment in front of that building for awhile, tumbling off the sled every other trip.

Just at this point I heard a voice calling me, so I very reluctantly turned my feet homeward, having decided, however, that my first frolic of the new year had been a highly enjoyable one. E. L. G., '01.

"The girls that are wanted are good girls—
Good from the heart to the lips,
Pure as the lily is white and pure
From its heart to its sweet leaf-tips.
The girls that are wanted are home girls—
Girls that are mother's right hand,
That fathers and mothers can trust in,
And the little ones can understand—
Girls that are fair on the hearthstone,
And pleasant when nobody sees;
Kind and sweet to their own folks,
Ready and anxious to please.
The girls that are wanted are wise girls,
That know what to do and say,
That drive with a smile and a loving word
The gloom of the household away."

—*Helen Hall Farley.*

"Well, gentlemen," remarked the president of the club, "motions are in order. It has been suggested that we have a banquet. What shall be done?" "Mr. President," spoke up the man-who-was-seldom-heard-from, "I move we dispose of it by laying it on the table." The motion was carried.—*Philadelphia North American.*



Thursday, December 7.—Mr. Leon Vincent, whom the old girls will remember, gave us a very interesting lecture on, "The Hotel de Rambouillet and its Famous People."

Friday, December 8.—In the evening a party went to see Irving and Terry in "Robespierre." Some were able to buy tickets for half price, but all felt that they would gladly pay double to hear it again.

Saturday, December 9.—At evening Chapel, the seniors appeared in their caps and gowns, to the surprise of all. They gave their entertainment on that evening, and the donning of the gowns was in honor of this occasion. Mr. Sam Walter Foss gave readings, humorous and otherwise, from his own works, and he was greatly enjoyed by all.

On the same evening thirty or more attended the Symphony concert to hear Sembrich, and, needless to say, were delighted with the grand voice of this charming singer.

Monday, December 11.—A concert was given by the pupils, conducted by Prof. Hills. The pianos were not, as usual, on the stage. The new pupils who took part made it evident that this year has brought a welcome addition to the musical talent of Lasell. The programme was as follows:

Pianoforte, Polonaise, Op. 40.....Chopin
Miss Wiedenmayer.
Song, "Ah! 'tis a Dream".....Hawley
Miss Johnson.
Violin, Romance Poetique.....A. Fensen
Miss Salisbury.
Pianoforte, Valse Tyrolienne.....Raff
Miss Porter.
Song, "Sweetheart, Sigh No More,".....Manney
Miss Flaherty.
Pianoforte, Spinning Song.....Raff
Miss Cole.

———o———

Organ, "Marche Solennelle,".....Lemaigre
Miss Ashley.
Pianoforte, "Romance in E flat.....Rubenstein
Miss Lum.
Songs, "Calm Is the Night,".....Bohm
"Were My Song With Wings Provided,"..Hahn
Miss Raymond.
Pianoforte, Valse, "Soiree de Vienne,".....
Schubert-Liszt
Miss Walker.
Song, "Come, Sweet Morning,".....Old French
Miss Cotton.
Pianoforte, "At the Fountain,".....Schumann
Misses Bailey, Cole, E. Chase and Hunt.
Miss Byrnes, Accompanist.

Tuesday, December 12.—In the afternoon all the girls were weighed, which process gave proof that Lasell life agrees very well with most of them. In the evening the trunks were all in the hall waiting to be packed for the home going.

Wednesday, December 13.—In the evening Mr. Leon Vincent gave another lecture, this time on Lowell, whom he so convinced us was an unusually interesting sort of man that every girl felt a desire to know his writings better.

Thursday, December 14.—The evening of this day found the school deserted by all

but a few who could not leave till the next day, and the ten or twelve girls who expected to spend the vacation at school. Mr. Bragdon took all, who wished to go, to see an exhibition of fencing at the Harcourt gymnasium.

Thursday, January 4.—School re-opened, and the halls were again alive with business and bustle. There were all sorts of Christmas experiences to be recounted, and many pretty gifts to be displayed, as usual. Mr. Bragdon sent a telegram to be read in chapel, wishing the school a happy new year. We wished he were with us, that we might thank him, one and all.

The addition to the gymnasium, begun before vacation, is nearly done and will be a great improvement. Until its completion the gymnasium work and organ practice have been omitted.

Col. Benyon's place as drill master is to be taken by Mr. Renlet, whose skill in fencing those who have seen his work in this line can vouch for. All are sorry to lose our old master, but he has promised to make a visit to the companies later in the term—a partial consolation.

The following have been favored with calls from members of their families: Misses Fry, Duncan, Hutchins, Brewer, Heustis, M. Whitney, Flaherty, A. Taylor, L. Whitney, Mann, Scott, Lapowski, Fuller, Fisk, Krag, B. White, Kendrick, Wells, Tirrell, Lockwood, Hart, J. Deering, Winn, Butler, Tarbox, Rose Taylor, Trowbridge, Hill, Lord. Former pupils: Mrs. Sallie Ellwood Wirt, Eva L. Ferris, Emily Bissell, Jessie Talbot, Alice Kimball.

If an S and an I and an O and U,
With an X at the end, spell su,
And E and a Y and an E spell I,
Pray, what is a speller to do?
Then, if, also, an S and I and a G
And H E D spell side,
There's nothing much left for a speller to do
But go and commit siouxeyesighed.—*Ex.*



PERSONALS.

—Ella Wilson, ('96), it is announced, is engaged to Mr. Paul Comstock, of Richmond, Indiana. They met, it appears, during one of her visits to Lestra Hibberd, ('96). Ella is expecting to visit Alice Andreesen Kountze, ('95), soon, and to pay several other visits west. Marie and Edith Grant, she says, must make up for her absence from the Lasell Luncheon this year. Mayhap there'll be a Lasell Club in Richmond one of these days when Ella is settled there, and has turned her attention to it. Julia Hammond she reports as housekeeping for her mother; Blanche is studying art, and Florence Ray, ('96), music; Alice "is trying to get her house done," and Lestra has been visiting Katharine McDowell. The Class of '96 are thinking something of planning a reunion at the Seminary at Commencement time.

—Grace Allen, ('95), sends New Year's greetings. She and Ella Cotton met and hobnobbed about Lasell, while Ella was at home for the vacation. Grace speaks of Belle Bronson's engagement to an Ottawa gentleman, and says of Emma Goll's, ('98), wedding, that it was lovely. Mabel Taylor, ('95), she sees often, and says "She's the same fine girl, only finer, if possible." Martha Stone was ill some time since, but is quite well again now. She attended Kate Pennell's wedding. Grace saw in Denver this fall Grace Beebe, visiting Alice Beesley

Bridaham. During this visit she, Grace Allen, was with Ruth and Nelle Cleveland, and saw Florence Slate, and they "had a jolly Lasell Reunion among them." Myrtle Davis, ('97), was then visiting the Bucknum girls. Through Lillie Tukey Morrison, who lives in Lincoln, Grace hears now and then of Mae Burr, who is well and having a good time. Betty McEchron, she says, is engaged to Mr. George Calhoun, Jr. Anna Warner, ('97), is still in Germany. Elizabeth Stephenson, ('95), expects soon to visit Julia Hammond. Elizabeth Allen, ('98), is one of Omaha's debutantes of the season, and is naturally enjoying the social pleasures implied therein, but none the less practices as ever faithfully on her violin. She has sundry strings to her bow, of course. The girls expect a visit from Florence Slate soon.

—Kindliest New Year greetings have been received from the following friends: Gertrude Taggart, '97; Carrie Kendall, '98; Sallie Head, '87, and Alice Fuller.

—Ada Dunaway Caldwell and her husband entertained as Thanksgiving guest, so we hear, a wee girl, who will remain permanently. Her name we have yet to learn.

—Blanche Ford Emmick's Christmastide brought her a precious addition to her home and her happiness—a small daughter.

—Mabel Woodward sends a fine photograph of her dear self, a welcome addition to our album.

—Emily Eaton speaks of Esther Hoover's being in Denver, visiting relatives. The two girls met several times during Esther's stay. Emily sends subscription to the LEAVES.

—Katharine Mason, ('99), who, by the way, has been to see us this month, had a very pleasant visit to Chicago in November. She met many of the Lasell girls while there, and mentions especially having seen Eda Cooper Wolf out driving one day with her little one; having run across Lucile Parish Chickering by chance, after missing a call from her, because of absence; having hob-a-nobbed a bit with Martha Gunsaulus, whose fine voice is still in training, and is improving constantly, and having just missed for "previous engagement" reasons, an enticing party at Emma Golls. Jennie Maxwell and her mother entertained Katharine during her visit, and helped in other ways as well to make her stay a pleasure.

—Nellie Feagles, ('97), is finally settled, with her mother, in Germany for the winter. Her letter bears this address, "Bei Miss Morgan, 11 Kleiststr, Berlin," which we give for the benefit of her friends who may not as yet know her whereabouts definitely. She speaks of a pleasant summer's travel with Mr. Shepherd, and of plans for pursuing the study of German, plans already entered upon. Therese Dudley is in the same city, studying both German and vocal music. Her address is Kurfürstenstr 48, care Frau Conrad. She seems well and delighted with the place, and with her work.

—Caroline Kendall, ('98), is to be at home this winter. We may, perhaps, in this case, see her here now and then. She sends LEAVES' subscription—as a good many others might do.

—Ethel Johnson, ('99), too, is of the number who wish thus to keep track of her old school. Her father at the time of her writing, had just returned from California, having made "the fastest trip yet."

—Myrtle Davis, ('97), said that on his trip to California, Mr. Bragdon ought "to give Topeka a fair chance," and stop over awhile to see the place, and her home and home-folks in particular. Similarly glad of the opportunity to give him greeting as he passes through Emporia, was Maudie

Stone, ('88), who expected when she wrote, to have Elva and Mr. Newman also join her in this friendly greeting.

—And here's a card of invitation to a recital by Martha Hazelet, of Williamsport, Pa., none other than Sade Ransom Hazelet's daughter. How time does fly!

MARRIED.

—Elizabeth Estes Church to William Robert Morse, on Wednesday, December 6, at Brooklyn, N. Y.

—Lucy Gertrude Dudley to Arthur Cummings Merrill, on Wednesday, December 27, at Wilkinsonville, Mass.

—Florence May Williams to Waldo Edwards Nason, on Wednesday, December 27, at Newton Highlands, Mass.

—Rena Mabel French to Leonard L. Masters, on Thursday, December 28, at Chapin, Ill. Home address: Jackson, Ill.

—Gertrude Smith Watson to Arthur Hall Linscott, on Monday, January 1, at Woburn, Mass. Home address: 23 Ward Street, North Woburn, Mass.

—Bertha Adelle Lillibridge to Arthur Young Merrill, on Tuesday, January 2, at Minneapolis, Minn. Home address: The Normandie, 6 East Fourteenth Street, Minneapolis, Minn.

—Alice Hughes Ball to Clarence Edward Groesbeck, on Wednesday, January 3, at Grand Rapids, Michigan.

PASSED AWAY.

—The New Year, which to many brings renewed promise and brightness, to others has come with a burden of grief, and the sadness of loss and life-long separation from loved ones. To such our hearts go out in tender sympathy and sincere desire to comfort, were it ours to minister the blessing of healing.

—Jennie Myrick has lost her father, and is by this stroke left bereft of both parents, having been already motherless. To Sallie Head and to Irene Cushman also has come a similar blow, and in their homes will no more be heard the father's voice, nor his loving companionship be enjoyed. These losses draw our thoughs more and more to "the land that is very far off," and to the dawning of the morning that is to bring joy in its radiance, and restoration to our dear ones. "Lo, I am with you always," said He whose alone it is to comfort and to heal.

—The death of Mrs. Bartlett, who has been the house-keeper at Lasell for a little over a year, came at the close of our Christmas vacation all unannounced by any premas vacation all unanonunced by any previous sickness. While she had experienced some trouble with her heart, there were no unfavorable symptoms to give her warning. She was never apparently better, more cheerful, bright and happy than on the evening of December 30, up to eleven o'clock, but after three-quarters of an hour of unconsciousness, she passed to her eternal home.

By her frankness, kindness and gentle ways, she had endeared herself to all with whom she came into association. She had administered the affairs of her department with rare tact and efficiency, giving general satisfaction. She was evidently a woman who had been richly endowed by nature with the best qualities of womanhood. Her sudden removal from our midst is a loss in which the entire school community shares.

The funeral took place in the parlors of Dr. Gallagher's residence adjoining the Seminary. Rev. W. T. Worth spoke tenderly and appropriately. A company, including almost every one at the Seminary at the time, manifested their interest and regard by their presence. Floral offerings were made by the Seminary, the teachers, the students and the employees.

She leaves a husband who deeply mourns her loss.

"Hist!" whispered the villain, creeping stealthily across the stage. "Yes; I expected you would be," rejoined the heroine. And a murmur of applause trickled down from the gallery.—*Chicago News.*

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"DUX FEMINA FACTI."

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The Editors will be glad to receive from the students and Alumnæ any communications and items of interest to the school.

Editorials.

THE people of the age rush and toil, ever listening to the voice of duty, or of business, or of ambition, taking little time to find the beautiful in life for themselves and hence missing one of the greatest pleasures of living. What an expression of the spirit of peace and restful enjoyment of life in this short extract: "Go out, in the springtime, among the meadows that slope from the shores of the Swiss lakes to the root of their lower mountains. There, mingled with taller gentians and of the white narcissus, the grass grows deep and free; and as you follow the winding mountain paths, beneath arching boughs all veiled and dim with blossom—paths that forever droop and rise over the green banks and mounds sweeping down in scented undulations, steep to the blue water, studded here and there with new mown heaps, filling the air with fainter sweetness—look up to the higher hills, where the waves of everlasting green roll silently into their long inlets among the shadows of the pines." It is from Ruskin, who has shown us the mistake of being so busy that we can not observe the beauty about us. We need someone to give us inspiration, and this Ruskin will do, if we only will take the time to lis-

ten to his lessons in the art of discerning beauty and all loveliness. He has been dead to the world for some years. Many say that his whole life has been a failure; but the influence of his failure will continue to increase till they far outweigh that of the successes of smaller souls. Who can say that he, whose descriptions of nature are among our choicest passages of English prose, whose life shows what strength disappointment and trials can give, the friend of humanity, the generous, honest and entirely unselfish lover of art, has not been a blessing to the nineteenth century. He began his life by making a man of himself. Born into a wealthy family, a circumstance which in itself handicaps many a finely gifted soul, he worked his way up. From the first he showed his great courage, battling for reputation, acknowledging his mistakes, suffering the pain which his frankness brought to him, and enduring the displeasure of the people while unmasking the shams of art and of life. His mission was a grand one, and thanks and lasting honor do not repay too highly such giving away of self. We see the bitterness of his life in these few words: "All my life I have been talking to the people, and they have listened not to what I had to say, but to how I said it; they have cared only for the manner, not for the matter. For them the kernel is nothing; it is the shell which attracts. And so I have made people go wrong in a hundred ways, and they have done nothing at all!" Was ever man more thoroughly misunderstood? The sad part of it all is that, when his efforts had come to be appreciated, he should have lost his intellectual powers and lived unaware of it all. Let us pay tribute to this noble life.

THE soul is not made as the statue is, with click of hammer and chip of chisel from without; but the soul is made of its own ingrowth as a peach is.—*J. F. W. Ware.*

The Death of the Principals' Mother.

We are pained to announce the death on Tuesday, February 6, in Pasadena, California, of Mrs. S. W. C. Bragdon, mother of our beloved principal. She had gone with her son to California to spend a few weeks of the winter with him and his family in that delightful climate. Although she had reached the advanced age of eighty-three years, there was no reason to believe that she would not return to her home in Evanston in her usual health. After a brief illness she passed quietly away. A life-long disciple of Christ, whose faith bore fruits in Christian living and the personal comforts and hopes of her religion, it seems almost a providential closing to her beautiful life that she should have gone from the chill of our northern winter through the brightness of the "Land of Sunshine and Flowers" into the presence of the Eternal Glory. We mingle our sympathy with that of the afflicted family and friends.

Two Women Artists.

ROSA Bonheur and Henriette Ronner stand among present day artists at the head of animal painters. The one French, and the other Dutch, they were born at nearly the same time, and the early life and struggles of both were in some ways very similar. In another way, too, these women are strikingly alike—they both studied animals and animal life so carefully and faithfully that they attained to as perfect sympathy with the beast creation, perhaps, possible for man to feel.

Rosa Bonheur was born in Bordeaux, in 1822. Her father and mother were poor artists, who had married for love, and were happy, even though compelled to struggle hard for means of subsistence. To support

their four little children both parents taught drawing. After a while, however, the mother broke down and died; and since Raymond Bonheur could not bear to stay in the place where his wife had died, the family moved to Paris. Here M. Bonheur taught in different boarding schools that his children might receive an education. Rosa used to carry around in her pocket a piece of charcoal and in spare minutes make sketches, principally caricatures of the professors, all over the margins of her books. Even thus early she showed a great talent for modelling as well as for painting and drawing, but her love of color was so strong that it finally conquered. At this period of her life, the gifted girl did not have the facilities for watching and studying animals that she had later in life, and she used to walk out into the suburbs of Paris, or even to the slaughter houses, in search of animals for models. Later on she made journeys into the country over fields and farms, making studies for her pictures. While at work on her famous masterpiece, "The Horse Fair," she visited the horse market regularly twice a week for eighteen months. On these trips of hers, it seemed necessary to wear something different from a woman's usual dress. Long, cumbersome skirts and close fitting waists were inconvenient, when picking one's way among the animals in barn-yards or stables, that she decided to wear man's clothes instead, and got a special permit from the governor to do this.

Her home at By, near the forest of Fontainebleau, was during her life-time the home also of a great many strange or beautiful pet animals, which she liked to have near her that she might watch and study them the more thoroughly. Here she lived with a very dear friend, a young American artist, Miss Klumpe, who has painted a very charming, and it is said, faithful portrait of her. The face is so womanly and gentle, yet so strong, and alert, and intelligent, that one feels in looking at it that here was indeed a true and noble woman, as well as a remarkable genius. Rosa Bonheur died at her Chateau in By, May 25, 1899.

Nobody paints such graceful and such lively-looking cats as Mme. Henriette Ronner. No purring, sleeping, peaceful cats are these; on the contrary they look as full of life and fun as mischievous children. Although Mme. Ronner is particularly fond of cats, she had been painting for a number of years before she devoted herself especially to them as subjects. This lady comes of a Holland family of artists, her aunt and grandfather having been quite well known in the art circles of Amsterdam and of Paris. Her father, Josephus Augustus Knip, was a landscape painter, and became Henriette's first and only teacher as soon as she was old enough to hold a pencil. When the girl was eleven years old, Mr. Knip became blind, a dreadful grief to them both; but he still went on teaching her as well as he could by directions, and seemed to have a jealous fear lest, if she had any other artist for a teacher, her originality would be spoiled.

The father and daughter were living in Düsseldorf when her picture, "A Cat in a Window," was first exhibited and promptly sold. Strange enough she did not follow up her first success with a similar subject. Owing to her father's restless desire to be constantly moving about from place to place, the young artist was obliged to content herself with whatever models she could find at hand. Finally in 1847, in the village of Berlikum, in North Brabant, Mr. Knip died. Here also Henriette met Fieco Ronner, whom she afterwards married. They began their married life in Amsterdam, where Mme. Ronner made herself famous by her pictures of street dogs, which are the common

draught animals in most Low Country cities. Soon orders came in for the portraits of more aristocratic animals; but it was through her pictures of working-dogs that she first became famous, her "Friend of Man" being especially well known.

One day a little stray cat came to Mme. Ronner's house, and since it was quite a pretty little creature, the thought suddenly came to her to paint this kitten as a change from her usual subjects, the dogs. The success of the resulting picture was remarkable. Now her house is full of cats of every variety and color. To keep her models within bounds while she is painting them, Mme. Ronner puts them into large cushioned cages, where they can play and climb as they choose, but in a limited space. Here in this beautiful home in the suburbs of Brussels, Mme. Ronner, although seventy-eight years old, still paints and works among her beloved cats. I. C. '01.

TO SET THE WORLD REJOICING.

No robin but may thrill some heart,
His dawnlike gladness voicing;
God gives us all some small sweet way
To set the world rejoicing.

—*Anonymous.*

An "Experiment" Dinner.

A TAP at the door, "Come in!" Enters a cheery-looking young woman, who, as it afterwards appears, has for some days now been playing housekeeper at the new "Experiment Station" just across from the seminary, and formerly known as the Annex. She comes to invite Miss X—to dine that evening with the girls of the station, a pleasure of which Miss X—is very glad to avail herself, being heartily interested in this experiment.

An hour later the pleased guest is received with due ceremony at the Annex, and after chatting some minutes with the hostess and her family, is ushered into a well-lighted, prettily furnished dining-room, where all sit down to a table faultlessly laid. The dinner, to a dish, has been prepared by the deft hand of the girls, and does them credit. The meat is carved by a skillful handler of the knife and fork, and a neat, white-aproned, and imperturbably grave young woman acts as waitress—an exceptionally attractive one withal. The fare for the evening includes excellent consommé, a juicy roast, done to a shade of brown, savory gravy, riced potatoes, creamed cauliflower, light, sweet bread, and the usual other accompaniments of such a course; while for dessert there was delicious cake, with a prettily moulded dish of Spanish cream, garnished with preserved strawberries, and served with whipped cream. Everything is of the best,—food, service, and the spirits of the company

After dinner, Miss X—is generously allowed a peep into the kitchen where the dainties are prepared. Here she finds two more of the apron-clad genus, busily setting things to rights again. The very convenient and up-to-date equipment of this kitchen is to be remarked upon, as well as the easy familiarity with the bewildering array of utensils shown by the young cooks, and also the general air of order and neatness that prevails.

The best thing about it all is, of course, the training it gives in skilled and intelligent manipulation of materials, acquaintance with processes, and acquirement of ability in planning and directing such household work. Each girl serves a week in some one particular capacity, then passes on to a week of a different sort of work, till she has been successively dish-washer, meat-cook, vegetable-cook, bread and cake maker, dessert-maker, table-waitress, carver at table, and housemistress. Quite a feather in their caps, all this.

The Boer Girl.

NOW that our attention is directed to South Africa, we may wonder what kind of life the Boers, of whom we have read so much, lead. Does the Boer girl enjoy the advantages that we American girls consider necessary? Is her life a pleasant one? By a certain class of philosophizers upon women she is doubtless considered the ideal woman of the nineteenth century. She is tall and strong, with a fine, healthy color in her cheeks, due probably to her out-door life.

The Boers are descendants of a race of simple, hard, God-fearing people, and are a nation of farmers and soldiers, whose military capacity must be acknowledged, and whose love of freedom, and sturdy self-reliance are most noticeable traits of character. A popular misconception is that Zulu blood flows through their veins. A few there may be who are thus tainted, but the Boers in general, who hold somewhat Puritanical standards of life, do not exhibit such intermingling. A Boer, generally speaking, has no more Zulu blood than an American has Indian blood. An ignorant stranger, on seeing a Boer girl for the first time, is said to have exclaimed, "Why, you're not black!" She is much more proud of her Boer ancestry than of the English strain, which in some cases is also hers.

The grandmother of the Boer girl is the very essence of industry, a trait which she has inherited from the Hollanders; and she was in an earlier time not unaccustomed to luxury and social pleasures of a higher class than she now enjoys. But how different is the solitary life of her granddaughter of the Transvaal! Living as she does in that desolate African plain she presents a picture difficult for the American girl of today to understand.

How passes with her a day spent in her home? She rises, we are told, at about four o'clock, and by six o'clock she has done what many of us would consider a day's work; this before the simple breakfast is served. She assists both her father and mother in the cares connected with the home life. Much of her time is spent in following the flocks and herds of her father, while she is taught to be at ease in the kitchen, or in the parlor. At eleven o'clock in the morning there is served lunch of tea, cake and wine, though the Boers do not indulge freely in spirits of any kind. One o'clock brings the dinner hour. Supper is served at six, and very soon after this meal, the father gathers his family about him for prayers, for these people are deeply religious. Eight o'clock finds the lights out, and the day ended for the Boer household.

In this rude home the daughter pursues her studies. If the farmer has been able to gain sufficient means, a governess, from one of the neighboring towns is provided. If not, the mother teaches the daughter, as well as she is able. If books cannot be obtained, through lack of means, or for other reasons, the Bible alone is used as the text book, for with this book the Boers are very familiar, and in it they never fail to instruct their children. Our Boer girl is also educated to use a gun skillfully. Today the women of the Transvaal are demanding guns, that they may take their part in defending their country, now in such danger.

Let us not, however, think that the Boer girl's life is one all of toil, and that into it comes none of life's pleasures. She has her sports and diversions also. She is taught by her governess to dance, which she learns to do with ease and grace. She has various games, and is very fond of riding horseback. Only once or twice a year, is she able to go to town, and then she goes to attend the Nachtmaal, which is the

chief religious festival of these people. At the age of sixteen, our African girl is considered to have arrived at a marriageable age. Usually it is at the festival of the Nachtmaal, that some Boer youth summons enough courage to ask her permission to call at her home. If she consents, her admirer shows his devotion by riding on horseback many miles over the plain, and "sitting up" with his charmer from sundown till daybreak.

A wedding among the Boers is considered a very important event. Many friends and relatives attend, and our Boer homestead presents a lively scene. Dancing and feasting are the order of the day. Scores of ox teams are tethered on the plain about the cottage, and busy negro servants are hurrying hither and thither. Guns are fired whenever a new guest arrives, and everybody enjoys himself to the best of his ability. When the wedding ceremony and the feast are over, the bridegroom takes his bride to the cottage given to him by his father. It is the custom that when a son is married, he inherits a part of his father's farm. Here the newly married couple live together in peace and harmony.

The Boer girl is a sweet, unselfish woman. How we admire her brave, true-hearted spirit! These women have fought fearlessly for liberty, and this beautiful devotion to her country has justly won them a reputation for a hearty and self-forgetful patriotic spirit, such as some of us might well emulate. F. G. P., '01.

Strange Disaster.

On December 22, 1899, about 2 o'clock p. m., an enormous rock, upon which stood the Capuchini Hotel, slid bodily into the sea with a deafening roar, and without a moment's warning, carrying with it the hotel, the old Capuchin monastery below, the Hotel Santa Catarina and several villas. Many people, including monks, were buried in the debris, and four vessels with their crews were crushed to the bottom of the sea. The mass of earth was about fifty thousand cubic yards.

Amalfi is a small but lively town of seven thousand inhabitants, situated at the entrance of a deep ravine, surrounded by imposing mountains and rocks of the most picturesque forms. The Capuchian monastery was founded in 1212 by Cardinal Pietro Capuano for the Cisterians, but came into possession of the Capuchins in 1583. The building, which stood in the hollow of the great rock that rose abruptly from the sea to a height of two hundred and thirty feet, contained fine cloisters.

From Mr. Bragdon.

PASADENA, CAL.

Katherine Watson is recovering from diptheria. She is a permanent resident here. Mr. and Mrs. Harrison of Minneapolis have just arrived for the winter. They report Grace as making her first essay in housekeeping at home. Mr. Sattler, the manager of the Echo Mountain House, at the top of the Mt. Lome incline, one of the great things Professor Lowe has done for Pasadena and the world, told me that he married Emma Newkirk's sister, and that Emma was married and living in San Bernardino, fifty miles east of Pasadena.

Lucy Sampson Livermore of Flagstaff is spending a few weeks here, and Clifford and Elizabeth Warrock, with a younger sister are here for the winter. Clifford and Elizabeth look well. They saw Ada Jones Gartey with her two children, on their way to Honolulu, and made her acquaintance on the cars. Some one tells me that Nina Burr Day has moved to Newark, N. J., 75 Clinton avenue. Zoe Lowe Brown to 630 Coronado

street, Los Angeles. She is much improved in looks since I last saw her, and says she is now sound as a dollar.

Miss Roth is a great success as a teacher, and a most attractive and courteous friend. The school in which she is interested is a thoroughly first class one, and is attended by many from the East, whose health needs a mild climate. These find they can do a good year's work, in these gentle conditions, when they would lose most of the year in the harsher climates.

* * * *

Mr. Bragdon wishes thankfully to acknowledge New Year letters from Misses Hotchkiss, Le Royer, Witherbee, Bennett, Stuven, Hersey, Olive Smith, Lum, Stone, Lottie Appel, Anne Cushing, Gertrude Taggart and Grace Allen, and wishes he had eleven hands to answer all personally.

Sophie Hall, '98, dropped in yesterday, looking bright and strong as ever. She is on a Raymond trip.

* * * *

It seems strange to read of your zero weather, sitting on our porch with scent of orange, lemon, violet and rose all about, and sunshine hot enough to make one avoid it.

Perfectly lovely letters from perfectly lovely teachers and pupils of the perfectly lovely Seminary, made the perfectly lovely climate of Pasadena more perfectly lovely to me during my perfectly lovely enforced absence from perfectly lovely Auburndale, and in place of perfectly lovely personal replies I beg to acknowledge them in this perfectly lovely manner. C. C. B.

P. L. P., January, 1900.

Little Jack Horner
Sat in a corner
  Taking a hard "exam."
He passed it, of course,
With the aid of a "horse,"
  And said, "What a good boy I am."

—Ex.

Politeness Learned By Its Absence.

THE aged may have no appetite for food, but they hunger for sympathy, for the kind words and cheering smiles which will turn their aching hearts from sighs to song.

Could the full meaning of the word "regret" be realized, how few would withhold from the old the tenderness and reverent consideration which is their just due; they are hallowed opportunities to exchange ordinary kindnesses and trivial, helpful acts, for the imperishable riches of heaven; they are barriers between the younger generation and an unknown world; when they shall have passed through the gate of silence, and sons and daughters stand in their place, then will these in turn bitterly learn what it means to be set aside, tolerated, pitied.

It is not an uncommon occurrence to see children that are ashamed of the parents who have given them advantages which were impossible to themselves; they deride mispronunciations and unfashionable dress or manners, seemingly unaware that all look upon such ingratitude with contempt. One who honors his father, no matter how illiterate or uncultivated that father may be, honors himself in the act. It is pitiful, but one frequently sees an aged father or mother so accustomed to disregard, that a personal attention will cause the lip to quiver. Though the mind may still be strong, friends are apt to drop away when the body becomes feeble and can no longer be made useful; and what unshed tears dim the vision of those who sit in their loneliness, conscious of being superfluous, yet longing for the affection which would brighten their waiting.

Is it polite to say, "Take this seat, father; you know you don't hear very well?" Or, "I've given you a room down stairs, Aunt Sarah, on account of your rheumatic knee?" Would it not be kinder to say, "This is a

good place, father; you can hear splendidly here?" Or, "I want you to have this room, Aunt Sarah; the view is lovely from this window." Not a bit of deception about it, either—it is merely a Golden Rule kindness! Nothing can be more cruel than to draw attention to uncertain carriage, failing eyesight, or other infirmities of the aged; for, as has been said, the mind and heart are sensitive long after bodily powers are weakened. Lavish cordial thoughtfulness upon the old, but help them not too obviously. "Let me do that" may be agreeable offering, but how much sweeter to lovingly smile, and do it silently! Conspicuous thoughtfulness hurts.

Almost every day one may see the heartless or unrefined laughing at peculiarities of the aged. "See that man drinking from his saucer—how old-fashioned!" exclaimed a loud girl in a hotel dining room.

"It was old-fashioned manners not to notice such things," said the old gentleman, putting down the saucer.

It would be well for the ignorant to remember that while fashion is despotic, there are varying usages. A hundred years ago it was *a la mode* to drink from the saucer, and cup plates came with every set of china, that the damask might be protected when the cup was removed from the saucer.

The first Mrs. John Quincy Adams ate with her knife, as was the custom, and laughed at her husband when, on his return from France, he brought four-tined silver forks and ate with one, as etiquette at the French court then demanded. The word "etiquette" has a curious origin. In French it means simply a label. So those to whom the term is applied as being its finished master, are simply labeled as fit to enter polite society. Its origin in the sense that it is used now, dates back to Louis XIV. He had employed a doughty Scotch gardener to lay out the grounds at Versailles. The courtiers would wander all over his smoothly made lawns, and he complained to the king, who told the gardener to place sticks with labels on them directing the offenders to walk only on the paths indicated between them. "Walk between the etiquettes" was the word that went round, and it is easy to see how the meaning broadened.

Table etiquette especially is a constant study, and even young people must look well to themselves, wasting no time over the lapses of their neighbors.

"The whole of heraldry and of chivalry is in courtesy!"—*Editor Christian Advocate.*

The New York Club Luncheon.

The annual luncheon of the New York Lasell Club occurred on the 3d of February. We have as yet received no report of the affair, though, with such managers at the head, it could have been nothing short of a success and a delight. The following is the invitation form used:

The Lasell Club of New York cordially invites you to attend the seventh annual luncheon, to be given at the Waldorf-Astoria, on Saturday, February the third, at one o'clock.

A reading will follow the luncheon.

A Natural Consequence.

Kind Old Lady.—Yes, my poor man, I'll give you something to eat, but first you must wash your face. How does it come to be so dirty and grimy?

Tired Tommy.—I guess it must come from travelin' on me cheek.

"Tomorrow" is the devil's great ally—the very Goliath in whom he trusts for victory. "Now" is the stripling sent forth against him . . . The world will freely agree to be Christians tomorrow, if Christ will permit them to be worldly today.—*Arnot.*

The More Excellent Way.

A young man who had just become a Christian was much troubled over many things that he had been in the habit of doing. He wondered whether he could keep on doing this thing and that. Finally he went to a friend with his questions. The friend was an old man, rich in the joy of a long Christian life; he looked at the other with his rare smile.

"Suppose," he said gently, "that we drop all that for a while and just try to learn more of the Master," and then followed a talk upon Christ and his plan for human lives which that young man still remembered when old and gray-haired himself.

We cannot too often remind ourselves that religion is positive, not negative; that the secret of it lies not in refraining from certain things, but in being possessed by the Spirit of God. "Things" fall into their right places, and the question whether we "can" do this or that is utterly forgotten when once the soul has had a vision of the abundant life that Christ came to bring mankind.—*Well-spring.*

MINISTRY.

The memory of a kindly word
Long, long gone by,
The fragrance of a fading flower
Sent lovingly,
The gleaming of a sudden smile
Or sudden tear,
The warmer pressure of the hand,
The tone of cheer,
The hush that means, "I cannot speak,
But I have heard!"
The note that only bears a verse
From God's own Word;
Such tiny things we hardly count
As ministry;
The givers deeming they have shown
Scant sympathy;
But when the heart is overwrought,
Oh, who can tell
The power of such tiny things
To make it well?

—*Kate B. Wyning* (a shut-in).



PERSONALS.

Avila Grubbs, '99, evidently is one who doesn't give up the ship, for we learn that she and her mother expect to sail for Europe once again, in the coming June, and to join Avila's brother at Havre, whither he has recently been ordered by the government. Before leaving us, however, she will visit Lasell, at commencement time, for that longed for class re-union. She speaks of pleasant visit with Clara Davis, '98, and of having seen in Cincinnati May and Lucy Muth and Ella Ampt, '96, all well and in fine feather.

—Helen Morris, '95, we are sorry to hear, has been very ill. Is recovering, and expected, when heard from, to be in Los Angeles at about the middle of February.

—Sue Brown Brill, '88, writes of seeing Madame Bouguereau and her husband during her stay, which she and Mr. Brill made in Paris. Madame Bouguereau received them in a very gracious and pleasant fashion, and showed them her husband's studio, where was M. Bouguereau himself, equally affable and courteous. Sue tells of having had Gussie Lowe Brownback, '84, and her husband to dinner recently.

—Hattie Williams Wilson, here in '83, visited us on the 19th of last month, in company with Bertha Childs. It was good to see them again. Mr. and Mrs. Wilson chanced to be in Boston for a few days at that time.

—Gertrude Penfield Seiberling, '86, sends us a charming picture of herself with her youngest in her arms—Master James Penfield Seiberling, aged one and a half years, a curly-pated and winning little urchin, looking in the picture somewhat doubtful of what the goings-on in the gallery really portended.

—Mary Hazelwood Renwick is to be congratulated—twin daughters on the 6th of January.

—Josephine West writes of having seen Helen Morris and Mattie Baker in the summer. "Mattie's father, by the way," she says, "is to be president of our new steamship company." Her brother is Professor of Greek, Latin and mathematics in Wolfboro Academy.

—Mary Sanders's engagement to Mr. Clifford Dorchester is announced.

—Alice White of Weathersford, Conn., writes a splendid letter with most gratifying news of herself. She is tutoring in Hartford. Emma is well.

—Anna Cushing of Foxcroft, Me., writes a good letter of New Year greeting, but spoils it at the end by saying "Don't put anything I've said in the LEAVES." So I'm forbidden even from telling the news which she sent, which I regret. She is well, anyhow, and as good as ever, and approves Experiment Hall.

—Lottie Appel puts in her loyal and pleasant Christmas greeting, which is very welcome, and, as the rest, are heartily returned. She was in New York last summer, and expects to go again soon. Come to Lasell, Lottie!

—Minnie Jones Eddy of Worcester gives new address—11 Dean street. There is a possibility of a Lasell Club in that city.

—Anna Howe Shipley of Lafayette, Ind., sends kindly remembrances. Her daughter Alice, now, we suppose, a young lady, has the Paris Exposition in prospect for the summer.

—Idelle Phelps was in Asheville, N. C., having a good time, in January, and very likely is there yet. Her sister thinks of coming to Lasell next year.

—In the December number of the *Dramatic Magazine* we notice a capitally written and very interesting paper by Mrs. Mary Towle Davis (Lizzie Davis Evetts' mother), who is also the editor of the "Music and Musicians" department of this magazine. The subject of the article is "Bayreuth and Festival." It is well illustrated, and altogether is one of the best things in this issue.

—We have received a clipping describing very interesting and impressive Memorial services held at Deadwood, Dak., in honor of Mr. Samuel Cushman, whose death is elsewhere noticed in this issue, and who died while on the way to Texas in search of health. He was a man of note and influence, and of noble Christian character.

—Mr. and Mrs. John D. Flint, father and mother of Cora, ('79), Jennie, Edith, and Jessie Flint,—all old Lasell girls,—and grandparents of Marion Stafford, so lately with us, celebrated on the seventeenth of this month the fiftieth anniversary of their wedding, by a reception to their friends, at their Fall River home.

—Louise Thatcher's engagement to J. Elmer Ayres has recently been announced. Louise expects to spend a part of the winter in the South.

—Gertrude Woodbury Powers sends two snap-shots of her bewitching little children, Horace and Dorothy. In one of these Miss Dorothy is seated, with all the dignity of her two years in a little cart, while Horace is ready to play Dobbin's part for her; in the other, Master Horace appears in a new role, that of drummer boy to the G. A. R. The

baby's picture, Gertrude says, has not yet been taken.

—Hattie Freebey's last letter tells of a temperature forty degrees below zero, and of going about in a blizzard, as if these were quite the normal thing for that place, Calumet, Mich. She has, as ever, a word of grateful appreciation for the good times she had at Lasell when she was one of us. She is teaching yet, but expects to study next year for a change. Good luck to her.

—Edith Howe's engagement to Irving DeForest Kip, has not, we think, been noticed in the LEAVES hitherto, though it was announced some time ago.

—Our friend, Mr. Clarence Ashenden and his wife, Katie Gibbons (here in '88), are now in Texas for the winter. They are to live in Dallas, but Mr. Ashenden, besides his work in teaching and singing in this place, expects also to have similar work in Paris, going thither once or twice a week possibly. They were in Paris at Judge Scott's, when he wrote, and he was enthusiastic in his appreciation of Texas, and especially of the charming entertainment they were receiving. "I didn't half tell you how sorry I was to give up my work at Lasell," he says. "I'm sure I should have enjoyed it very much, and could have made it interesting for the girls." He sends program of a song recital which he gave recently, assisted by Miss M. L. Sauter, pianist. May he have all success in his work.

—Mrs. Frank Davidson, of Auburndale, known to many of our readers as having been the teacher of Greek and Latin at Lasell a few years ago, when she was Miss Allen, is the happy possessor of a baby boy a few weeks old, the pride of the family.

—Clarissa Arnold has had the pleasure of a five weeks' visit from Nellie Wilson, ('96), and of a newsy letter from Helen Holman, ('96), who tells of "a chance Lasell reunion" that occurred recently, at which the reunionists were, Norine Burroughs, ('97), Marie Griswold, and Lucile Parish Chickering. On the day following there was a dinner, at which were present, besides these, Celia Googins, Agnes Lowe, Clara Burroughs and Helen. Clarissa expresses herself as being greatly interested in the Housekeeping Experiment Hall, as have several others of the girls.

—From May and Julia Tulleys come Christmas greetings expressed through the medium of one of the daintiest of Christmas cards.

—Eva Kennard's engagement to Mr. James Wallace is announced. The secret was made known, it appears, in a rather novel fashion, Eva giving her girl friends a dinner at her home, while at the same time Mr. Wallace feasted his friends at the club, each publishing the fact of the engagement on this occasion. Later the gentlemen joined the ladies at Eva's home, where they devoted the rest of the evening to an informal dance.

—Eva Ferris's engagement to Mr. Foote is also announced.

PASSED AWAY.

Since our last issue several of our number have had the saddening experience of loss by death. Roe Porter's father, Mr. J. W. Porter, of Port Huron, Mich., while on a pleasure trip South, with a party of friends, was seized with pneumonia and died very soon after. His death occurred in New Orleans. Mary Houghton, too, has lost a beloved aunt, Mrs. Florence Hall, of North Bennington, Vermont; and just as we go to press comes word that Grace Huntington, '89, has but recently buried her father.

With all these friends we sympathize most sincerely. May they find comfort and healing in Him who alone can console in such depths of sorrow.



Wednesday evening, January 10, Mrs. Van Anderson lectured on "The Robes of a Princess." She herself has the bearing of a princess, and presented very attractively the graces of spirit that should adorn one of such royal rank.

Thursday, January 18, at the 1.30 division the school was unexpectedly treated to a series of readings by Mr. Wadsworth Harris, a member of Modjeska's Company, who gave several selections from Shakespeare, and one from Adelaide Proctor.

Saturday, January 20, in the afternoon, a small party went to hear Mme. Sembrich and Mr. Bispham. It was a grand concert and an inspiration to the music pupils.

Saturday evening, January 20, a number of the French pupils attended the presentation of a French play at Dana Hall. The occasion proved a very enjoyable one in every way.

Thursday, January 25, Mrs. Lincoln gave a very interesting lecture on "The Home and its Furnishings."

Friday night, January 26, Miss Kendrick took a small party to a reception given at the Hull Street College settlement by the Eliott Literary Club, an association of young Italians who have been aided in many ways by the workers of the settlement, and several of whom are actually taking college courses at Harvard and Boston University. They gave an interesting program of music and original essays on this occasion.

Saturday evening, January 27, the faculty gave to the juniors and a number of the specials a very delightful reception. Refreshments were served in the music room.

Saturday, February 3, the Lasellia Club gave a fine entertainment, at which Mrs. Southwick, the popular reader, gave various selections, which she rendered very artistically. Miss Glenn Priest, a talented young violinist, assisted, giving several delightful violin solos. Both these artists were enthusiastically received. Our new stage looked very pretty, although it is hardly finished as yet. The program was as follows:

1. Selection from "Quo Vadis," Sienkiewicz
   Mrs. Southwick.
2. Violin Solo,
   Miss Priest.
3. Domestic Sketches,
   "Cricket on the Hearth," Dickens.
   "Spinning-wheel Song," Wilcox.
   "Negro Lullaby," Edwards.
   Mrs. Southwick.
4. Violin Solo,
   Miss Priest.
5. Selections from Shakespeare:
   The Potion Scene from "Romeo and Juliet."
   The Sleep-walking Scene from "Macbeth."
   Mrs. Southwick.
6. Violin Solo,
   Miss Priest.
7. Interpretation of Dramatic Lyrics,
   "Ode to the West Wind," Shelley.
   "The Chambered Nautilus," Holmes.
   "Snow-bound," Whittier.
   "Evelyn Hope," Browning.
   Mrs. Southwick.

Thursday evening, February 6, Miss Mar-

shall, who has been employed in the office since September, was married to Mr. Staples of Auburndale. The wedding took place in the home of Dr. Gallagher, who performed the ceremony. Only a very few friends were present.

Last month a mistake was made in the spelling of the name of the new drill master, Lieutenant Charles A. Ranlett of Newton, who has shown competence as military instructor of the battalion. He attended West Point for three years, but was thrown from his horse in the riding school and injured so that he could not complete his course. He has been the instructor in Baroness Fosse's fencing class for some time.

The following have been favored with calls from members of their families: Misses Whitney, L., Howes, Flaherty, Bailey, Pinkham, Fay, Robinson, Wiedenmayer, Lockwood, Hutchins, Draper, Harris, E., Slayton, Harris, M., Lapowski, Ramsdell, Tarbox, Talcott, Taylor, A., Frisbie, Graffam, Harris, H. Former pupils: Bertha Childs, Hattie Williams Wilson, Mary Sanders, Edith Blair, Grace Washburn, Eva Ferris, Emma Smith. Miss Mary Hunt of Nashua, N. H., here before Mr. Bragdon's time, called on Miss Eliza Kendrick and Miss Robbins. Mr. A. C. Houghton, father of Grace Houghton, here last year, called to see the school a few days.

The gymnasium has been in use for the last month, the classes were omitted only for a few days while the end of the gymnasium was open for building the stage.

Men may be divided into two classes—those who have a "one thing," and those who have no "one thing," to do; those with aim, and those without aim in their lives. The aim in life is what the backbone is to the body; without it we are invertebrate.—*Gannett.*

The Queen of the Ants.

A gentleman who is very found of every living thing, who watches animals carefully, that he may learn their ways, tells the *Presbyterian Review* a very interesting story of some ants he once saw. He noticed a procession of ants going across the path. This gentleman watched, and, knowing the ways of ants, knew that they were emigrating to a new colony, because the old city was over-crowded. He watched the ants closely to decide which was the queen. At last he discovered her, attended by a guard of honor. Quickly and carefully he lifted the queen and held her in his hand.

She was missed at once, and there was the greatest excitement. The guard of honor was seized by the others and held under arrest. Ants started out in every direction to look for the queen. They looked everywhereand returned again and again to learn if there was any news.

At last the gentleman put the queen down on the path some distance away from the point at which he had captured her. She was discovered by one of the scouts who hurried back to the point where the ants had assembled, and told of his discovery. A guard of honor hurried to the queen and actually carried her back to her subjects, who received her with demonstrations of joy.

The new colony had been established under a bench. A hole under one of the legs of the bench led to it. With the guard of honor carrying the queen, the procession reformed and began its march and soon disappeared from sight. The gentleman moistened four lumps of sugar and put them in the path. Soon two or three ants appeared, found the sugar, and immediately reported at the new colony. When they returned, a number of helpers came with

them; and the sugar was all carried, grain by grain, to the new home. Doubtless they thought they had found a most wonderful land to settle in, when food was provided in such quantities near at hand.

Among the iron-clad regulations of the South Lancaster (Mass.) Academy are the following:

All students must refrain from flirtation, courtship, and all appearance of the same during their attendance at school, or while they are in any way connected with the academy. Gentlemen must not escort the ladies upon the street, or to and from public gatherings.

Bangs, frizzes, jewelry and all other fripperies of fashion are also severely rebuked.

The Young Idea Trying to Shoot.

Many queer examination papers have been printed. But here is one for which we can vouch, which was presented by a boy fourteen years old, a boarding pupil in one of the best academies in the United States. It was given to us by one of the professors:

EXAMINATION IN GRAMMAR.

I. 1. A noun is a word that expresses something. 2. A verb is a noun that tell some particular thing. 3. A pronoun is a noun that tell what is done. 4. An adjective is a word that ask what was done. 5. An adverb is a word that expresses the thought. 6. A proposition is a sentence that tell something. 7. A conjunction is a sentence that tell what is done. 8. An interjection—

An interjection—

II. Masculine, feminine, and neuter genders. Masculine is the man sect; feminine is the woman sect, and neuter gender is is things having no life. (b) Mascaline man, priest. Feminine: niece, lady, widow. Neuter gender: house, animal, hero, tigress, teacher.

IV. Hard, fine, beautiful, good, bad, little, many, earnest, sweet.

V. 1. An indicative mood is when the word states something after itself. 2. An infinitive mood is when something is stated before itself. (b) Present: to learn. Past: I am learning, I have been learning.

Side Talks With Girls.

Seniors—Always remember that in unity there is strength; and that as your class is rather limited in numbers, you will probably need all the strength you can summon.

E. L. B.—The new and popular "Railroad Tie" is not the thing to be worn by a school girl. It is recommended to persons of a roving disposition, who will find it very useful on their tramps, but should not be adopted by staid and industrious girls like yourself.

B. K.—Personally I do not approve of young ladies accepting jeweled hat pins from young men.

E. M.—Yes, you are very wise in planning to become a proficient golf player, and I fully agree with you that it is a good game for two.

S. C. and Others—I do not approve of cosmetics, as not even the most innocent are to be trusted. I strongly advise plenty of out door exercise, and will guarantee improvement if this is taken.

Juvenile—Freshmen ought to be in the school room and not in the parlor entertaining callers.

X. Y. Z.—People do not always announce their engagements immediately, but when they do, and furthermore publish it by hanging a sign in black and white on their door, it is extremely bad taste to intrude. For although you may consider yourself a privileged character you may, none the less, be

just the individual whom it is meant to exclude.

S. M.—It is considered very bad form to talk to other girls from the window. I hope Lasell will never be guilty of such a misdemeanor.

Pianist—It is exceedingly discourteous and annnoying to the one who rooms below your practice room to use your foot to keep time with the music. Since metronomes are provided for that purpose, why not use them?

G. R.—Never mind the girls. Do not let them tease you, for he is irreproachable, even though he has a name usually given to one of the canine race. Do not worry about it.

Freshman—It is to be hoped that your callers are of sufficient age to be able to find the door without your assistance.

New Girl—During the first of the school year there is a prevailing greenness, which a little later develops not rarely into a dark and melancholy blue. The former color is pardonable, but never under any circumstances should you appear in the latter.

Prudence—In case of fire put on your tailor-made suit, best hat, patent leather shoes and collarette, snatch up your photographs, letters, bureau drawers with contained valuables, and above all, your pocket book. These have been proved by recent experience to be the most important articles, those best worth saving.

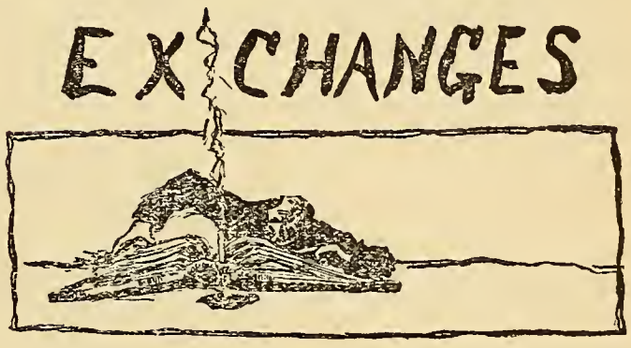
Bright Sayings of Lasell Lassies.

"Well, you've read Hiawatha, haven't you? It's by Hawthorne, you know."

"Who was Count Cavour? Why have I never heard of him?" said the teacher. There was hesitation on the part of the pupil, then she bravely answered, "Why, he was Count of *Cavour*."

At the Symphony.—She pointed to the name Ludwig von Beethoven, and innocently asked, "Are they playing that piece now?"

In the history class.—"There were a great many people hanged by the guillotine."



Since the last publication of the LASELL LEAVES the following exchanges have been sent us: Harvard Lampoon, Bowdoin Orient, The Pennsylvanian, The Students' Review, The William's Weekly, Yale Alumni Weekly, The New York Amateur, R. M. T. S. Register, The College Rambler, The Quill, The Mirror, The New Crusade, Chelsea High School Beacon, The Jabberwock, Acta Victoriana, The Bowdoin Quill, The Crescent, The College Folio, Wesleyan Literary Monthly, The Porcupine, Students' Life, The Tiltonian, The Classic, Latin School Register, The Polytechnic, The Kalends (Woman's College of Baltimore), College Greetings, New England Conservatory Magazine, Smith Academy Record, The Distaff, The Woman's College Bulletin, The Argosy, The Lever, The University Beacon, The Adelphian, The Interlude, The Mount Holyoke, The Philalethian, The Acorn, The Racquet, The Elrsinus College Bulletin, The Tripod, The Oracle, The Amaracus.

MARRIED.

News has just come to us that Alice Burnham was married in November to Mr. A. B. Carpenter, and that they are living in Manchester, N. H.

Sabbath School Teacher: "Then after Adam and Eve had eaten the apple, what did they do?"

Boy: "Oh, I s'pose they picked their teeth!"—*Town Topics.*

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The Editors will be glad to receive from the students and Alumnæ any communications and items of interest to the school.

Editorials.

GEORGE Eliot says, "You must be sure of two things; you must love your work, and not be always a looking over the edge of it, wanting your play to begin; . . . you must not be ashamed of your work, and wanting to be doing something else." This is a thought simply stated and quickly grasped, but not so easily woven into our everyday life. This is a task difficult to perform. We cannot buy with the money an intelligent interest in things about us; the power of concentration, faithfulness in the common duties of life,—these are not to be had by the yard, ready to be made into character. The possession of these things costs many a struggle, but the more dearly bought they are, the more we appreciate and enjoy them in the end. In the school life which we are leading, we are given grand opportunity for their growth. It means much to have a live interest in our studies, for then only do they become a pleasure, and thus only do we gain from them all the advantages which it is theirs to bestow upon us. It is always easier to be interested when we have an aim in view. Do we not owe it to others to make the most of ourselves? Let us all then work for some-

body, or for some especial end; let us make the most of the present; and while we labor, let us also be contented. Five minutes of concentration will accomplish more than an hour's wandering thought. It takes a great deal of will power, but we may hope thus to cultivate strength of mind, and we may depend upon it that for all effort in this direction we shall receive a triple reward. Faithfulness will arouse in us both interest and aspiration, and where these are, there also is the valuable power of concentration. Interest is forgetfulness of self, temporary, or, it may be, continual identification of self with other things, or other personalities. From it springs all that is morally our finest and noblest. Concentration is the devoting of self, entire, complete, to the work in hand, to the cause espoused. It makes possible the highest development of our powers and capacities. Faithfulness is steady and unswering loyalty to self, to self rightly understood, not to the small, the trivial or the base, but to the most excellent and exquisite there is in us. It leads to greatness, whether recognized or unrecognized by the world, what matter? The sun shines and is the sun, still, though this or that one being blind, sees it not.

Commencement Calendar.

There has been made in the Commencement programme a change, according to which the club and society banquet will take place on Friday evening; the Commencement concert on Monday evening, and the Class Night exercises on Tuesday, preceding the close of school. This arrangement, it is thought, will in many ways better suit all concerned.

The Senior Reception will come earlier in the year.

The force of his own merit makes his way.—*Shakespeare.*

Lewis Robinson.

On the afternoon of the ninth of March, died suddenly of heart disease, at the age of thirty-four, this faithful friend of Lasell. Lewis had long been a familiar figure at the Seminary, winning the respect, esteem and confidence of all by his loyal faithfulness to duty, his intelligence and discretion, and his warm interest in the institution. He will be greatly missed.

He came to the Seminary from his home in Gordonville, Va., in the fall of 1879, and was first employed as bell-boy. By his steadiness and reliability, he soon made evident his worth, and was gradually advanced in position and pay, until he became the night watchman, which place he held for twelve years,—until his death. He leaves a widow here; an aged mother and a brother in Gordonville; three brothers and a sister in New York State, and another brother in Massachusetts.

There are, it may be, many who are able workers; but few who are so wholly trustworthy and faithful to the work undertaken as was Lewis Robinson. We do him all honor.

The funeral services were held on Sunday afternoon, March 11th, at 2.30 p. m., in the Seminary chapel, which was crowded with the relatives and friends of him who had passed away, including the teachers and students of the school, for Lewis's genial and kindly spirit, and marked fidelity for twenty years, had made him very popular. The Rev. T. W. Bishop, of Newton Highlands, and Dr. Gallagher, Associate Principal, conducted the simple but impressive services. Mr. Bragdon made a few touching remarks, saying that he had had but few men in his employ who could be relied upon, and who were so perfectly trustworthy as Lewis always proved himself to be. The students' double quartette sang "Rock of

Ages," and Miss Flaherty, "Lead Kindly Light." Among the remarks made was that the dials of the watchman's electric indicator for all the years of his service in this capacity show a matchless record of regularity and tireless faithfulness to the trust reposed in him in this most responsible position.

His death will bring sorrow to many, for not only those now at the Seminary have recognized and honored Lewis for his sterling qualities, but hundreds of others—pupils and teachers of years gone by—will feel that they have lost a friend.

Salt Lake City.

THE country traversed in order to reach Salt Lake City, by one coming, let us say, from Colorado Springs, is rich in fine scenery. The train passes through two wonderful chasms, the Grand Canön of the Gunnison, and the Black Canön, and over mountains so high that part of the time one is above the timber-line, the limit beyond which trees do not grow because of the low temperature and high altitude. In the mountainous part of the route the train winds down slopes gradual or precipitous, and over trestle-work, that it makes one almost dizzy to think of, so dangerous does it seem. After hours of riding through this wild and beautiful scenery, the mountains are left behind, and the traveller comes upon the alkaline plains surrounding Salt Lake City, part of the Great American Desert, once the bed of a vast inland sea. The contrast between these two aspects of nature, that of the mountains, and that of the plains, is most striking.

I had the good fortune once to make this interesting journey with a party of friends Salt Lake City were received in the "wee small hours," when, leaving the train, we drove rapidly to our hotel in the dusk of the morning. After breakfast and a little rest, we took a carriage drive, employing as a guide, the coachman, a most friendly and talkative person. Among the most noticeable features of this city are the wideness of the streets, and the low elevation of the majority of the houses. Through the streets run in open channels, streams of pure water, the irrigating supply of the whole city, by means of which the grass is kept green, and the gardens thriving. The houses are of all kinds, numbers of them being built of sun-dried bricks. We saw two little houses of wood, which had been brought across the plains by the first settlers, while the glass in the tiny, many paned windows had come from England, and the other materials from the Eastern coast. Next to these houses of the humblest sort, may be seen beautiful mansions, owned, perhaps, by some of the Silver-Kings, proprietors of the mines, for there seems to be no order in the grouping of these different kinds of houses. The most prominent building in Salt Lake is the Mormon Temple, which can be seen from all parts of the city, a beautiful and impressive building of grey stone, with pointed spires, reminding one of Gothic cathedrals. In the same large inclosure with the Temple is the Tabernacle, with the great, ugly, oval of its wooden dome; an immense thing, it is, seating, it is said, ten thousand people. This is open to the public, but no Gentile eye sees the inside of the temple. Brigham Young, the second apostle of the "Church of Latter-Day Saints," was most influential in securing the building of these churches;—indeed, one sees his influence here in all directions.

on which occasion our first impressions of One of the principal squares of the city has in its centre a large statue of him. His various and numerous houses, those occupied by himself, and those erected for his favorite wives, are scattered through the city, and were carefully pointed out to us by our loquacious guide. In one of them, larger than the rest, and called the "Bee-Hive," he is said to have dwelt with eleven of his spouses at once. We thought the name well chosen. Another noticeable building is the theatre built by Brigham Young for the amusement of his numerous wives, children, and incidentally other Mormons. The admission fee was not money, for that, then, was very scarce, but some garden product, or a fowl. We tried to fancy a Mormon youth in those early days, starting for the theatre with a lady on one arm, and a struggling chicken, for a ticket, under the other. Then we pictured to ourselves the Mormon prophet, accompanied by his twenty-four wives and fifty-seven children, getting ready to go out for an evening entertainment! What hurrying and scurrying there must have been to get such a party started. We drove to Young's burial-place. In a small plot enclosed by an iron fence, in the midst of the city, is his grave, and those of two or three of his wives. Our driver told us that the city would not allow any more to be put there, because, as we fancied, of the amount of space it would take. However much one may despise Brigham Young, one must acknowledge, as we were forced to do, that he must have had a strong personality, great executive power to influence the inhabitants of a whole city as he influenced the people of Salt Lake City. Some one has said of him that he was, "for daring, a Cromwell; for intrigue, a Machiavelli; for executive force, a Moses; and for utter absence of conscience, a Bonaparte."

After seeing the city, we rode some ten miles or more to Great Salt Lake, a wonderful sheet of water, having so high a percentage of salt in its waters that it is six and one quarter times more heavily inpregnated than ocean water. The lake is seventy miles long by forty-five wide, although constantly shrinking in size from evaporation. In time there will probably be nothing left of this once great inland sea but some salt cliffs. Many people were bathing in it that day, the special attractiveness of its waters being that one cannot sink in them, but is buoyed up by their great density. The place has become quite a pleasure resort, and has the usual pavilion and venders' shops, none of which can destroy its unique character, so much enjoyed by all visitors. Having spent the afternoon here we reluctantly started back for the city, freshened and invigorated by the salt air.

The following day we left this "Rome of a new and strange religion," sheltered between bare mountains crested with snow, which surrounded it on all sides, and journeyed on farther westward. It was with a strange feeling of relief that we went away, for though the city is a beautiful one, and its surroundings interesting, still one feels there as if in a foreign country whose "ways are not as our ways," and whose gods differ from our God. M. L. G.

LIGHT.

The night has a thousand eyes,
And the day but one;
Yet the light of the bright world dies
With the dying sun.

The mind has a thousand eyes,
And the heart but one;
Yet the light of a whole life dies
When love is done.

—*Francis William Bourdillon, Current Literature.*

Life's great results are something slow. —*Howells.*

Countess Potocka.

IN a private room in the National Gallery of Berlin is a portrait before which many people have stood spell-bound, held by the striking beauty of the face on the painted canvas. The picture commands the admiration of all who look upon it, though few of the gazers, it may be, see any special suggestions of a romantic life in the face of the young girl. The dress and the manner of doing her hair suggest the ladies of Marie Antoinette's court, and the high forehead and queenly poise of the head all go to prove her not a person of lowly birth. As we gaze the charm grows upon us, and we seem to see her, a beautiful and brilliant young heiress, surrounded by crowds of admirers and suitors. And we read her life in the absorbing interest—the life of the Polish princess, Helene Massalaki, better known by the name of the Countess Potocka.

The little Polish princess was one of the favored pupils in the Abbaye aux Bois, and, as such, was permitted, by the easy-going rules of the convent, frequent opportunities for seeing the world, and being seen at juvenile balls and fetes, while she was yet in school. Before her fifteenth year, the well-dowered, little coquette head received many offers of marriage. She had a will of her own, however, and had made her choice among her suitors. A young prince, whom she had met at a child's party, had, with his handsome face and gay manner, captivated her fancy; and she worked upon her uncle, who was her guardian, to reject all other offers, clinging to the hope that he would, after a time, look with favor on her choice.

Such, however, was not the case, for the likings and dislikings of boys and girls in those days made little difference with their marriages. Negotiations were going on for a union of the princess with Prince Charles de Ligne. Helene was fired by the description of the splendid palace of the De Ligne's, and the diamonds and equipages which would be hers, as the wife of the prince; and so her childish mind, caring more for these things than for the husband, was easily won over, and her consent gained.

The prince was about ten years older than Helene, and of a studious nature. He gave his consent in an indifferent way, and the marriage contract was signed at Versailles, in the presence of Louis XVI, Marie Antoinette, and the assembled court.

Parisian to her finger-tips, the dainty little maid took infinite delight in her trousseau, which was valued at one hundred thousand crowns, beside laces, bracelets, enormous diamond ear-rings and other jewels of great value. After the wedding ceremony the bride and groom departed for Brussels, in their splendid coach of pink and silver, drawn by six lively horses. Music and dancing, and a banquet with illumination followed their arrival there. Then came the quiet of the De Ligne home, when the father and son were away, and Helene's mother-in-law undertook to "form" the new member of the family. This last process was hardly pleasing to the child of sixteen, who soon learned to welcome back her husband and his father as a prisoner welcomes freedom.

It was through her father-in-law that Helene achieved the desire of her heart, a home in Paris. In her beloved Paris she shone in the society for which she was so well-fitted, by her beauty, her extravagance, and her natural coquetry. She spent her days in a whirl of enjoyments, always surrounded by an admiring throng, and scarcely ever seeing her husband. It was there that their first and only child was born, a little girl, whom they called Sidonie. The prince shortly after persuaded his wife to

return to their country home for the summer, and there he left her with his mother, while he went off with his regiment.

The domineering mother-in-law had her own peculiar views concerning the management of infants, and took Sidonie entirely into her charge, so that the mother came to feel as if the child belonged more to the De Lignes than to herself, and took little interest in her.

In the spring, Helene, having the permission of her husband, went to Poland to visit her uncle, leaving little Sidonie with her grandmother. Little did the prince or Helene suspect that this was their final parting. Once back in her own country she gave herself up to unrestrained enjoyment, and was no longer the Princess Charles de Ligne, but Helene Massalski again. A year of this life passed away, and she showed no desire to return to her husband and child; so that presently the offended De Lignes forbore to ask her more. Here at Warsaw she had met and fallen in love with the man who was to rule her fate thereafter, the Count Vincent Potocki, a handsome, fascinating young man, grand-chamberlain to the king. The count already had two wives living, the first having been divorced. The second, the Countess Anna, who, at this time, had repaired to the country awhile for her health, had borne him two sons, to whom both parents were devoted.

The Princess Helene made a complete conquest of the count's affection, and they soon took steps to secure divorces from their respective partners. In that day, separations were regarded very lightly by the Polish people, and no opposition was expected. The replies which they received were, however, surprisingly disappointing; the prince shortly and formally refused, and the Prince Bishop, as well as the countess, objected to these divorces. Then came a period of depression for Helene, when hope was at its lowest ebb, until her life as suddenly changed, and every impediment was removed. She received news of the death of her husband. Countess Anna was heartbroken at the loss of her eldest son by diphtheria, and deeply hurt by the alienation of her husband's affections, and by the marriage of Helene and the count which took place at midnight in the Bernardine convent at Werky.

Now Helene's life was for a time peaceful and happy; but troubles came. The divorce had not yet been signed by the Countess Anna, when the impatient lovers had celebrated their quiet wedding, and when news of it came to the countess, she absolutely refused all consent to the divorce. Many months of anxiety passed before the countess could be persuaded to withdraw her opposition. Then happy with her husband and two children, Helene passed the three best years of her life. This interval of peace and felicity had a sad ending,—the death of her children. Many melancholy years rolled by, each bringing with it tenderer feelings for her only living child, the little Sidonie, whom she had not seen since she came back to Poland. This led eventually to a strange union, that of Sidonie de Ligne to the son of Count Potocki and Countess Anna, who was about Sidonie's age, by which marriage the bride was made prospective sharer in the estate of her mother, which at Helene's wedding with the count, had passed wholly into his possession, thus practical disinheriting Sidonie.

Helene, at meeting for the first time in so many years her almost unknown child, pressed her to her heart and wept over her, Sidonie, in turn, being quite as much charmed and delighted with her mother as her mother was with her. Sidonie and her

young husband became now the chief happiness of Helene, who, some years after, died in the arms of the child she had abandoned for so many years.

All then that life could give to this charming beauty, so lively and rich, and with such happy prospects was a few years of very unequal happiness, a love often tried and betrayed, and in the end, as it proved, a grave nameless and forgotten,—*"sic transit gloria mundi!"* E. H.

ALWAYS IN A HURRY.

Priscilla Leonard.

I know a little maiden who is always in a hurry;
She races through her breakfast to be in time for school;
She scribbles at her desk in a hasty sort of flurry;
And comes home in a breathless whirl that fills the vestibule.

She hurries through her studying, she hurries through her sewing,
Like an engine at high pressure, as if leisure were a crime;
She's always in a scramble, no matter where she's going,
And yet—would you believe it?—she never is in time!

It seems a contradiction until you know the reason;
But I'm sure you'll think it simple, as I do, when I state
That she never has been known to begin a thing in season,
And she's always in a hurry because she starts too late.

—*The Churchman.*

The Effect of Poverty on Character.

"POVERTY," says Ruskin, "is the friend of genius." And if we look at the subject in its true light, we shall see that this is so. Most of the world's greatest geniuses have been poor and in lowly circumstances, some in their youth only, others throughout their lives. We have many examples among famous Americans, heroes, whose countrymen we are proud to call ourselves. Webster, Lincoln, Grant and Garfield are instances; these compelled their circumstances to contribute to their advantage until they rose to the very height of ambition. And not statesmen alone shine in these ranks, but scientists, business men, authors, as well. Many of the greatest of our poets, for instance, have struggled with poverty and misfortune.

Poverty strengthens character and rouses ambition. A poor man, provided he has the qualities of true manhood, is always seeking to improve his condition, he looks at the rich who hold positions of importance and of honor, and desires to become likewise possessed of these. He aspires to take part actively in the affairs of the world, and is as much interested in these as is the rich man himself, by this very desire raising himself to a higher plane. Small successes do not satisfy him; he climbs higher and higher, at last, it may be reaching his goal, certainly approaching it much more nearly than would ever had been the case had not his ambition been roused by the prick of necessity. Is it not ambition that urges one to do his best?

Poverty makes a man independent. He who has only himself to rely upon, presently learns to rely on himself, and persistently to fight his way through the world single handed. He has no riches with which to arm himself, and no wealthy friends to help him, if he meet trouble, as has the rich man. This necessitates caution, for often failure would prove irreparable disaster. So it is that his shrewdness, prudence, foresight, patience, are all taxed, and all developed thereby.

When the poor man has attained to a position of power, or when he has acquired riches, he still remembers his days of poverty, and is thus able to understand and to sympathize more truly, both with rich and with poor, having seen both sides of life. Rich, then, in experience and in sympathy, he understands humanity in a way that bet-

ter fits him to hold a responsible position among his fellows. And even in case that he has not succeeded in obtaining riches, he has yet learned this golden secret, this great power of sympathy. He is made more willing to help his struggling neighbor, and by so doing is helped and heartened himself. It is harder for the rich man to shake off his luxurious and selfish habits, and to put himself, by the power of a genial sympathy on the level of the poor in order the better to help them; for his interest is self-centered, and he, therefore, is less likely to have the broad comprehension of humanity found more often in the man who has through stern experience worked his way *out* of the condition of poverty into that of comfort or affluence. Riches are very alluring; but when we think that it is character that lasts forever, and that the discipline of poverty tends to make a more noble and unselfish type of character, we see that a man may gain much from being subject to adverse circumstances, which rouse his spirit of resistance, develop his powers of attainment, teach him salutary self-denial, and sweeten and enlarge his sympathies. M. M., '01.

THE CRITIC.

The critic stood with scornful eye
  Before a picture on the wall;
"You call this art? Now, see that fly.
  It is not natural at all.

"It has too many legs, its head
  Is far too large—who ever saw
A fly like that, so limp and dead,
  And wings that look as if they—pshaw!"

And with a gesture of disgust
  He waved his hand, when lo! the fly
Flew from the picture. "Ah! some dust,"
  The critic said, "was in my eye."

—Henry Coyle, Current Literature.

If any one wishes to borrow your umbrella after the sixteenth of February, say it is Lent.—*Ex.*

THE LIGHTHOUSE OF MINOT'S LEDGE.

Three leagues from the shore in Boston Bay,
  On a rocky, ragged ledge,
There rises, grim and gaunt and gray,
  The Lighthouse of Minot's Ledge;
And the great Atlantic's rolling tide
  Breaks over it, foaming high,
As it sends a warning far and wide
  O'er sand and sea and sky.

Ere that tower was raised, in the olden days,
  Another lighthouse stood,
Propped on the rock upon iron stays;
  And the keepers deemed it good.
Both wanderers they from a distant strand,
  Far over the alien seas;
A fair-haired son of the Fatherland
  And a dark-eyed Portuguese.

But there came a day when a storm befell
  That baffled human guile,
And all day long the powers of hell
  Beat on that doomed pile.
And all day long the folk on the beach
  Gazed on the awful sight,
And moaned that no mortal help could reach,
  And shuddered to think of night.

Night fell; and the storm raged on apace,
  But the lamp was lighted true;
And the winds and the waters ran their race,
  As the tide rolled thundering through,
Ah! the shocks were hard and the strain was long,
  And the swaying stanchions broke;
But the lamp shone on, now dim, now strong,
  For the foam rose up like smoke.

Then the great weird fog bell, struck by the sea
  Rang out its own death knell,
And tolled for the souls that escaped and were free.
  When their faithless dwelling fell,
Then the lamp went out in that awful rout,
  And the bell tolled on through the night;
One corpse was washed on the shore at morn,
  One never came to light.

Their alien names are forgotten quite
  By an English-speaking race,
But the fame of their gallant watch that night
  Still clings to their ancient place;
And they talk in the great strong tower on the strand,
  When the storm-wind rides on the seas,
Of that fair-haired son of the Fatherland
  And the dark-eyed Portuguese.

—S. C. I. Briggs, Chambers's Magazine.

Tomb of Russian Royalty.

Very impressive in its stately simplicity is the last resting place of the reigning house of Russia, in the Cathedral of St. Peter and St. Paul, within the precincts of the gloomy fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul, which commands the entrance to the Neva River and the City of St. Petersburg. Indeed, those tourists who are accustomed to the magnificent monuments that adorn the tombs of Western rulers of ancient and modern times will be amazed to find that nothing but blocks of plain white marble mark the spots beneath which lies an Emperor or an Empress, a Grand Duke or a Grand Duchess of Russia. The remains of the illustrious dead are not, as so many people suppose, contained in the blocks of marble in question, and the latter are therefore falsely described as sarcophagi, since they are not hollow, but a solid mass of stone. The imperial tomb is in each case in the floor beneath the marble block, and away down below the floor and below the tombs that are beneath it are those damp and terrible dungeons against the outer walls of which beat the waters of the Neva, while against the inner walls many a prisoner has, during the past 200 years, and even within the last decade, beaten out his brains in the madness of his despair.

It has always seemed strange to me that the imperial mourners in the body of the church bewailing their dead who lie beneath the marble block should not at such moments have their hearts touched with pity at the thought of those miserable creatures, guilty of no crime against common law, but merely of political offenses, who are entombed alive in dungeons beneath the tombs of the illustrious dead. It is difficult, for instance, to conceive the idea of the widowed Czarina weeping at the entombment of her son, the Grand Duke George, without giving a single thought to the fact that down deep below the place where she stood there were young men, likewise the sons of widowed mothers, whose fate was infinitely worse than that of her own dead boy, since he at least was oblivious to his surroundings, whereas they were alive to all the horrrors of their hopeless and, in most cases, perpetual entombment.

All the sovereigns of Russia since Peter the Great, with the exception of Peter II., as well as the members of their families, lie buried here, the tomb of Peter the Great being near the south door. On the marble block above the tomb of that Grand Duke Constantine, who was Czarevitch, but who was forced to yield his rights of succession to his younger brother, Nicholas I., there lie the keys of the fortress of Modlin and of Zamoscez, in Poland, which he captured. War medals commemorating the Napoleonic wars at the beginning of the century lie on the marble block over the last resting place of Emperor Alexander I. A number of silver and silver-gilt wreaths are deposited on the tombs of the grandfather and of the father of the present Czar, while the grave of Grand Duke George will, for some time to come, be adorned with fresh flowers. Great palm trees, lighted candles, and jeweled icons contribute to illuminate the gloom of the place, while the walls are covered with military trophies, standards, flags, keys of captured fortress, and battle axes taken from the Turks, the various tribes of Central Asia, and from all those other nations with which Russia has waged war during the last three centuries.

Professor: "You should be ashamed of yourself, sir; George Washington was surveying Virginia at your age."

Dull Pupil: "And at your age he was President of the United States."



Personals.

—Annie Bragdon Winslow, Class of '82, sends her photograph from far Buenos Ayres, where her husband is in charge of the *Daily and Weekly Herald,* in which she has a Woman's column,—a column which amounts to a third of a page in the number of January 5th, just at hand. She says that Christmas in mid-summer seemed queer, also the South American use of the Sabbath. Peaches, green corn and ripe tomatoes are just now articles of daily diet, also mosquitoes of the New Jersey type, only with them the diet works the other way. The Winslow's are making their home about eighteen miles out of the city.

—Mr. Rich, our former instructor in Science, is now settled in medical practice at 113 Park Street, West Roxbury, Mass.

—Helen Scott Dougan, of Richmond, Ind., recently called on Mrs. Bragdon in Pasadena, Cal. She and her husband are trying the climate and enjoying the sunshine.

—Gertrude Penfield Seiberlings's, ('86), magnificent voice is still winning her laurels. In the recent production of the oratorio "Elijah" in Akron, she captivated the critics who lavish praises upon her fine rendition of this exquisite music.

—Chancellor Buchtel of the University of Denver was installed in office in that city on March fifth. Our Principal received an invitation to be present at the ceremony.

—Emma Ferris writes of being busy in the bank at Swanton, Vermont. The family, it appears, is at Dorchester, and the house closed, so that Emma is boarding.

—Beulah DeForest writes of seeing Elizabeth Bolton not long since. Beulah's younger sister may come to Lasell some day before very long.

—Nora Savage Brooks, through whom we learned of the death of Kitty Tebb's mother, noticed elsewhere, says of Mrs. Tebbs, "She was one of God's noble women, and many of us feel personally bereaved by her death." Kitty and her brother, it appears, sadly enough, were both absent during Mrs. Tebb's illness, the former returning just before the latter, not till after her death.

—And here comes a fine photo of a noble-looking little woman, in long clothes, and with a head guiltless as yet of any very great amount of hair, nestled snugly into a comfortable hollow in a big fur rug, and regarding us with wide eyes of wonder. She calls herself Sarah Cushman Bragdon, and her very firstest birthday of all came in July of 1899. Belle Loudon Bragdon, here in 1880-'81, is her mother.

—Emma Goll Dacy's ('98), address is now 73 East Forty-Seventh street, Chicago, —Mrs. Albert Edgar Dacy.

—Mrs. Martin, our pleasant and able teacher of oratory, is not only this, but an enterprising and shrewd woman of business as well. We should like to present our readers with a cut of her handsome new Waltham store, the Red-Cross Pharmacy, which is an added beauty to the block, and also a very satisfactory business investment. Nothing succeeds like success, except brains.

—Nellie Bubb, ('86), we learn, is now

Mrs. Samuel W. Stevens, and is living at No. 26 King street, Englewood, N. J.

—Elizabeth Cossar writes from National Park Seminary, Forest Glen, Md., that she expects to see us at Commencement time.

—Mr. Thomas J. Powell, Julia Hogg Powell's, ('94), husband, has been nominated for mayor of Fort Worth.

—Frances Leighton Gregg, of Milton, Mass., is quite a club-woman, we hear. She has a good word to say for Lasell.

—Irene Sanford, ('79), now with her mother at the United States Hotel, Boston, sends LEAVES subscription.

—Elise Scott's ('99), friends will be sorry to hear of the big blaze which cost her her beautiful home at Chestnut Hill not long since. Everything went, even the clothing of the family, since the fire had already made considerable headway when first discovered, and the height of the location, together with the coldness of the weather made the work of the firemen ineffectual.

—Mr. Hogg writes that Nan has been ill for some time, that Julia's ('94), husband has been elected to the mayoralty of Fort Worth, and that Lulie, ('88), has been superintending the building of a new house into which the family expect soon to move.

Lasell Reunion,

The annual mid-winter reunion of the former teachers and pupils of Lasell Seminary, took place, February 26, at the Vendome. There were present some fifty or sixty guests. Mrs. Grace Garland Etherington, president of the New York Lasell Club, was present. The attendance represented all of the New England states, from Maine to Rhode Island. Mrs. Samuel L. Conant, of Pawtucket, president of the Alumnæ Association, presided at the reunion with her usual grace and tact. An informal reception was held, after which a collation was served.

The presence of Principal Bragdon was an especially gratifying feature of the occasion, since he has for some years past been in California at the time of the reunion. He was the chief speaker of the afternoon, and discussed at some length the ideal modern school for women—what should be its purposes and aims—and dwelt somewhat also on the distinctive features of Lasell's system of education. Mrs. Etherington also gave a brief talk. The following is the list of those present who registered before leaving:

Mr. C. C. Bragdon, '74-1900, Auburndale.
Miss Caroline Carpenter, '73-1900, Auburndale.
Mr. Joseph A. Hills, '73-1900, Boston.
Mrs. Grace Garland Etherington, '80, East Orange, N. J.
Miss Martha E. Ransom, '81, Auburndale.
Mrs. Emma Sears May, '57, Newton.
Mrs. Nelly Ferguson Conant, '81, Pawtucket, R. I.
Mrs. Annie Howard Farnham, '70, Randolph.
Mrs. Adelaide Sears Gilman, '57, Newton.
Mrs. Isabel Jennings Parker, '57, Auburndale.
Miss Martha B. Lucas, '60, Boston.
Mrs. Lina Maynard Bramhall, '84, Lowell.
Mrs. Sophie Mason Dumas, '83, Lowell.
Miss Mary B. Vance, '99, Cambridge.
Miss Bessie T. Roper, '95, Hopedale.
Mrs. Sara Lord Bailey, '75, Lawrence.
Miss Mary K. Wales, '76, Winthrop Centre.
Miss Annie L. Whitin, '57, Whitinsville.
Miss Grace E. Loud, '95, Everett.
Miss Alice A. Kimball, '98, Presque Isle, Me.
Mrs. Alma Widstrand Rogers, '98, Boston.
Miss A. Lizzie Mann, '65, Randolph.
Miss Evelyn P. Warren, '70, Newton.
Miss Harriett G. Scott, '94, Wyoming, Ill.
Miss Elizabeth Robertson, '98, Jacksonville, Ill.
Mrs. Augusta Damon Nickerson, '58, Newton Highlands.
Miss Ettiemay Pierson, '95, Minneapolis, Minn.
Miss Corrinne Nickerson, '99, Leominister.
Miss Lillian M. Packard, '83, South Boston.
Miss Caroline M. Kendall, '98, Leominster.
Miss Ruth Rishell, '99, Newton.
Miss Helen Rishell, '99, Newton.
Miss A. Ethel Johnson, '99, Hallowell, Me.
Miss Emma F. Cleaves, '99, Rockport.
Mrs. Addie Rich Treadwell, '80, Brookline.

Mrs. Annie Kendig Peirce, '80, Brookline.
Miss Irene G. Sanford, '79, Boston.
Mrs. Rosa Best Pike, '88, Boston.
Miss Sibyl H. Spaulding, '93, Foxboro.
Miss Clara E. Comstock, '85, Providence, R. I.
Mrs. Marietta Rose Green, '86, Newton Highlands.
Mrs. Sophia Dresser Sturtevant, '53, Cambridge.
Mrs. Fannie Gray Merrick, '56, Walpole.
Miss Mary P. Jones, '56, Newton.
Mrs. Mary Thaxter Denison, '64, Portland, Me.
Miss Mary C. Merrill, '83, South Framingham.
Miss C. A. K. Bancroft, '57, Wellesly Hills.
Miss L. Mabel Case, '94, So. Manchester, Conn.
Miss Clementina Butler, '80, Newton Centre.
Miss Jennie S. Farwell. Boston.
Miss Kate M. Plummer, Auburndale.
Miss F. Elizabeth Wilder, Cambridge.
Mrs. Mary J. Lincoln, Boston.
Mrs. George E. Webster, Old Town, Me.

Cost of Living Abroad.

An investigation into the comparative cost of living at the various European capitals resulted in the following facts: At Vienna the prices of most articles of food are lowest. At Madrid they are dearer than in any other capital, and such things as bread, meat, sugar and coal are very expensive indeed. At St. Petersburg also the price of bread is still considered a luxury above the means of the working classes. Next to Vienna, Brussels is an inexpensive city; Paris is a little higher in the scale, while London is still more expensive.

An American spends on an average $50 a year for food; a Frenchman, $48; a German, $45; a Spaniard, $33; an Italian, $14; and a Russian, $40. Of meat the American eats 109 pounds a year; the Frenchman, 87 pounds; the German, 64 pounds; the Italian, 28 pounds, and the Russian, 51 pounds. Of bread the American consumes 380 pounds; the Frenchman, 540 pounds; the German, 560 pounds; the Spaniard, 480 pounds; the Italian, 400 pounds, and the Russian, 665 pounds.

Outside of Europe, Manilla is cheaper to live in than any other city in the world.

Queenly Manners.

HER Majesty Victoria was from infancy taught to regard the comfort of others as of the first importance, and, sensitive to this to a rare degree, her thoughtfulness won almost adoring love. One of the charming stories told of her is, that when William IV died she wrote a note of condolence to her aunt, Queen Adelaide, and, although she possessed exact knowledge on questions of royal advancement, addressed it to "Her Majesty the Queen," as she "would not be the first to remind her aunt that she was now merely queen dowager."

Travel is a wonderful revealer of quality, for, by it one comes in contact with every phase of human nature and finds constant occasion for the exercise of good manners or imaginary excuse for their violation; and "whether politeness is ingrained or superficial is clear to the observer." Fancying themselves unknown, persons are not infrequently guilty of acts which they would not think of perpetrating among acquaintances; but if one would not be known to do any particular thing, he would better not do it, and self-respect is a thousand times more to be desired than the respect of others.

The exigencies of travel often bring men into conditions not habitual with them, and which provoke ridicule from the ignorant. "By nothing do men show their character more than by the things they laugh at."

Neither a tailor nor a toilette can make a gentleman; fustian and broadcloth may be alike deceptive; but the man who bears himself like a gentleman is "worthy to have been born a gentleman." Girard said, "We receive an unknown person according to his dress; we take leave of him according to his merit;" but it is always well to be "as courteous to a man as we are to a picture,

which we give the advantage of a good light."

The recognition of hospitality or other friendly attentions, is considered a criterion of good breeding. Nothing gives a hostess more pleasure than prompt acceptance of an invitation, or prompt acknowledgment of hospitality already experienced. There should be no delay; a graceful act should be performed gracefully. An invitation is a compliment, and it is as obligatory to acknowledge it at once as it is to conform to the customs of the house when one becomes a guest.

In this democratic land there are probably no schools where etiquette alone is taught, since there are always pupils who place little stress on polite bearing, but are content with book knowledge. Yet to be well bred may sometimes be better than to be well read; and the well read, like diamonds, are never at their best until polished. In foreign countries young ladies of rank are put under rigorous instruction in ceremonious courtesy; no young girl can become "maid in waiting" to a queen, empress, or the czarina until she has been thoroughly drilled in some school where court etiquette is the specialty.

The triumphs of Mrs. Cleveland in the White House were due, in large measure, to the attention paid, in her education abroad, to conventionalities; her natural instinct for refinement, subjected to the highest culture, enabled her with unruffled composure to meet every social test.

In polite schools famous conversers and examples of courteous bearing are constantly held up for admiration and imitation; for, as Goldsmith has said, "People seldom improve when they have no higher model than themselves to copy after." The question of precedence according to age and title is carefully studied, and young Americans, who stand not "on the order of their going," would be profited by meditation on this point.

Foreigners open their eyes when they observe the coarse freedom of manner exhibited here.



Thursday evening, February 8.—The Reverend W. T. Worth gave an interesting and instructive lecture on, "The Qualities That Win."

Saturday evening, February 10.—The Sophomores and Freshmen were given a very delightful reception by the Faculty. All present seemed to enjoy the occasion. Refreshments were served in the Music Room.

Wednesday, February 14.—Each girl found, at dinner, a candy heart beside her place, in remembrance of St. Valentine's Day. Some of the teachers gave their tables more substantial valentines—very bright and original ones.

Thursday, February 15.—An illustrated lecture on "The Tissot Pictures," by Mr. William J. Mann. The pictures were especially fine and impressive. They were,

of course, much enlarged in scale. The lecturer in the course of his talk about them, read the passage from the Bible illustrated by each. He showed a fine appreciation of them, and excellent taste in selection.

Sunday, February 18.—On account of the snow storm, service was held in Chapel at eleven o'clock. The sermon was by Dr. Gallagher.

Monday, February 19.—The snow storm on Sunday made fine sleighing next day, and the standing invitation of the Lasellia girls to the S. D's to go sleighing at the first opportunity, was made good. At half past seven they started,—four big sleighs full of laughing, bantering girls, everyone dressed for cold weather, and ready for a good time. Mr. Winslow took care of the first sleigh; Miss Hotchkiss, the second; Miss Witherbee, the third, and Miss Milliken, the fourth. After driving through West Newton and Newtonville, they came back through Waltham, reaching the Seminary again at a quarter after nine. A few minutes later oysters, coffee and rolls were served in the dining room. The repast ended with a few speeches and toasts. This was certainly one of the most enjoyable nights of the year.

All who did not go on the Club ride were given one by the Faculty. They started at seven, Miss Nutt with the girls in the first barge; Miss Kendrick with those in the second, and Mademoiselle with those in the third. They went to Wellesley, returning a little before the other party. No one could doubt that they, too, had a good time.

Thursday, February 22.—Even though Lasell girls took their Washington's Birthday at Christmas time, and must therefore be on duty on the 22nd, there is no want of patriotism. The dining room on the evening of this day was beautifully decorated, and at dinner was filled with young and merry Martha Washingtons. The dinner of eight courses, lasted till nearly half past seven, when all met in the Chapel to hear Mrs. Mary A. Livermore lecture on her recollections of famous people whom she had known. It was an extremely interesting address in its matter, and was made more so by the charming way in which Mrs. Livermore delivered it. Although over eighty, her voice is firm, her mind clear and keen, and her memory wonderful. The girls were all enthusiastic in their admiration of her.

Friday, February 23.—Miss Packard took a party to hear Julia Ward Howe speak to the school children in Newton Center. Mrs. Howe first told how she came to write the Battle Hymn of the Republic, and then recited it. She is a remarkably well preserved woman, one of whom her country is proud.

Saturday evening, February 24.—The reception for the Preparatory class, and the Specials, took place. It was a larger reception than the others, but none the less enjoyable—"the more, the merrier." The refreshments were served in the dining room, as they were last year.

Saturday night, March 3.—Miss Ransom and Mr. Bragdon took a few of Miss Ransom's pupils to the Sportsman's Show in Mechanics' Hall. The contests in swimming, basket ball and water-polo, and the high dive, were very interesting and exciting. The winner of the "championship of America in swimming," is a friend of Miss Yocum's, and comes from her home.

Mrs. Beaugereau's picture, "The Judgment of Paris," now hangs at the farther end of the parlors. The folding doors are closed, the curtains drawn, and the picture hung there. It is lighted from above by electric lights, just as the picture of Stone Lake at the other end of the parlor.

The following have received calls from their family or relatives:—Misses Brewer, Newman, Winn, Dustin, Metcalf, Wells, Zeller, White, Warren, Barber, Friedeborn, Richardson, Fry, Kimball, Robinson, Pinkham, Howes, Knowlton, Cotton, Wiedenmayer. Calls were received from Mr. and Mrs. Rogers, nee Alma Widstrand, Misses Massey, Ethelyn Prentice, Elsie Burdick, Blanche Winlet, Emma Smith, Ella Brightman, Caroline Kendall, Elise Scott.

MARRIED.

Elizabeth McEchron to George Cahoon, Jr., on Wednesday, February 14, at Glens Falls, N. Y.

Mabel Falley, ('92), to F. S. DeVona, of Chicago, where they will live.

Alma Widstrand to Roy Drake Rogers, at Minneapolis, Minn.

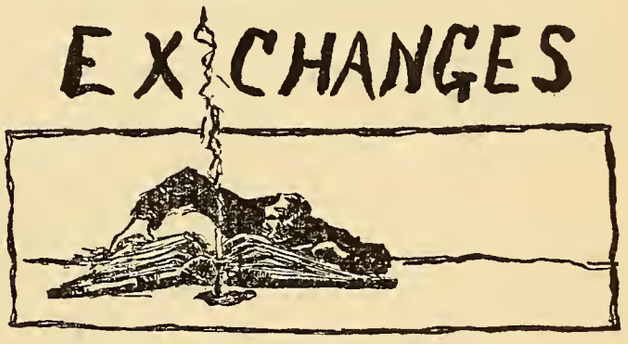
Belle Bragdon (of Pulaski, N. Y.) to James Lovell Hutchins, on Wednesday, March 21, at Pulaski, where they will make their home.

PASSED AWAY.

Since our last issue, word has been received of the death of Mrs. Tebbs—Kitty's mother—after but a short illness; and of Georgia Peck, here in '97, who while on a visit to her sister in Detroit, was fatally injured by a criminally careless wheelman.

Josephine Milliken was suddenly summoned home by the death of her father, of heart disease, but a short time ago. Mr. Milliken was one of Saco's most highly esteemed citizens. He retired from active business some two or three years ago, and had not since then been in good health, but a sufferer from the disease that ultimately caused his death. Our tenderest sympathies are with these bereaved ones, and as we think sadly of their sorrow and their longing for those that are gone, comes the thought of Whittier's beautiful lines:—

"The truth to flesh and sense unknown,
That is ever lord of Death,
And Love can *never* lose its own,"



A number of new exchanges were received this month, among them were, The Olympian, The Polymnian, The Question Mark and the Student's Life, The Acta Victoriana, Adelphian, Acorn, Bowdoin Quill, Bowdoin Orient, University Beacon, College Rambler, Classic, Crescent, Distaff, Forum, Jabberwock, High School Beacon, Kalends, Lever, Mirror, Mt. Holyoke, New England Conservatory Magazine, Oracle, Polytechnic, Pennsylvanian, Porcupine, Racquet, Record, R. M. T. S. Register, Latin School Register, Student's Review, Tripod, Tiltonian, Elrsinus College Bulletin, Wesleyan Literary Monthly, and the Yale Alumni Weekly were received as usual.

Lasell Proverbs.

—A shopping girl gathers no wealth.

—Save the hats, and the other things will take care of themselves.

—Late to bed and late to rise, makes a young debutante to feel happy and wise.

—A check in the hand is worth two in the letter from home.

—A privilege saved, is a privilege earned.

—Girls of a feather flock together.

A lesson in the head is worth two in the text books.

Supes, do unto your Seniors as you would have *your* supes do unto you.

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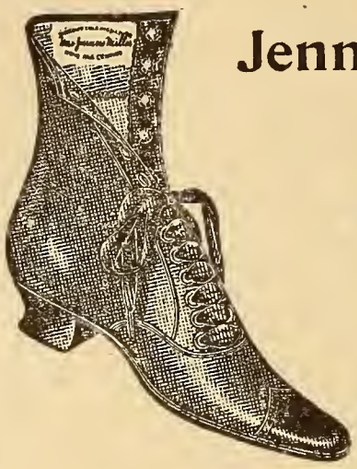
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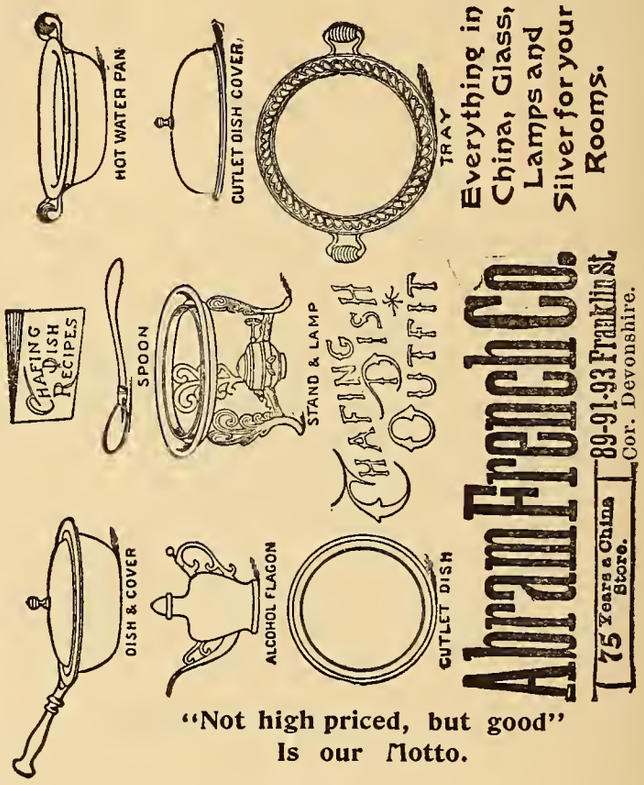
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The Editors will be glad to receive from the stude nts and Alumnæ any communications and items of interest to the school.

Editorials.

ALL work is sweetened by the prospect of coming pleasure, an opinion believed in, and well illustrated by the Lasell girls in this term just passing. Easter comes this year a little late, but as welcome as usual, bringing with it its accompanying trains of joys, plans, and pleasures.

The Easter holidays seem different from all the others of the year, but is one of the most enjoyed. It comes, for one thing, at the beginning of the beautiful spring, when after having been so long shut in to a degree by the nipping cold, everyone feels glad to be again free to roam about, "out of doors, and to have again the delight of long sunny days, the breath of blossoms, and the beauty of grass and foliage." The birds are already coming back to us from their winter home, and can be heard in every grove singing their glad songs of spring time. The earth has begun anew her robes of glorious color, and looks at us now with a face very different from what she wore when our good-byes were said last holiday time. Great plans have been made for this long-looked for week. Some of the girls will take advantage of the Washington excursion to see

the lovely White City in all its beauty, and to get, perhaps, a glimpse of Philadelphia, also, and New York; others will enjoy being at their own homes again after their absence, which to them seems long, while others still will stay here at Lasell, being too far from home to make the journey thither, for so short a time. We give to all our best wishes for a happy, happy Easter, and a safe return to school.

THE time is drawing near when another great exposition is to be opened to the world, about such another, we may suppose, as our World's Columbian Exposition at Chicago six years ago, although, since progress is so rapid and so ceaseless in these days, it will probably prove to be in various ways superior to that. This time the great city of Paris will open her doors to admit visitors from all parts of the world. France seems very far away to us now, but such preparations have been made for the convenience of the expected crowds of tourists sure to throng the city then, and ocean travel is now so easy, so luxurious and so comparatively inexpensive, that a trip across the Atlantic has come within the reach even of people of only moderate means, and a visit to Paris among the available delights to many.

In Paris the historic, the imposing, the beautiful, how much time could not one spend with ever increasing pleasure and advantage! There are the famous art galleries, where many of the masterpieces of the world's most noted artists are open to the public, not to mention the noble palaces, and the still splendid remains of the ancient glory of the kings of France. The lovely Seine, spanned by its majestic bridges, the numberless spots of keen, historic interest, the beautiful suburbs of the great city, all these in addition to the Great Exposition will make the tourists' days there a dream of delight, and it will be something to remember long afterwards with gratification and pleasure. We are especially interested in this subject, as there are several of our own girls who expect to go thither to spend their summer. It is a rare privilege to be able to visit two such expositions as the American and the coming one of Paris, and this privilege many who cross the ocean this summer will have enjoyed before their return.

The New Stage.

IF an old girl were to visit the gymnasium now, she would be surprised to see that the machines, formerly at the further end, have been moved to the corner by the organ, and that a fine, large stage has been added to that end of the room. Lasell has needed a stage for some time, for the gynasium as it was, proved so inadequate to the needs of the large graduating classes on class night, that the exercises had to be given in the dining room. Now the gymnasium has been enlarged by an addition which gives us a good stage and dressing-rooms, also another recitation room below. We have as a result a hall with a seating capacity of about three hundred, and a stage large enough for any occasion. The proscenium is sixteen feet high, twenty feet wide, and the stage is twenty-three feet deep. On each side of the proscenium is a small flight of steps mounting to a door. The stage is well lighted by triple windows on each side, and a single one at the center of the back, where a space between the large, corner ante-rooms, has been left for the organ. There are arrangements for electric lighting, of course,—footlights, side, top, and border lights. The floor and the walls, to the height of six feet, are finished in hard pine. The rest of the walls and the ceiling are painted light green. This new stage will make it much

easier to give entertainments of various sorts, and is a valuable addition to our resources in that line.

From the dressing room on the right, a winding flight of stairs leads downward into a small room, the size of the dressing room above. At the right of the stairs is an outside door, and opposite them, a door opening into a larger room, back of the practice kitchen; both these rooms are ceiled with hard pine. The ceiling, supported by two posts in the larger room, is much higher than that of the practice kitchen. The room is well lighted by four windows, and furnished with chairs, table and a small temporary platform for Mrs. Martin's classes. The back window of the practice kitchen has been made into a door joining the two rooms. The gymnasium lockers are to be removed when the new Athletic Hall is built on the deer-house hill, and the space thus gained utilized to make the Lecture room larger. Cost of the improvement about $2,500.

A Pot of Easter Lilies.

WHEN, at Easter time, we see all about us, in the windows of the florists, on the street corners, in the churches, and in our homes, the beautiful Easter lilies, we admire them, truly; but seldom, if ever, do we realize how much good a single blossom may do, and how much it may influence some poor, lonely soul; one of the poverty-pinched folk, of whom it is the shame of society that there are so many in our towns and cities.

Little Johnnie O'Neil was only a poor, hard-working newsboy, but he had a kind heart. One day, about three or four weeks before Easter, as he was selling his papers among the crowds which throng the business streets of one of our large cities, his attention was attracted to a beautiful pot of Easter lilies in a shop window, filled with lovely blossoms. It was too early for them, in reality; for long before Easter these lilies would have withered. But this potful was so exquisite that, immediately the little fellow was filled with a great longing to buy the beautiful plant for his friend, Jennie, the little shrunken cripple, whose back was hurt so badly that the doctor said she would never get well and strong again; and who lived next door to him in the wretched tenement which he called "home."

On asking the price, however, he was dismayed to find it so large; more money was asked for it than he had ever dreamed of having in his little pockets; but the florist, a kindly man, who saw Johnny's very evident disappointment, and wished to comfort him a little, encouraged the child by saying, that in a few weeks they would be much cheaper. At once, Johnny resolved to deny himself in every way, in order to save all the money possible until the night before Easter Day, when he was resolved to buy some of those beautiful flowers to brighten Jennie's Easter Day. It would not be this pot-ful, of course; but if there were others just as pretty they would do as well, and he could buy them for so much less, too.

Then began such a period of self denial as few of us have ever known,—for our little friend had never had much of anything but the bare necessities of life, and self denial meant to him getting along as best he could without some of these. One day he would have but one meal instead of the accustomed two, and thus five cents would go into the little candy box, devoted to this purpose. The next night, perhaps, he would deny himself of candle light, going to bed in the dark, instead of sitting up to read; for he had been to the public schools before his parents died, and so was better

educated than many of his companions, and used to spend part of his time at night in reading. He read the Bible, too, for from his teacher at the little Mission Sunday School, he had learned to love the book that had in it such words of comfort for a poor, struggling, little chap like himself. By this means a few pennies were added to the profits of his paper sales; but the deprivation was great, for he loved his reading, especially the Bible, and tried, in his own little way, to live up to its teachings.

Meanwhile, Jennie was wondering why her little friend had deserted her, for he had to work so much longer now that he found but little time to spend with the child. The first free Sunday afternoon, though, found him at her door; and after helping her mother a bit, he sat down by her side, and taking his Bible from his blouse, he began to read. This had been his regular custom for months, inasmuch as Jennie was an eager listener, and had especially begged him to read to her on Sundays. She, too, was fond of the Bible, and many a quiet afternoon hour had they spent thus together. He had opened the book at random, and the story happened to be that of the resurrection of Christ.

When he had finished, she asked him to tell her about the way this day was kept in the handsome churches of which she had heard so many times; but which she could never visit and see for herself. Then he told her about the church celebrations,—of the beautiful music, of the white-vested choir boys, and of the altars, decorated with the loveliest spring flowers, the most beautiful of all being the sweet Easter lilies. As he talked, her face became brighter, and then with tears in her eyes, she said, "Oh, Johnny! if I could but have one Easter lily, and celebrate Easter Day once, I should die happy.

From that time on the little newsboy worked with a new impetus. Early and late he toiled, until Good Friday; but, when he priced the precious plants that day, he found that he lacked still twenty-five cents. That night he was wofully discouraged, for he did not see how he was going to get a whole quarter in one day; but, when he knelt to pray, he sent up a child-like and trusting little petition that, in some way, he might be able to give Jennie this pleasure.

The long-looked-for day dawned bright and clear, but the sun did not get ahead of our little Johnny, for he was bent on getting the plant some way before night. As he started on his way that morning, one man bought three of his papers. This was encouraging, but it did not happen again. However, about noon, as he was standing by the door of one of the large business blocks, a man hurried out and said to him, "Hallo, sonny, if you'll run quick and get me a cab, I'll reward you for it." It did not take him long to start on this errand, and before long he returned, hoping to get, perhaps, ten cents towards his gift. What was his surprise when the man dropped a quarter into his hand, saying, "An Easter present for you, my lad."

You can imagine how long it took him to get to the nearest flower stand, to secure his prize. He did not wish to give it to the little invalid until evening however, and, therefore, left it at the stand while he sold the rest of his papers. The hours went slowly by, but seven o'clock came at last; and now with the precious bundle in his arms, he started for home almost on a run.

He could not wait to go into his own room first, but went directly to Jennie. At his knock her mother came to the door, and by her worried look, he knew that his little friend was worse. He tiptoed in, and as he took the paper from the plant, she opened

her eyes, and with a cry of delight, stretched out her arms to receive it.

They set the plant by her side, and all night long she talked about it, and about her happy Easter Day. When morning came she spoke for the first time of dying, saying, "I am going home, Johnny, but I shall see you there after awhile. Good-bye, I have had my beautiful Easter with its lily, and I am so happy." Then with a last look at the flowers she loved so well, she died, on that beautiful Easter morning, when everything outside was beautiful and gay.

From that time on it was Johnny's ambition to get rich, so that he might provide flowers every Easter for the poor and sick; for he never forgot Jennie, how glad it had made him to see her joy and delight in those Easter lilies. Did he ever attain his object, you ask? No; he never became really rich, but he did manage so well, and work so industriously, that he became a man, very comfortably well off in this world's goods; and he did remember all his life to send flowers to the poor at Easter time. He had learned well the good lesson that happiness lies far more in making others glad than in seeking one's own comfort and pleasure.

A. M. P. '02.

Things to Forget.

If you would increase your happiness and prolong your life, forget your neighbors' faults. Forget the slander you have ever heard. Forget the temptations. Forget the fault-finding, and give a little thought to the cause which provoked it. Forget the peculiarities of your friends and only remember the good points which make you fond of them. Forget all personal quarrels or histories you may have heard by accident and which, if repeated, would seem a thousand times worse than they are. Blot out as far as possible all the disagreeables of life; they will come, but they will grow larger when you remember them, and the constant thought of the acts of meanness or, worse still, malice, will only tend to make you more familiar with them. Obliterate everything disagreeable from yesterday; start out with a clean sheet for today and write upon it, for sweet memory's sake, only those things which are lovely and lovable.

Mrs. Bragdon's Pasadena Home.

In the bi-monthly, *Arts for America,* lately sent us for examination, is a cut of the new home which Mrs. Bragdon purposes building in Pasadena, that favored spot where roses and sunshine and all delights run riot. Now no house could be planned by Mrs. Bragdon and be other than artistic; and this pretty building is a pleasure to the eye, with its broad piazzas, so suggestive of coolness, airiness, and shadow; the effective style and disposition of its windows, and the pretty archway intersecting the building at one extremity, the driveway running thro' it, and a charming little bit of landscape visible beyond, as a picture in its frame. The house is a long, two-story structure in the Spanish style; its regularity of outline cunningly broken by projecting gables and bays, and one end being of somewhat lower pitch than the rest. A sweep of lawn extends in front, giving this pretty dwelling a fit setting for its beauty.

Sons of great men all remind us
Of descent from the sublime;
And they disappoint the public
Fully ten times out of nine.

—*Ex.*

TO A WEE MAIDEN.

"Love me little, love me long,
That suits you and me.
You are four feet, one inch tall,
I am six feet three."

—*Chicago News.*

Self Denial Week at Lasell.

THE Missionary Society at Lasell sets apart a week of the spring term for self denial, and earning money for foreign missions; nearly all the girls take some part in this work, and an atmosphere of unselfishness is felt by all. One morning a crowd attracted our attention to the bulletin board, where, upon close inspection, we saw a large poster illustrating the various methods by which the workers were to earn their offerings. All who thought of leaving their mending until vacation now knew just where to have it done. The chance of having her room thoroughly cleaned was very acceptable to the girl who was especially busy with her studies. Old shoes were polished, until they looked like new; the early riser paid dearly to have a companion for her usual, lonely, morning walk; many other ingenious methods, such as manicuring, shampooing, and hair dressing, and even washing bottles in the laboratory, were devised. An interesting lecture on Electricity was given in the chapel one evening by Dr. Winslow, and chocolate and wafers were served in the hall centre on two afternoons to eager and thronging patrons.

The week ended Saturday evening, March 31, with a corridor party. What work and fun it was to get ready for this! Each room on one hall was dressed and adorned to represent some country where mission work is done. They were well worth seeing, since with draperies, curiosities from the countries represented, girls in costume at the booths within, and certain realistic landscape effects of a convincing and picturesque sort, they were made uniquely attractive, and quite fairly representative. There were to be seen Italy, Turkey, Africa, China, Japan, India, Mexico, the Philippine and Hawaiian Islands, with Cuba and Porto Rico; and in addition there were the Mission Statistics room, the gypsy fortune-teller's room, and the North American Indian room. The gypsy was imposing in black net lace mantilla, spangles and jewelry, and did a merry trade. The North American gleamed and glowed from a vivid scarlet back-ground, in uncounted pictures, showing him in all sorts of costume and equipment, while near by were various bowls and other utensils from his wigwam, relieved against a wall hung with bright-colored Indian blankets, and in a corner hung General Custer's sword(?) suspiciously bright and glittering, and suggesting sword-drill in the gymnasium. Hatchets and scalps alone were wanting. In the statistics' room were sundry maps and charts, hung in conspicuous places, and here the treasurer pro tem. presided, and took care of a mob of mite-boxes on the table.

The hall was decorated from end to end with gay bunting, and in the various rooms goodies were purchasable with pennies, nickles or dimes; while at the end of the hall stood a fancy work table, the dainty wares of which were contributed by the girls and their teachers, and sold by enticing young saleswomen, who so effectually beguiled passers-by that the entire lot was sold comparatively early for a gratifying sum. As for refreshments, Turkey sold peanut candy in the golden glamor of a yellow light; Greenland in a fetching little booth, a snow-hut overlaid with green pine boughs, and lit by one green star, sold raspberry frappé, as did her neighbor, Alaska, guarded by her totem, and ensconced in her snow-built cabin, under the cold white light of the polar star. In the room of "Our Foreign Possessions," sandwiches and olives were dispensed, and here the venders were particularly proud of their

costume, their coiffure, and their native jewelry. In this room was the straw-thatched hut that elicited such admiring wonder during the evening. In Japan and China were nuts and popcorn, dealt out by Chinese and Japanese dames; and the array of curiosities was surprising. One of the most noteworthy was one of those signs formerly posted in Japan against Christians and Christianity. This with many of the other curios, was lent for the occasion by a returned missionary, and was genuine. Under a glowing red light India sold salted peanuts, in a room made especially interesting by various Buddha relics, and other articles suggestive of that land; and in several cases actually brought thence. In Mexico one bought "Mexican chia drink," tasting much like delicious lemonade, and served by a Mexican girl. Here were articles of the famous Mexican drawn-work, pictures, models, and other objects explanatory of the various products, conditions, customs, and costumes of Mexico.

From 7.30 p. m. till 9.30 the crowd surged through hall and rooms, buying, examining curios, listening to explanations of statistics, or to the flattering promises of the gypsy chatting, exclaiming over the pretty wares of the fancy work table, or hearkening to the strains of music evoked by the wandering violin player, a fresh, young Italian, if her garb be credited, who strayed up and down the hall playing during the whole evening, sometimes alone, sometimes accompanied by a vigorous young drummer-girl. Africa favored by her ugly little god, squatting on the table, sold almost all her luscious oranges. The frappé, peanuts, candy, chia drink—everything, even to the Perry Pictures in the Italian quarter, went "like hot cakes"; and at the end of the evening a tired, but happy and triumphant set of Missionary Society officers counted as their gains from the evening's traffic, together with the mite-boxes and the proceeds of Dr, Winslow's lecture, and the chocolate table, and Mr. Bragdon's contribution, a good round sum to devote to the needs of suffering heathendom—eighty dollars. It was indeed a signal success; and then, besides that, everybody seemed to enjoy it so thoroughly—it was a pleasure simply to look on the pleasure of the others.

Sweet-Minded Women.

So great is the influence of a sweet minded woman on those around her that it is almost boundless. It is to her that friends come in seasons of sorrow and sickness for help and comfort. One soothing touch of her kindly hand works wonders in the feverish child; a few words let fall from her lips in the ear of a sorrowing sister do much to raise the load of grief that is bowing its victim down to the dust in anguish. The husband comes home worn out with the pressure of business and feeling irritable with the world in general; but when he enters the cozy sitting room and sees the blaze of the bright fire and meets his wife's smiling face, he succumbs in a moment to the soothing influences which act as a balm of Gilead to his wounded spirit. We all are wearied with combating with the stern realities of life. The rough schoolboy flies in a rage from the taunts of his companions to find solace in his mother's smile; the little one full of grief with its own large troubles, finds a haven of rest in its mother's breast; and so one might go on with instances of the influence that a sweet-minded woman has in the social life with which she is connected. Beauty is an insignificant power when compared with hers.--*Great Thoughts.*

She:—I have seen nineteen summers.

He.—How long have you been blind?

Re-union of New York Lasell Club.

By some failure of Uncle Sam's, the notice promptly sent of the New York luncheon was not received. We will insert a second notice sent by the kindness of the President, Mrs. Grace Garland Etherington.

The seventh annual luncheon of the New York Lasell Club was held at the Waldorf-Astoria, New York, February third, a good proportion of the sixty-five members of the club being present.

The guests were received by the President, Mrs. Grace Garland Etherington, assisted by the newly elected Vice-President, Miss Ada Cadmus, Mrs. Jennie Raymond Geyer, and Mrs. Maude Littlefield Baillard. At one o'clock a delicious luncheon was served, the guests being seated at small tables which were prettily decorated with flowers.

Much to the regret of all present, Professor Bragdon was unable to attend the luncheon, being at that time in Pasadena, Cal., but a letter from him was read, commented upon, and heartily endorsed by the President. The letter dealt mainly with the proposed endowment fund for Lasell, and made a strong appeal for it.

The last part of the program was furnished by Miss Alice Harrington, of New York, an elocutionist, who for an hour delightfully entertained the club with selections from Kipling, Eugene Field, and others, after which the meeting adjourned, all present feeling more than ever the pleasure it gives one to keep in touch with old school friends.

Among those present were: Maude Littlefield Baillard, Eppie Sigafus Bird, Mary Marshall Call, Roberta Brown Hoffman, Daisy Fischer, Annie M. Gwinnell, Lila Warren, Jessie Macmillan, Winifred Conlin Cooke, Susan Griggs Wilson, Mabel Hutchinson Gilson, Anne Burr Day, Virginia Johnson Milbank, Katharine Pierce, Martin, Mary Moger Young, Edith Howe, Emeline Carlisle, Alice Burnham Carpenter, Marie Wilson, Florence Hunsberger, Mrs. Foster, Mrs. Bass.

Gifts to the Library.

We wish to acknowledge with thanks the gift of a valuable addition to our reference library. A copy of the "Biographical Dictionary of Musicians," by Theodore Baker, Ph. D., son of Mrs. Elizabeth Hunt, to whose kindness we are indebted for the book. It is a volume of some six hundred and fifty, or more, pages, and is enriched by portraits from pen and ink drawings by Alex. Gribayédoff. We are glad to give it a place on our shelves. There has also come to us from Mary P. Nichols, of Boston, an attractive volume entitled, "Gudrun. A Mediæval Epic," very tastefully gotten up, as a sample of the bookmaker's craft; and, in matter, an interesting translation in verse of the old German tale of Gudrun. We thank the donor for the gift.

Some Curious Facts.

There are some curious facts about our calendar. It is said that no century can begin on Wednesday, Friday, or Sunday. The same calendars can be used every twenty years. September always begins on the same day of the week as December. The months of February, March, and November always begin on the same days. May, June, and August always begin on different days from each other and from every other month in the year. The first and last days of the year are always the same. These rules do not apply to leap year, when comparison is made between days before and after Feb. 29.—*Christian Work.*

Dress Reform.

A few days ago, on Spring street, I was watching a woman attired in one of those long woolen dresses, the skirt trailing about a foot on the ground. She sailed proudly along, apparently quite oblivious or indifferent to the fact that she was sweeping up beneath her dress a mass of offensive and unwholesome matter, which is bad enough on the streets of a civilized city, but certainly far worse when deposited upon a woman's clothes, or limbs. If women who are addicted to this unwholesome and disgusting practice could be shown, through a miscroscope, a few of the desiccated germs of sputum from consumptive lungs, powdered droppings from horses, dogs and other animals, and similar detritus found on a city's streets which they thus accumulate in the course of a short walk, they would surely take to common-sense street dresses. Some social reformer ought to get up a series of magic lantern slides illustrating this subject, and go through the country with them. It is claimed that a woman should be excused from kissing a man who chews tobacco. Granting this, I submit that a man should certainly be excused from coming into close contact with a woman who makes herself an amateur scavenger on the streets. *Los Angeles Times.*

"If we sit down at set of sun,
And count the things that we have done,
And counting find
One self-denying act, one word
That eased the heart of him who heard,
One glance most kind,
That fell like sunshine where it went,
Then we may count the day well spent.

"But if through all the livelong day
We've eased no heart by yea or nay;
If through it all
We've nothing done that we can trace
That brought the sunshine to a face,
No act most small
That helped some soul and nothing cost,
Then count that day as worse than lost."

—*J. M. B.*

Texas Friends.

One can find by looking on the transcient desk in the library, *The Texas and Pacific Quarterly*, published in Texas. Mr. Alexander Hogg, the father of three of our old Lasell girls, is interested in this periodical. We clip from the *Commercial Appeal* of Memphis, the following complimentary notice:

THE SCHOLAR IN RAILROADING.

We have had many discussions and dissertations upon the scholar in politics, but the scholar in railroading has been homogeneous and hidden in the general list of employees until lately. The Texas and Pacific has made a new departure, and has regularly embarked in the magazine business.

Another evidence of the intrusion of the scholar in railroading is seen in the appointment of Prof. Alexander Hogg as special passenger and advertising agent of the road. Prof. Hogg was, for many years, superintendent of public instruction at Fort Worth, is prominent in the national educational societies, and his address on the railroad problem, amplified and expanded by other articles, forms an interesting book.

Such news is always pleasant and gratifying.

Any Old Lock.

Since Paderewski's marriage, the story is being revived of a well-known society woman who wrote to him for "a lock of hair." She received this reply:

Dear Madam:—M. Paderewski directs me to say that it affords him much pleasure to comply with your request. You failed to specify whose hair you desire, so he sends samples of that of his valet, cook, waiter, and mattress belonging to M. Pullman, proprietor of the coach in which he travelled in America.—*Public Opinion.*



PERSONALS.

—Mrs. Bragdon reports that she has seen Mr. and Mrs. Higgins (Blanche Merrill) and Helen Morris in Pasadena, and our neighbors, the Cordinglys of Maple street dined with them early in March.

—Nellie Richards, of '93, with her father, attended services at the Methodist Church on March 25. Both are looking very well, and Nellie, as usual, joined the procession of those who were helping to pay the church debts. Several of the Seminary girls also took part in the collection.

—Jennie Darling Folsom and Myra Sweet Hall return this month from Egypt—went in November.

—The Rev. John W. Butler, of the M. E. Church Mission in Mexico City, was here during the first week in April, to see his daughter, Evelina.

—Mrs. Sue Hallock Couch and Mrs. Kate Colony Frye, old Lasell girls, who have not lost their interest in their old school, called to see Mr. Bragdon some time ago. They looked with pleasure at the improvements made since they were here, and before going away asked to see again their old room, No. 17, the associations of which were still fresh in their minds.

—Susan Drew Gaylord, of Plymouth, sends a word of regret at having missed seeing Mr. Bragdon on the occasion of his calling there some time since. The regret is mutual.

—Martha Baker, (class of '98), and her brother, were at Ruggles Street Church one Sunday, recently, when Mr. Bragdon was there. She looks well. Is taking lessons in voice, and reports her mother as recovering from her severe illness.

—Louise Dietrick, also, he met at the same place. She is bravely doing a good work.

—Kitty Tebbs has taken up her work at home, like the heroine she is, trying to fill the dear mother's place, and to keep home home still to the little brother and the aged grandparents. Such endeavor cannot fail of its reward.

—Mamie Cruikshank, (class of '96), has moved to Newton.

—Grace Tirrell is getting beautifully better. Emily Kothe, Florence Plum, and Edith Harris, spent a Sunday with her shortly before vacation began.

—Belle Bragdon Hutchens and her newly-acquired husband gave us a call, recently. They were on their wedding trip. It was pleasant to see her again, after her school days with us seventeen years ago.

—Alice Fuller will this year be graduated from Pratt Institute. She mentions in her letter having seen Katharine Pierce Martin there some time ago—"the same old Katharine."

—Bess Shepherd, ('94), went in December to Ohio to be bridesmaid to a friend, Miss Crooke. She then went on to Evanston and visited relatives, being there at the time of her grandmother Bragdon's translation. Her stay was saddened by that, and also the "going away" of a dear cousin's child—little Vail Daggy. Last week she returned, and is at Hotel Berkeley in Boston, and will be glad to see her school-mates again.

—Frances Wood of Worcester, here last year, and Emily Bissell, '99, are going abroad on the Ems, of the North German Lloyd line, intending to visit Italy, Austria

—taking Oberammergau on the way—Switzerland, and of course to Paris. Expect to be back by Commencement time.

—Jessie Eckhouse (I hope I am not revealing any secret) almost promises us the pleasure of a sight of her at Commencement time.

A southern boy's composition on "Poetry" runs as follows: "A poem is a thing which has rhymes at the last end. A poem also has feet, but some poems don't stand steady on 'em. Poets mostly has long hair, because times is hard and it's cheaper to let it grow. Poets used to live in garrets on a crust of bread—when the baker would credit 'em. Now they live on the ground floor, where they can escape easy when the bailiff is after 'em. My father says poetry makes the world better, but my mother says it ain't the kind he writes. Poets have a monument when they die, as people want to weight 'em down so's they can't come back."

Worth Remembering.

Frances Willard had a trenchant way of making things unforgetable, by aptly putting them. These are among the fine things she had to say about character: "Sow an act, and you reap a habit; sow a habit, and you reap a character; sow a character, and you reap a destiny." And again: "Character is habit crystallized."

A Word to Lasell Shoppers.

The importance of trading with the firms who advertise in the LASELL LEAVES cannot be overestimated. We should not expect their patronage if we do not give them our support in return. Another way for Lasell girls to be loyal!

He who has never seen himself surrounded on all sides by the sea, can never possess an idea of the world, and of his own relation to it.—*Goethe.*



March 17. A "tacky party" was given on this evening to the Lasellia Club by the S. D. Society. The gymnasium was thrown open for the occasion, and about eight o'clock the room began to fill with a gayly attired throng. While the company was gathering, the hurdy gurdy furnished lively music. Lines were formed for a cake walk, in which a great many new and decidedly original figures were introduced. After the cake walk dancing was enjoyed until refreshments were served. Then followed the final cake walk, after which prizes were awarded by Miss Hotchkiss to the stars of the evening. The first prize, a beautiful ring, was given to Miss Chase, who wore an "elegant" white gown with an immense white hat, the only adornment of which was a long black plume, which trailed gracefully behind her. The second came to the gorgeously attired Mr. Johnson, perhaps the most honored guest of the evening, as he was the only gentleman present. Those receiving honorable mention were Miss Slayton and Miss Wiedenmayer,

who impersonated Sis Hopkins. The "tackiness," of the party was marked by the gorgeous and outlandish costumes, the dance orders printed on trunk tags, the hurdy gurdy and the refreshments, which were served to the guests seated on the floor. A pleasant time is said to have been enjoyed by all.

Thursday, March 22. Instead of the regular recitation in Bible, all the school assembled in the chapel to hear the Rev. Joseph Cook lecture. He seemed to us almost like an old friend; Mr. Bragdon has told us of him so often, and for this reason we were particularly glad of an opportunity to hear him. He took as his subject, "The Wit and Wisdom of Women," and what he said made us feel more than ever the influence which we, as women, possess, and inspired in us a greater desire to be useful and womenly women. We felt, when he had finished, that he was worthy of every tribute which our Principal had paid him.

Saturday, March 24. Dr. Winslow gave this afternoon the last talk in the course he has been giving on "Science Applied to Housekeeping." He has demonstrated that there is more practical, everyday importance in physics and chemistry than students usually think. The course has proved a very instructive and interesting one.

Thursday evening, March 27. Miss Hotchkiss took a party of girls in to Music Hall to hear the concert given by "The Musical Art Society of New York." The music was truly fine, and everyone enjoyed it immensely. Several have spoken with especial praise of the two Scotch folk-songs, "Ay Wakin'-O'"! and "Ye Banks and Braes." Lasell girls have been fortunate in the music they have had opportunity to hear this year. Not only have there been regular parties to the Symphony, but many have also attended other good concerts.

Sunday morning, April 1. As a fitting close to Missionary Week, Miss Clara M. Cushman, formerly a missionary to China, spoke to the girls. She told of many of the customs of the people among whom she had worked, and showed several curiosities which made the talk more real. She contrasted the miserable existence of the women of China with the happy, protected lives of American girls and women. Miss Cushman called attention to the great things that even a little money will do in the mission field; and many of us are not doing even that little, although we have a good opportunity right here. Surely the outcome of this Sunday morning talk should be a more hearty support of our own Lasell Missionary Society.

Thursday morning, March 29. The Junior Literature class enjoyed so much their lesson on Robert Burns. After touching a little on the life of the poet, members of the class sang several of his songs, and all joined in "Auld Lang Syne." This was as a lesson both unusual and delightful.

Thursday, March 15. The Reverend Henry Spaulding delivered an interesting lecture on "A Trip Through Europe with Byron." The lecture was beautifully illustrated with fine stereopticon views, the scenes along the Rhine and in Switzerland being particularly pleasing. It was the first lecture that has been given since the addition of the new stage in the gymnasium, and we all realized the advantages of this latter improvement when the gymnasium serves as a lecture hall; for the pictures were displayed at such a height that even those in the back of the room could see perfectly; moreover, there were no posts in the way as there are in the chapel. This first one of Mr. Spaulding's lectures made us all anxious to hear him again, and the announcement that he would lecture on April the fifth, was greeted with delight.

Thursday, April 5. The second of the series of lectures by the Reverend Henry G. Spaulding was "The Life of the Virgin in Art." This lecture, illustrated as it was by reproductions of some of the greatest pictures from European art galleries, many of them in color, was one of the most enjoyable of the year, both in the beauty of the illustrations and in the charm and interest of Mr. Spaulding's remarks on the pictures. He spoke of his great subject as appealing to both Catholic and Protestant as most beautiful, since the greatest and best pictures in European art galleries are of the Madonna, all the greatest artists having painted pictures of the Virgin. He closed this lecture by showing in color the Sistine Madonna, the most perfect conception of the Divine Mother that has ever come from the brush of an artist. The slides for the exquisite colored pictures exhibited by Mr. Spaulding are the product in large part of two very excellent and able artists, whose services were secured by our lecturer for this purpose, after long search for the "right man," and the work is highly artistic and satisfactory.

Saturday, April 7. The Canoe Club gave their concert on this evening, having secured the Fisk Jubilee Singers, who gave their audience a very enjoyable evening. The plantation songs and hymns were especially good, as showing the characteristics of the negro singing, and the lullaby by the male quartette was unusually sweet. The singers were all young people, and were possessed of exquisitely sweet and powerful voices, showing no little cultivation. The concert was a very good one, indeed; the only thing to be regretted being, like all good things, it ended too soon.

The Botany girls have been taking advantage of these beautiful days, and doing their laboratory work in the open fields and woods, discovering, even here in the Seminary grounds, many unsuspected things in the plant world.

During the first week of April the newest important topics of conversation seemed to be the art of bread making, the analysis of eggs, or the best cut for a roast. The reason for this unusual interest in household affairs was the coming of the examinations in cooking, that one subject in which Lasell insists that its pupils be examined. The second year girls had their trial on April 5, and those of the first year on April 7. It is hoped that both of these classes did as well as the girls of the third year, every member of which passed.

Saturday, March 24. The Salem Cadet Orchestra gave, under the auspices of the S. D. Society, a concert on Saturday evening, in the gymnasium. The music was of a popular nature, and was much enjoyed by the girls, especially since it was so well played by this noted band of New England. The solo by Mr. Keyes was especially good, and was applauded so enthusiastically that he gave two encores. The band, as a whole, was most generous in its responses to the applause, and deserves much praise for its good nature in giving encore after encore. The evening was an unusually pleasant one. The Society is to be congratulated on the success of the entertainment.

PROGRAM.

Overture, Hungarian Lustspiel,	*Kela-Bela*
Waltz. The Fortune Teller,	*Herbert*
Solo For Cornet. The Holy City,	*Adams*
Mr. B. B. Keyes.	
a. Serenade. I Studenti,	*Bucalossi*
b. March. Second Connecticut,	*Reeves*
Selection. The Belle of New York,	*Monkton*
Solo for Piccolo. Little Robin,	*Damare*
Mr. R. Hannible.	
Patrol. The Crack Regiment,	*Eilenberg*
Selection. Martha,	*Flotow*

Monday, February 26. The class of girls at Experiment Hall gave, at the close

of their course, a dinner which amply demonstrated by its excellence the value of the instruction they had received from Mrs. Perry. The guests invited were Mr. Bragdon, Miss Carpenter, Miss Coleman, Miss Ransom, Dr. Gallagher, Mrs. Gallagher, Mr. Winslow and Mrs. Perry.

The waitresses were the Misses Ives and Houghton; the hostesses, the Misses Clemens and Wilbur. Each girl in the class had some part in the preparation of the dinner, and nothing was on the table except what had been made by the class. The experiment was proved a great success. After Easter another class is to go to the Annex to take the excellent course of work.

MENU.

Cream of Corn Soup. Crutons.
Roast Turkey. Dressing.
Macaroni.
Cheese.
Peas. Mashed Potatoes.
Cranberry Sauce. Parker House Rolls.
Tomato Salad.
Cheese Crackers.
Caramel Custard with Whipped Cream.
Peanut Cookies. Chocolate Wafers.
Candy. Salted Almonds.
Coffee.

The last event of importance in the term now closing was the musical rehearsal given on the evening of April 9. The program, which is given below, was effectively and spiritedly rendered, and an appreciative audience listened with pleasure to the efforts of the girls, if one may judge by the hearty applause that followed the various performances. Violin, voice, organ and piano, were all well handled, and showed evidence of good work in these departments. Miss White, Professor Hills, Mr. Goldstein, and Mr. Dunham, were present:

PROGRAM.

Pianoforte. Nocturne in D flat, Gutmann
Miss Kothe.
Song. Two Tuscan Folk-Songs, Carraciola
Misses Cotton and Johnson.
Organ. Fantasia for two performers, Hesse
Misses Ward and Walker.
Song. You and I, Liza Lehmann
Miss Metcalf.
Pianoforte. Sonata in B flat, Op. 22 (1st movement) Beethoven
Miss Lair.
Song. A May Morning, Denza
Miss Hill.
Pianoforte. Mazurka, Meyer-Helmund
Miss Wells.
Song. Sleep, Little Baby of Mine, Dennée
Miss Pinkham.
Pianoforte. Frühlingsrauschen, Sinding
Miss Cox.
Song. Irish Love Song, Margaret Lang
Miss Cotton.
Violin. Fantaisie from "Tannhäuser," Wagner
Miss Roby.
Songs. Ask Not.
O Mistress Mine. Frederick Barry
Miss Winn.
Organ. Hosannah, Dubois
Miss Ashley.
Song. My Song is of the Sturdy North, German
Miss Flaherty.
Pianoforte Quartette. Nocturne, Gurlitt
Misses Stone, E. Chase, Hunt and Watson.
Miss Byrnes, Accompanist.

Death of Mrs. Rolfe.

It is with heartfelt sorrow that we chronicle the death, by pneumonia, on March 15, of Mrs. Rolfe, wife of Dr. William J. Rolfe, so long a teacher of Shakespeare here at Lasell. In her death, Dr. Rolfe has lost one who was truly a helpmeet, and a loving and sympathetic companion for long and happy years. Bitter, indeed, must be the grief occasioned by so irreparable a loss. Three sons also survive their mother. One of these we hear will henceforth live with his father in Cambridge. We wish to express our most earnest sympathy with the Doctor and his family in this hour of distress and sadness.

PASSED AWAY.

We learn with sorrow that Mr. Frank T. Arnold, of Peabody, Mass., a very prominent citizen of that town, and father of Jennie Arnold, (class of '93), died suddenly of apoplexy, recently. He leaves a family consisting of Mrs. Arnold, Jennie, and her brother. Words of comfort at such times

are hard to find, except, indeed, in the blessed volume given us for our helping in all experiences of life; but our sympathy we *can* give, and give freely, feeling that in such sorrow and suffering as this, from which none of Earth's children are exempt, we are indeed all of one blood, and must needs feel each the other's grief.

MARRIED.

—Belle Bragdon to James Lovell Hutchens, on Wednesday, March 21, at Pulaski, N. Y. Home address: Bridge street, Pulaski.

—Mabel Crocker to George Edward Hart, on Thursday, March 22, at Sheboygan, Wis. Home address: 410 St. Clair Avenue, Sheboygan.

—Eva Louise Kennard to James Grant Wallace, on Saturday, March 24, at Omaha, Neb.



We are pleased to find among the new exchanges on the table this month, the Vail-Deane Budget, the Wind Mill, School Life and the Shamrock; all of which are excellent papers.

The other exchanges received are, The Argosy, The Adelphean, The Acorn, The Bowdoin Orient, The Bowdoin Quill, The College Folio, The Distaff, The Jabberwock, The Kalends, The Mount Holyoke, The Mirror, The New England Conservatory Magazine, The Philalethian, The Polytechnic, The Pennsylvanian, The Porcupine, The Quill, The Raquet, The R. M. T. S. Register, The Students' Review, The Tripod, The Tiltonian, The Ursinus College Bulletin, The University Beacon, The Yale Alumni Weekly, and the Wesleyan Literary Monthly.

Bright Sayings of Lasell Girls.

TEACHER.—"Who was the man of Uz?"
Pupil.—"Moses."

PROFESSOR OF POLITICAL ECONOMY.—"What do you understand by 'infant industries?"

Pupil.—"The meaning of infant industries is a place where children are employed."

A newly discovered eruptive disease,—joy break out all over your face.

How many of us have ever heard of Shelly's wife,—Gretna Green?

There is in the library a copy of the inscription over the tomb of Shakespeare, which being in old English, is rather difficult to read. One day on entering the room, I found a girl trying to puzzle it out, and came to her rescue. Soon we had interpreted the hieroglyphics to read as follows:

"Good friend for Jesus sake for beare
To dig the dust inclosed heare."

Then I turned to her and said jokingly, "Of course you know what that comes from"?

"Why, yes, from the Bible," she promptly replied.

In a description of the Symphony it was said, "They played one lovely piece, pinafore in C sharp."

Whene'er you have a moment's rest,
Whene'er your work is done,
For pity's sake just think of us,
Write up some joke or pun.
A paper isn't such a snap
As many seem to think;
And writing copy for the press,
Takes quite a little ink.

—*Ex.*

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The Editors will be glad to receive from the stude nts and Alumnæ any communications and items of interest to the school.

Editorials.

WHAT do we get from the newspapers, and what do we enjoy reading most? are questions worth asking and thinking about, and all the more since at Lasell the morning paper seems to be in demand, almost every table boasting its copy. This is a good custom for several reasons. The very busy ones thus have an opportunity while at breakfast of glancing over and chatting about the morning news; those, also, who might not otherwise look at the paper, are in this way tempted into the habit of desiring to know what is going on in the world. But newspapers may be read in various ways; and it depends much upon the reader's choice of its columns as to its helpfulness or hurtfulness. "Every one to her own taste." The columns about the war, the editorials, the theatre advertisements, and the accounts of the games being played this season are popular with almost all readers. Yet tastes differ widely, and how interesting it is to see how they show themselves. Some are interested in the sensational items; others can tell you of any theatrical advertisements and criticisms which they read so thoroughly; others in the sports of the day, the news of the money

markets, the political news, or the world of fashion.

Important history is now making in Africa and elsewhere, and the intelligent and careful reader can, even in so short a time, as is given to the news at the table, glean much interesting and useful information about the affairs of the world, about great movements and significant occurrences. The latest news from the war with the Boers is usually printed in startling letters, and one can easily keep up a little with it. Then, too, the great conventions and assemblages that occur, and much more or less broad and discriminating criticism of all these things. One can, however, spend these little bits of time in reading sensational news, thus spoiling the taste for better reading, and hurting the mind or the morals.

Is it not well to think over such things, and to make the best use of the time devoted to the paper, since our reading colors our character, quite as certainly as does our conversation with others, and few are so foolish as to deny the power of this latter agent in character formation.

WE are now in the midst of our spring and summer out door sports. Even the small boy has begun his play with top and marbles, and takes as much pleasure in these simple pastimes as others in their more scientific games.

Golf is as fascinating as ever, judging from the number of us who have begun the game anew this spring with fresh energy. It is not uncommon for the same girl to go the course of the links several times in one day. That this steady practice gives deftness and skill in playing will easily enough be seen, for there is no proverb more often quoted, "Practice makes perfect." The noteworthy thing about this game is its wide popularity with people of all ages; old, young, middle-aged, everybody delights in golf. It has the charm of making one a good marksman, and that of out door exercise under pleasant circumstances. Tennis is an older favorite with us, but so far from having fallen into disfavor since golf came, is still very popular. Again, there is the delight of boating. Since Lasell is so near the river, a good opportunity is given for boating and canoeing. Basket-ball is also in favor, and the teams are developing marked skill.

Great interest is taken, too, in the teams of the colleges round about, and their successes and defeats are eagerly watched. The extraordinary interest now felt all over the land in the inter-collegiate contests is due far more to the fact that athletic sports are now general, and hence better understood and more highly valued, than to any great increase of popular interest in the colleges themselves. Out door exercise is now the order of the day, and much benefit, as well as pleasure, is derived from them by all classes. This ought to mean healthier bodies, and fewer nerve disorders; but does it? "What are the facts?"

Easter Vacation.

VACATION had at last come, all good-byes had been said, during which process we discovered that we should not at all mind going with the girls who were to spend their vacation with relatives or friends; but since the Fates had decided that we were to stay at Lasell, we were philosophical enough to make the best of it, presently finding to our delight, that it was not at all a hard or undesirable lot to endure. Entertaining amusements being among the best means of preventing one's having "the blues," we started off after luncheon for the theatre, where we saw Anna Russell in

"Miss Hobbs," and whence we returned home as happy as heart could desire.

On Thursday delightful boxes of all kinds began to arrive, boxes containing whatever a girl could wish to make her happy during a vacation spent from home. Not a few of these contained Easter apparel, of one sort or another, hats, gowns, and the like. But our kind parents had not forgotten that we could now receive also boxes of fruit, cake, and candy; and several times we indulged in late feasts, the dainties being procured from the witching recesses of the same magic "box from home." During the days which followed, great shopping expeditions were made. We purchased all sorts of things, the most important being, perhaps, Easter hats. Such distress as some of us were in! But how overjoyed we were, when, after a long search, we brought home the cherished, the long-searched-for hat, thankful that we had been so lucky as to find the right one finally. Dark and rainy days did not keep us home, and a number of us went in the afternoon to the matinee; others in the evening, owing to the kindness of Mr. Bragdon, to a fine concert given by Mr. Dunham's choir class.

Easter Sunday dawned, gloriously, bright and fair! Such a beautiful day as it was! On coming down to breakfast we found the tables decorated, and at each place lay a pretty flower, and an Easter card. Some of us went to Boston to church; others, afraid lest they should not be able to procure seats in the city churches, went to Newton instead, and heard the boy-choir of Grace church, and still others went to the village church. In the evening we went again to Newton, where we heard a beautiful song service. Monday was not so beautiful a day, and most of us remained at home. After dinner we went to the kitchen to make candy—of course it was excellent, of the best quality, its ability to stick fast to whatever it touched being remarkable.

One of the most highly valued of our privileges, was the permission to sleep as late as we liked, "and that was pretty late, you may be sure." Sometimes the first gong heard was that for luncheon. School began again on Wednesday, though all would have been glad of another week. We sincerely hope that the girls who may remain next year will enjoy their vacation as much as we did.

"Po' lil' brack sheep what strayed away,
Done los' in de win' an' de rain,
An' de Shepherd, he say: 'Oh, hirelin',
Go fin' my sheep ergain.'

"And de hirelin' frown: 'O Shepherd,
Dat sheep is brack an' bad.'
But de Shepherd, he smile laik dat lil' brack sheep
Is de onlies' lam' he had.

"An' he say: 'Oh, hirelin', hasten,
For de win' an' de rain am col',
An' dat lil' brack sheep be lonesome
Out dere, so far from de fol'.'

"An' de hirelin' frown: 'O Shepherd,
Dat sheep is weak and po',
But de Shepherd, he smile laik dat lil' brack sheep
He lub it des all de mo'.

"An' he say: 'Oh, hirelin', hasten,
For de hail am beatin' hard,
An dat lil' brack sheep git bruises
Way off fum de sheep-fol' yard.'

"An' de hirelin' frown: 'O Shepherd,
Dat sheep is mos' wore out.'
But de shepherd, he smile laik dat lil' brack sheep
Des' couldn't be done without;

"An He say: 'Oh, hirelin', hasten,
Lo, here dey ninety an' nine,
But dere way off fum de sheep-fol'
Dat lil' brack ob mine.'

"An' de hirelin' frown: 'O Shepherd,
De res' ob sheep am here.'
But de Shepherd, he smile laik dat lil' brack sheep
He hol' it de mos'es dear.

"An' He wander out in de darkness,
Where de night was col' and bleak,
An' dat lil' brack sheep, He fin' it,
An' lay it ergains' His cheek.'

An Hour With Some of Our Birds.

AS spring time, with its sunshine, warmth and freshness, advances, we are glad to go to the woods and meadows and revel among the fresh greenness, the bright flowers, and the glad song of the returning birds, for there is no wild creature that comes nearer to man's heart than the bird.

Let us place ourselves under a great tree down by a babbling brook, and, while we are waiting to see one of these little bits of winged melody, for it may be some minutes before one will alight near enough for us to examine it, let us talk over some of their general characteristics. They are more than incarnations of song, or flitting feathered fairies—they are little beings wonderfully made. Their vigor and endurance on the wing is almost incredible; we read that the various species of Europe, during their migrations, cross the Mediterranean in a single flight. Just so, our little blue-bird makes his annual visit to the Bermudas, some six hundred miles from the continent. Not only the distance, but also the speed of their flight is remarkable. This same little bird sometimes travels, we are told, at the rate of more than a mile a minute. The manner of flight of the kite and the buzzard, on outspread wings which remain apparently motionless, as these birds go gliding around in circles; of the marsh-hawk, her wings regularly beating the ground as she swoops low over the meadows; of the crow and jay lumbering along with wings spread wide; the sparrow with its jerkings and bobbings—all these are distinctly characteristic and enable us frequently to name a bird without a near view of its color and shape. The homes of the birds, too, cannot but have for us a charm. The lover of birds always knows where to look for those of different species. The warbler builds always on the tip-top branches of the trees; the oriole and vireo swing their downy hammocks on the outer drooping twigs; the hawk, crow and jay build their rude structures close against the trunk, usually of some tall pine; the woodpecker cleans out a hole in an old branch, while the king-fisher and sand-martin tunnel out holes along the river bank.

The courtship that goes on in the spring time is of intense interest, with methods as various as the plumage or the notes of song. The blue bird wins his mate by unremitting attention, as well, doubtless, as by the sincerity of his compliments. He finds for a home a snug place that cannot be surpassed, and sitting before it, sings his loudest and best. The little lady for whose ear this is intended, shyly approaches and timidly peeps in at the nest, but the wooing must go on for many days before she will be won. There is no prettier love-making than that among the gold-finches. All of them in the neighborhood, having put on their brightest plumage of yellow and black, come together to hold an amorous musical festival. There seems to be a strong competition of musical abilities, the males singing their best, while the females look on, singing their little, "chirp, chirp." All the time there is no quarreling; but, on the contrary, the best of feeling pervades the company. Before May has passed we may see the birds in couples, and in June house-keeping begins.

But listen! that was certainly the note of a bird, where can it be? There it is again! "Chirp, cheer, chirp, cheer!" It seems to come from that tree across the brook, but no, he is up to his old trick once more, for there he is right over your head. A more fascinating bird than this scarlet singer, dressed in his coat of black, it would be

hard to find. The female tanager cannot be far away; but you will miss her, if you are not careful, as she wears a dull olive green dress. Here we have an instance of the care of nature for her creatures. It would never do to have the bird who is to protect the precious eggs, wear a bright scarlet, for this would betray the nest to her enemies. There alights right on the brink of the running water, another bird, which we know from its soft brown color, timid and distrustful manner, to be the Wilson thrush. Now he flies away, but we can still hear the delicate metallic notes of his song, accompanied by its firm trill.

Listen again! There is a song we have been hearing for some minutes with its short notes, at first loud and rapidly following one another, but gradually dropping until scarcely heard. See, he is sitting on the top of that tree! It is our little indigo-bird, with his bright blue head and irridescent body. Now there flies into the same tree a rose-breasted grosbeak, a bird about the size of our robin red-breast, and easily distinguished by his short, thick bill, black coat, white shirt, and red neck tie, which he has put on to go a-courting. Quick! see, the blue jay fly by! He is one of the handsomest of birds, but we have little love for him on account of his miserly and thievish habits. His cry is loud and harsh, yet, if he is undisturbed, although guttural, it falls in harmoniously with the cadences of other word-notes. Ah! there is a Baltimore oriole, dressed in his beautiful orange and black, our only rival in brilliancy of plumage of the scarlet tanager. The orioles's persuasive tones compel our attention. Let us look now for the cuckoo, whose home is in some retired woodland spot. We need not seek him there, however, for even now one may be seen gliding among those trees off at the right, and seldom alighting on the ground. The cuckoo is a handsome bird, of fine shape, attired in a dark, glossy drab, his long tail tipped with white, and his bill long and curved. The bird cannot easily be located by its notes of "coo, coo, coo," uttered, at first, slowly, then so rapidly that they finally all run together. The song seems to come from a great distance as he sends them forth with scarce a visible motion of his body, yet he is, in reality, quite near us.

We must keep our eyes and ears open, if we would study the many different species of birds which pass this way on their journey to their summer home in Labrador and Canada, but one must be blind to beauty, and deaf to melody, to fail of seeing and learning something about these little feathered delights that dwell with us from spring to fall, and make the air a tangle of delicious harmonies. And how can a few hours be more pleasantly spent than in the woods, or by some water-course with a field glass in hand, studying the birds? There are many lessons that may be learned from these gay and happy little creatures, and much healthful pleasure derived from making their acquaintance.

A. E. I., '00.

Bright Sayings of Lasell Girls.

Girl, looking at Junior driving off the "tee" at hole number five, says, "why don't you say 'five' to get people out of your way? you said "four" (fore) at the last hole."

Senior: A guinea-pig is a little thing with black and white speckles, like a hen, and lays eggs.

Teacher in Literature Class: "Where is Constantinople?"

Senior: "In Italy—oh, I mean Africa."

"Evolution," quoth the monkey,
"Makes all mankind our kin,
There's no chance at all about it;
Tails we lose, heads they win." —*Ex.*

The Washington Trip.

THE Easter vacation was hailed with delight by the twenty-three Lasell girls who made up the party that spent the time in Washington. We left for New York on one of the beautiful Fall River steamers, the Pilgrim, and a little later the girls, in spite of the mistiness and coldness of the weather, were out on deck enjoying the ocean-breezes. At New York we were transferred by ferry-boat to Jersey City, where we took train for Washington. According to our plan, we stopped at Philadelphia for a few hours, visiting during this time, Independence Hall, which we found very interesting. The room where the Declaration of Independence was signed, the old church pew once occupied by General Washington and his family, and the famous Liberty Bell, could not but be of interest to any loyal American girl. We went also to the Philadelphia Mint, where a clever guide conducted us through the building, and explained how very easy it was to make bullion into money. Presently after a bountiful luncheon, we took the train for Washington, arriving there in the afternoon, and going immediately to the Hotel Normandie, where we remained during our stay in the city.

Our first morning was spent in visiting the Patent office, Pension building and Capitol. Most of the time, however, being employed in seeing the sights at the Capitol. We visited both the Senate chamber and House of Representatives, finding it highly entertaining to observe from the ladies' gallery, the proceedings of the House. A carriage drive pleasantly whiled away the afternoon. We made a short visit to the Corcoran Art Gallery, which was full of interesting things, and which we found it hard to leave; then we went on, passing Admiral Dewey's house, and several other notable mansions, to Arlington, where we spent an hour or so in looking over this old southern home of General Lee. The National Cemetery, too, where are the graves of our slain soldiers of the civil war, is here. In the evening the theatre claimed our attention.

Our second morning was devoted mostly to the White House, with a visit to the Navy and War Department, and the Treasury. At the Treasury the girls watched the process of stamping the United States bonds, and were shown a bond worth fifty thousand dollars, quite a curiosity to some of us. At the White House we were so fortunate as to see not the East room alone, but also the Blue, Green, and Red rooms, and were doubly fortunate in being able to shake hands with the President. The Dead Letter Office was next visited, and here we were amazed at the strange articles sent through the mails, and exhibited in the Museum. The evening was spent at the Library of Congress, the elegance and grandeur of the beautiful decorations of which charmed and impressed us. The stately marble pillars, the statues, and mosaics fill with delight all who enter this noble building. The two hours spent there seemed not more than a half hour.

On Monday morning we visited the Washington Monument, but were unable to go up to the top because the elevator was then out of working order. We however examined the outside and surroundings, and then went to the National Museum, which proved very entertaining. An excursion to Mt. Vernon had been planned for the afternoon, and the boat trip on the Potomac was most delightful. How restful and quiet the beautiful old home of Washington seemed to us! After a visit to the tomb of the General and his wife, we strolled through

the gardens and looked into the various out buildings before we entered the old mansion itself. Here we saw in the historic old home, the room where Washington died, and in the other rooms, which were quaintly furnished, various objects of national interest. Finally we returned to Washington in time to see the egg-rolling on the lawn of the White House, for it was Easter Monday, you remember.

On Tuesday morning we started for Auburndale, regretting that our stay could not have been longer. As we now look back to that vacation-week spent in our capital city, we all agree that it was one of the most pleasant we ever had, and that this was largely due to the kindly efforts of our conductor, Mr. Shepherd, whose skillful planning, excellent management, and pleasant social qualities, we heartily appreciated.

F. G. P., '01.

A Spring Walk.

TIRED by a week of hard study in school, I determined to forget books for a few hours and see what there was in the woods and fields, the pastures and meadows, and with this idea in mind, I started off one Saturday for a long walk. My course lay at first across newly planted ground, and by a garden where vegetables had already made a good start and seemed to promise an abundance of fresh green things to eat in a short time; then through large fields,—where many tons of hay had been cut the summer before,—fields that looked very beautiful with their soft new covering of green. A few minutes later I came to a place where a magnificent view spread out before the eye, and, although it was not new to me, I stood and gazed in admiration and delight. In one direction were two lakes, slowly moving along the surface of which I saw several boats, and my ear caught, occasionally, the faint scream of a steamer whistle. Between these placid lakes lay the heart of the village, with its church spires and factory chimneys rising high in the air, and its snug little homes where peace and contentment seemed to dwell. Turning and looking in another direction I saw a view altogether different. Here were hills and mountains covered with woods, with scarcely a house to be seen, and in the foreground pastures, with their accompaniments of trees, rocks, fences, and a few cows quietly cropping the fresh green grass. It was probably the first day they had been out to pasture since fall.

After walking westward for a short distance, I climbed a low wall, and found myself in a pasture gay with wild flowers on all sides, violets—purple and white—golden dandelions, and liverworts holding up their pretty heads in some sheltered nooks; a large patch of bluets, and the old stumps, the rocks, and knolls, here and there, covered with emerald mosses of various kinds. The low bushes were lovely in their bright, new garments of green, and several held hidden in their leafy recesses the cunningly woven cradles of the birds, in some of which nestled tiny turquoise tinted, or prettily mottled eggs. The birds were singing their sweetest, and as I strolled along, a song sparrow flew up almost from under my feet, and bending down over the little shrub near by, I found there three eggs, which I left untouched, for the sake of the exquisite melody dormant within them. Soon I reached a knoll red with checkerberries and snake plums, and paused to regale myself at nature's table. Now walking somewhat more rapidly, I came presently to a tiny stream, and this I traced to its source in a sparkling spring not far off, where I took a refreshing draught, leaning over and

drinking where the water bubbled up, clear and cool. On the banks were spring flowflowers and riotous green vines running in all directions. Soon leaving the stream, I entered the woods which seemed almost like another world. The sun shone through between the branches, making bright spots of light, here and there forming checker work of shine and shadow. The air was filled with the melody of the birds flitting about, some timidly flying away as I drew near, others apparently disposed to stand their ground quite fearless of the stranger who had invaded their haunts. Insects, too, are not wanting, and these are inclined to be rather too friendly for comfort. Here among the trees were new varieties of flowers, and soon I had my hands full of lady's slippers, jack-in-the-pulpits, Solomon's seal, —true and false,—ground nut blossoms, large yellow violets, white trilliums, wild pear, cherry and pomegranate blossoms. While gathering my flowers I had walked along, not noticing in what direction I went, and in a short time found myself in a large meadow with a brook running through it, not the same one, however, that I had seen in the pasture. Not seeing here any new varieties of flowers, my stay was short, and I rambled back to the woods, entering this time a different section of it, and following the course of the brook, which flowed in this direction and partly traversed the wooded belt. It ran very rapidly in places, and again under some overhanging bank would make a minute's tarrying in some quiet pool, with trout moving lazily about in it, anon darting out and disappearing down stream with the current; in other places tiny minnows were swimming about playfully. As I followed along the bank, I came to several open spaces, where the timber had been cut away two years before, and these were growing up in saplings, and raspberry and blackberry canes. After walking on thus loiteringly for about half a mile, I came to a dam where I stood watching the water as it tumbled noisily over sending up sheets of spray. Soon I reached another open pasture, and after crossing that and the highway, re-entered the woods, still following the course of the brook, which gradually grew wider, for I was nearing the outlet, and showed at intervals small islands, where grew violets, jack-in-the-pulpits, and wintergreen. Ferns were plentiful, and in one place I found a large clump of maiden-hair.

Now as the sun showed me that my time was growing short, I decided that it was time for me to start for home, and fifteen minutes rapid walking took me to the road that leads thither. So delightful had been my ramble through woods and fields, that I quite regretted the necessity of going indoors again. M. S. H.

Music at the Zoo.

In "Wild Animals in Captivity," the author, Mr. Cornish, tells of some of his experiences in the London "Zoo." He took with him a musical friend, who played on the violin to insects, reptiles, birds and beasts.

The tarantulas listened, unmoved and sulky. Not so the scorpions. After a few notes had been played, they became agitated and writhed and danced tumultuously.

A large lizard listened and swayed its head in time with the music. The black snakes started up and hissed at every sudden discord. A boa crept close to the side of his cage and seemed enraptured. A cobra, on hearing the tones of the violin, raised itself on its tail and gently swayed to and fro.

Among the quadrupeds, the polar and grizzly bears manifested much pleasure. Two stood up at the front of the cage to listen and flinched at discord. The wolves

snarled and cowered in abject fear at sound of the violin, with tails between their legs and hair bristling. The elephants snorted and whistled with rage; while the sheep, hogs and zebras seemed to find pleasure in the sounds.

In the monkey-house, some listened eagerly, with nods and gestures of appreciation; a few tried to imitate the movements of the violinist, while others scowled and turned away.

The only animals that were entirely indifferent were the seals. They did not even pause for a moment to listen.

Finding Out How to Begin.

Two boys had sat down together to work out some problems in algebra. One of them had been busy with his pencil a full minute when he noticed his companion sitting with folded arms and knitted brows.

"What is the matter?" he exclaimed. "Why don't you begin?"

"I'm finding out how to begin," returned the other, quietly, and he went on thinking. The first speaker covered a page of foolscap with figures, found himself in a labyrinth from which there seemed no escape, and, looking back over the statement of the problem, discovered a mistake in his first equation. Long before this, however, his companion had worked the problem through and reached the correct result. He had not wasted time because he had looked at all sides of the question before he began.

A great many of our young folks overestimate the importance of haste. They carry too heavy work in school in order that they may graduate a year earlier. They skim through their library books that they may return them and take out others. They settle important questions on the impulse of the moment, because they have not learned that there is real economy in taking time to see all sides before making a decision.

Now and then we meet people who toss up a penny to save themselves the trouble of making up their minds. But even this is hardly more foolish than it is to follow blindly the first impulse that comes into our heads. To act without stopping to think is the poorest economy in the world. Nobody wastes time so hopelessly as the person who decides without deliberation, who, because of this wrong beginning, follows the wrong path and finally is forced to retrace his steps and start again. A little hard thinking before we begin to act would save us not only much precious time, but many a heartache as well.—*Christian Commonwealth.*



PERSONALS.

—Jane Myrick, ('98), who was out to see us recently, in company with Gertrude Watson Linscott, ('99), has changed her address. It is now, 754 Centre street, Jamaica Plain. Jane's engagement is announced, the gentleman being Mr. George Slocomb Gibbs, of Grafton.

—Elizabeth Eddy Holden, ('88), Mrs. Chas. W. Holden, has also a new address, 1121 Washington street, Dorchester, Mass.

—Eva Crouch, ('93), was out to see us recently. She is in Boston for awhile, we understand, with her mother, who is much improved. Eva looks well.

—Helen Thresher Hartzell's father called

lately at the seminary. We were glad to see him.

—Jennie Miller Arnold, ('93), with several friends, called the other day to see about Lasell for a young friend for next year.

—Alice W. Clarke, ('96), expects, we hear, to take a course in the Library School of Pratt Institute. We wish her all success.

—Elizabeth Hance, for some years Preceptress at Pillsbury Academy, Owatonna, Minn., has been re-elected to the position. Evidently she is doing good work.

—Therese Dudley writes from Germany, (48 Kurfürsten str. Berlin, W.), that her winter's work in music has been somewhat hindered because of colds that affected her throat. She is devoting herself to vocal music and German, and finds these amply sufficient to occupy her time very thoroughly. The operas and concerts she finds very enjoyable, indeed, and says "If we could only hear at home Wagnerian operas with fine singers, accompanied by an orchestra of 60 pieces, all for seventy-five cents, as we can here, there would be no need for us to come to Berlin to be in a musical atmosphere." (How about the symphony concerts, Therese, for the same price?) Nellie Feagles and her mother she sees often. They are both well, and Nellie is very busy with her German lessons. Therese's room-mate, whom she describes as charming, is also a Washington girl, so that the two are delighted to be together. She leaves soon, after which Therese will have to chatter her English to herself, or leave it off altogether,—so she says.

—Thomasina Libby sends a word about herself. She is at home at present, and, by inference, well, though she makes no statement about her health.

—Cara Sawin, ('96), who spent last year in Boston studying kindergarten work at Miss Wheelock's, is now at home with her father and mother, who missed her too much to let her return. She says that she has grown fond of study, and attributes it to Lasell's teachings, which are taking effect. She speaks also of how 'twas she missed the Commencement Week festivities last June. Too bad! We should have welcomed her gladly. Louise Hubbard, ('96), Stella Cady, and Bettie McEchron, were at Alice Houghton's wedding, she says.

—Ruth Seiberling Pflueger has a baby-boy, born May 2, we learn through a note from Gertrude Penfield Seiberling. Congratulations to Ruth.

—Nelly Ferguson Conant, ('81), writes a letter of sweet Christian resignation about the dear little daughter that has slipped away from the happy home, where for seven beautiful years she added sunshine and sweetness to the dear home atmosphere.

—Gertrude Penfield Seiberling, ('86), of Akron, O., is rejoicing in a daughter, Gertrude Virginie, of five months. We send our congratulations. With all the cares a real mother—no matter how helped—must have, with her beautiful family, hospitable home, and leading position in society, she still keeps in working order that fine voice, which so charmed us last winter.

—Helen Gilbert, ('89), writes a letter full of old-time chat, which is very pleasant to read. She plays golf, is a member of sundry patriotic societies, and has become a good French scholar, having now under her care a class of working-girl students of this language. She speaks of having been to see Julia Anderson, and regrets that her recovery is so tardy in its progress. Winnie Ewing Coffin, ('89), and her husband, dined with Helen not long since; Bessie Harwood Fones she sees occasionally, and says

she has become rather quiet. Lucile Wyard Newbery lives in Spokane, Washington. Katheryne Hall she saw in Paris, married, and very domestic, "the quietest woman you can imagine." Helen says that the new stage meets her hearty approval.

—Gertrude Clarke, ('97), writes of a pleasant Chicago trip at the time of Emma Goll Dacy's wedding; of Emma's fine husband and their happiness; of a day's visit at Evanston with Mr. Bragdon's brother, Dr. Merritt Bragdon; of Gertrude Moore's finely developed musical abilities; of seeing Dorothy Manning, ('95); Margie Schuberth, ('96), and others in Dayton; of having heard recently from Belle Bragdon, ('95); and of her regret at hearing of poor Lewis's death.

—Helen Thresher Hartzell, ('91), enjoys her housekeeping at Bloomington, Ill., and is making many pleasant friends there. She speaks of having seen Professor Caldwell, who is there teaching English, and has spoken to her of Mr. Bragdon. Helen's address is 110 Locust St. West.

—Ruth Merriam, ('98), speaks of busy days at home, of a projected trip to Northampton, and of the new "Experiment Station here at Lasell," which she quite approves of, and regrets it was not planned earlier, so that she might have had the benefit of it while here.

—Emma Goll Dacy, ('98), is delighted with her charming little home, which is infinitely preferable to the hotel, where they at first intended to stay until spring. They have nine rooms—the guest-room, a Lasell room; Mr. Dacy's smoking room, a Harvard room. She had just had a pleasant visit from Gertrude Jones and Alice Ball Groesbeck. Gertrude was visiting her sister, who lives very near Emma, on Oakenwald Avenue; and Alice and her husband live a few doors from her, boarding until next fall, when they expect to go to housekeeping. Emma thinks Gertrude has grown, but is unchanged in her sweet disposition. She whispers, too, that there may be a wedding before very long in which Gertrude will figure. Julia Hammond lives near the Dacy home also, and not far from Blanche Fowler. The Hammonds have taken a large house on Lake Avenue, and are housekeeping again. Elizabeth Stephenson has been visiting Julia. At the time she wrote Emma was looking forward to seeing Ella Wilson, who expected to visit Julia Hammond on her way back from Omaha, where she has been spending some time with Alice.

—Miss Norma L. Pierce, teacher of drawing and painting in Wheaton Seminary, called at Lasell the other day to see its art treasures and facilities.

—Emma Hackett tells us of the death, during the winter, of Abbie and Flo Hartwell's mother; and that Anna Staley, ('92), is to marry Susie Richards's brother George. Emma herself is busy, as she always is, and planning wisely, we feel sure, for her future work.

—Sadie Hollingsworth Thompson has had a long and tedious illness, which kept her a prisoner something like five months or more. She is now improving, however, though she is still far from strong. On a recent visit to Terre Haute she saw Nell Young Hord's two dear children; their parents were gone to Florida for Mr. Hord's health. She heard also of Fanny Foster Perry, Grace Havens Brown, Fanny Buntin, and Mollie Crawford Kidder. Lottie Mallory lives in Chicago, she tells us; also that she saw Bertha DeBruler and Margaret Laughlin in Terre Haute. Sadie's mother, and her husband's sister, are living with her now. They have a happy and much appreciated home.

—At Fitchburg Mr. Bragdon was rejoiced to see Anna Howe Morse, whom her mates will remember as Anna F. (so distinguished from Anna J.) here in '76. With her was a splendid grown daughter, who is, by right of heredity, very much interested in music. She may come to try Lasell's opportunities next fall. By the way, Lizzie Kiser, of that same year, will send two daughters next fall. Anna J. Howe, by way of awful contrast to these, is making up her mind to send her daughter to Mr. Cassedy's school. She accounts for this strange and unanticipated movement on her part by saying that she got the impression that Mr. Bragdon was leaving Lasell for California, and did not want to send her here in his absence. So, California has worked a sorrow to Mr. Bragdon, as well as a pleasure to his wife. Mr. Bragdon also saw Mr. Newton (with whom he made friends by congratulating him on his splendid tenor voice); the brother-in-law of Sadie Smith Schofield, also of '76, who says that Mr. and Mrs. Schofield are now in Boston.

MARRIED.

—Edith Archie Locke to Charles Wesley Staten, on Wednesday, April 11, at Jerseyville, Ill.

—Mary Vajen, (daughter of Anna Claypool Vajen, '75), to Robert Wickersham Stimson, on Monday, April 16, at Indianapolis. Address: 330 N. Meridan Street, Indianapolis.

—Grace Sarah Holmes to George Frederick Stiles, on Wednesday, April 25, at Windham, Conn. Address: 472 Orange Street, New Haven, Conn.

—Lucy Hobby Roberts, ('91), to Francis Joseph Jack, on Thursday, May 3, at Flagstaff, Arizona.



April 18.—This was the appointed day for the return of all Lasell girls, after the Easter vacation. The party which had spent the time in Washington, arrived at about eight o'clock in the morning, and was heartily greeted by those who had remained at the Seminary, and by the few who had returned the day before. From this time on, parties, varying in size from two or three to a dozen or fifteen, continued to put in an appearance, until when the roll was called at 12.10, the girls were for the most part there, and ready to respond to their names. It was on the whole a happier reopening than that after the Christmas holidays had been, for every girl realized that she was now entering upon the best and brightest, as well as the shortest term of the school year.

April 19.—Professor Louis C. Stanton gave the first of his two lectures on "The Building of the Symphony." He explained the different parts of which a symphony or sonata is made up, and described the manner in which the different themes are usually

treated. The various points of especial interest made during the lecture he charmingly illustrated by playing selections from: Chopin, Bach, Schubert, Chaminade, Schutt, and other great composers.

April 26.—The second lecture on "The Building of the Symphony." The greater part of this lecture was taken up with the study of a sonata by Grieg, Opus 7. Mr. Stanton first played the sonata through, pausing to note the parts that he had spoken to us about on the former evening. Afterward he played the entire composition through without interruption. We regret that these two lectures did not come earlier in the year, for they would have helped us to enjoy more intelligently the symphony concerts. We shall, however, have them to help us to a higher appreciation of the good music that is still in store for us, in the years to come.

May 5.—On the evening of this day occurred the Senior reception. The Juniors were busy all the afternoon, and when they were through, the parlors, the dining-room, and the dressing-rooms told in their tasteful decorations of the good, faithful work done. At eight o'clock the Seniors, in their pretty, light, evening gowns, began to assemble in the parlors. Mr. Bragdon, Miss Carpenter, and Miss Katherine White, president of the class, received the many guests. After a pleasant social hour in the parlors, all adjourned to the dining-room, where refreshments were served by the Juniors. All agree that the reception was one of the pleasantest ever given at Lasell. It is generally agreed, also, that it is better to have the reception at this time of the year, than during Commencement week.

Sunday, May 6.—At chapel, Miss Kendrich and Miss Packard told us something of the Ecumenical Council recently held in New York City, to which they went as delegates. We felt that we had missed a great deal by not being with them, but felt somewhat compensated by their interesting reports of the meetings which they visited.

Several of this year's girls have succeeded in entering the Canoe club, so that now there are full crews. The new members are: Row Porter, Florence Plum, Marie Watson, Frances Leavitt, Georgia Duncan, Joel Lapowski, Emily Clemens, Marion Sabre, Anna Fry, Edith Tidd, and Jessica Harrison.

There is another experimental housekeeping party of eight girls now at the Annex, under the supervision of Mrs. Perry. This time the girls have completed only the second year of the regular cooking lessons, instead of the three years as the former class had. Instead of taking breakfast and dinner at the Annex every day, these girls are there only for dinner on Tuesdays and Thursdays, and for breakfast on Wednesdays and Saturdays. All those who have been fortunate enough to be invited to dine with the class, testify to the ability of these girls as cooks.

The following have had the pleasure of seeing members of their families at Lasell: Misses Raymond, Hunt, B. White, Fry, Butler, Leavitt, Flaherty, Scott, Fisk, Mallory, A. Taylor, M. Whitney, Gurley, Piper, McCoy, and Lapowski. Former pupils: Grace Tirrell, Edith Allen, Ethel Walton, Jennie Arnold, Milla Anderson, Mary Johnson, Mrs. Henry Nichols, (Lena Foster), Mrs. Mabel Bliss Tibbetts, Maritta Sisson, Jane Myrick, Mrs. Arthur Linscott, Eva Crouch.

April 21.—Mrs. Anna C. Fall began a course of lectures on "Business Law for Women." On her first day she took as her subject, "Contracts;" on April 28, "Domestic Relations," and on May 5, "Promissory Notes and Checks." The lectures are

proving very interesting, for Mrs. Fall is a pleasing speaker, and evidently has her subject well in hand. If, perhaps, the information contained in these lectures does not seem entirely practicable just at present in our position as school-girls, yet it is highly probable that many of the girls will at some future time be very thankful for the knowledge of the ways of the law, that they have thus acquired.

April 23.—Mrs. Blanche C. Martin, our teacher of oratory and physical culture, gave a recital in the gymnasium. Her popularity was attested by the crowded hall, the hearty applause, and the beautiful flowers which she received. Mrs. Martin was at her best—indeed she seems always to be—and gave her audience a rare treat. She was assisted by Mr. Arthur Philips, baritone, and Mr. Charles Ridgeway, pianist, both of whom contributed much toward making the evening a delightful one. The following programme was rendered:

Valse de Concert, Wieniawski
Mr. Ridgeway.
Don Juan Serenade, Tschaikowsky
Mr. Phillips.
Apollo Belvidere, Ruth McEnery Stuart
(A Christmas Episode of the Plantation).
Mrs. Martin.
O, Mother Mine, Norris
Peace,
Mr. Philips.
Polonaise, E, Liszt
Mr. Ridgeway.
Chariot Race, Lew Wallace
(Arranged by Mrs. Martin.)
Mrs. Martin.
To Death, Ha! Ha! Norris
(Written for Mr. Philips.)
Mr. Philips.
"She and He," Arnold
Mrs. Martin.

Sunday, April 29.—Dr. Peloubet lead the regular morning chapel service. He took as the basis of his short talk, "Lo, I am with you alway." It was a beautiful talk, and one that each of us could see was distinctly applicable to herself, for he emphasized the idea that even in our school-life we should live as if the Master were ever with us, ready to encourage us when we stumble or fall, and to praise when we do well.

April 30.—A Song Recital was given in the gymnasium by Miss Priscilla White, teacher of voice. It was the first opportunity that many of the school had had to hear her, and that they appreciated the treat was evident enough. Many outsiders enjoyed the evening with us, and all were enthusiastic in their praise of Miss White's charming singing, which was very sweet, and apparently without effort. The programme included the following selections:

Händel, Lusinghe Piu Care
Brahms, Frühlingstrost
Brahms, O Wüsst Ich Doch Den Weg Zurück
Franz, Das Immchen

Mendelssohn, Spring Song
Franz, Slumber Song
Lassen, Summer Evening

Dell Aqua, Chanson Provencale
Pahladihle, Chanson Russe
Chaminade, Tu Me Dirais
Mrs. H. H. A. Beach, Elle et Moi

Maude Valerie White, The Throstle
A. L., Yea and Nay
Wm. Arms Fisher, Under the Rose
Hervey, May Song

Sawyer, Sérénade

May 1.—The three military companies were drilled together out on the campus for the first time. There was some confusion consequent upon the change from the narrow limits of the gymnasium, with its smooth floor, to the wider range of the lawn with its slight inequalities of footing; and it took some time to get accustomed to the new conditions. The practice must be sharp and steady from now until Drill Day. None can afford to lose a drill, or do otherwise than to pay the strictest attention.

May 2.—The Choir class, under the leadership of Mr. Henry Dunham, gave a recital. The ladies of the Shawmut choir, Boston, and Mr. Hills, assisted. The class showed good training, and reflected great credit upon its leader. Mr. Dunham delighted all by his organ selections; and the pieces arranged for organ and pianoforte were, perhaps, the most enjoyed of the entire programme, which was as given below:

Dunham, Sonata in F minor
Adagio-Finale
Mr. Dunham.
Mendelssohn, "Ye Sons of Israel"
Choir Class.
Wagner, Elsas' Wedding Processional
Whiting, Concert Piece in C major
Mr. Dunham.
Marchetti, Ave Maria
Choir Class.
Widor, *a* Serenade
b Theme with variations
(For pianoforte and organ.)
Mr. Hills and Mr. Dunham.
Smart, "Heaven"
Choir Class.

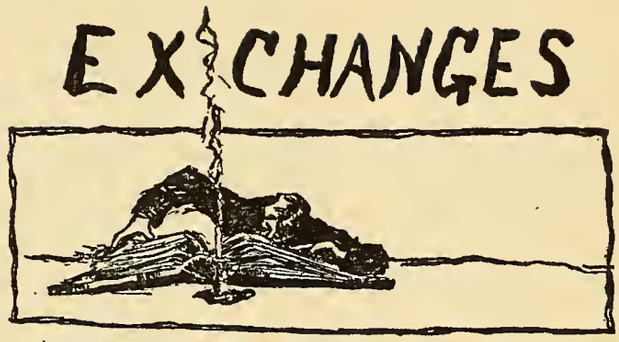
PASSED AWAY.

Nellie Ferguson Conant has lost her little daughter Harriet, whose sweet spirit and gentle, affectionate ways so endeared her to all that knew her, and make the loss of her winning presence a sore trial.

Alice Dresser, with us earlier in the year, mourns the loss of her brother Edward, a young man of nineteen.

Rena French Masters, married only since December 28, has lost her husband, Leonard L. Masters, a young man of much promise, and universally esteemed by those who knew him. A sad, sad blow to his young wife.

Our hearts go out in sympathy to these bereaved ones. May they find true comfort in Him who holds in His hands all of life's issues, and whose promise is, "I am with you alway."



Among the exchanges received this month are: The Argosy, Acta Victoriana, Adelphian, Cresset, R. M. T. S. Register, Distaff, Jabberwock, Kalends, Latin School Register, Raquet, Sagamore, School Life, Tiltonian, Wesleyan Literary Monthly, Acorn, Classic, Mount Holyoke, Mirror, Polytechnic, Students' Review, Ursinus College Bulletin, Wind Mill, and the Pennant.

This may be of interest to those who intend to visit Paris. Taken from *The Shamrock:*

You ought first to see Paris from a bus, so go to the omnibus station nearest your pension and ask for a *numero.* These are of a different color for each line. When the desired bus pulls up at the station you must wait until your number is called, then come forward and give your *numero* to the conductor. A Parisian omnibus holds an exact number of passengers, and when the seats are all taken, the sign COMPLET is hung out. Hence the famous remark of the American cousin just returned from Paris, that he "had been everywhere except to COMPLET, but was never able to stop a bus going that way." In the Parisian bus you see Paris and the Parisians best, but if you are shopping you will find a cab almost as inexpensive and better for self-communing. Take the exact amount of fare and *pour boire,* because Parisian cabmen never were known to make change.

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"DUX FEMINA FACTI."

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The Editors will be glad to receive from the stude nts and Alumnæ any communications and items of interest to the school.

Editorials.

ANOTHER year has come and gone, and with it another class has made its exit from the school-room life of tutilage and guidance by others, and its entrance into the larger life of responsibility and self-direction. At times the last week has been very solemn, and many a senior has been heard to say with a sigh, "Oh! for one more year." The juniors of '00 are now the seniors of '01, but they are none the less proud of their seniors, as they still feel inclined to call the class just graduated. There were many visitors at Lasell during Commencement, and loud were their praises of the senior class. So much has been said about them and to them, that there is little left to say; but the LEAVES desires, at least, to add its congratulations and best wishes for their future success to the many that have already been so heartily expressed to them.

News of Old Girls.

WHILE in Chicago, as delegate to the General Conference, my time was very much occupied. All I could command was from 5.00 or 5.30 until 7.00 o'clock, which had two results. First, to make me seek those who were within reach of the quick trains on the Illinois Central, and so I was limited to the South side. Second, to come to everybody at about dinner time, which is embarrassing to a bashful man like me, as well as to the youthful hostess, who dreaded, as she saw me at the door, the unexpected intrusion. This will explain to many, on whom I would gladly have called, why I went to some and not to others.

I found Emma Goll Dacy in a third story flat, the chief attractions of which after herself, were the Lasell room and the Harvard room, and of these the Lasell room seemed to me much the more interesting; Sally Ellwood Wirt, who was just about to start

East, and who reached Lasell before I did; Alice Dunsmore Van Harlingen, whose husband has been promoted to a fine position in Chicago; Emma Hackett, whose cards are out—for graduation, June 13, as a full-fledged M. D.; Celia Googins (whose sister would make a charming addition to the Lasell circle next year) who is in love with her painting, and whose teacher is Roberto Roscovitch, who has four water colors in our parlor—very much and justly admired; Julia Hammond, who keeps the house now, and she says (and her mother says) does "very well;" Lida Brooke Ressler (who does not look much like the roly-poly who was here twenty-one years ago) who showed me two splendid children, with whom I would like to get better acquainted; Anna Kellogg, Mary Hanson McArthur, Harriet Joy Martin, and Alice Ball Groesbeck, who presented me to her new husband as shyly as if she had not been married four months; Grace Bliss was visiting her, having just come from Marion, Ind., where she had been visiting Kate Pennell Price, whom she reports as, on the whole, resigned; Harriet Joy Martin also showed me two splendid youngsters, (to see the children alone would repay the trouble of any call); Julia Latimer Munger, whose children were much pleased with the witch dollar. Thanks to the time of day at which I was obliged to make my few calls, I was unusually fortunate in seeing the husbands, and am pleased with Lasell girls' husbands, so far as I have seen them.

I called upon, but found not at home, or moved from address given me: Margaret Cook, Jessie Reece Loper, Dora Walston Johnson, Laura Brooks Pierce (moved to Leland, Mich.), Ella Peale, Lucile Parish Chickering, Lulu Orrell Eddy, and Frances Barbour Sonntag. In Evanston, Alice Platt Durand, Sue Rowe Lord and May Rice. Saw May Towle on the street and had a very delightful evening with Mrs. Zeller talking about Lucile. Dined with Bertha Morrison Atwater in her new country home at Engleside (north of Evanston), meeting Dr. and Mrs. Mitchell of Minneapolis, and at Kate Miller Baker's, meeting President Bashford of Ohio Wesleyan University (who used to be pastor here, and came pretty near being bishop) and Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur Messer, (Mr. M. is in charge of all the Y. M. C. A. interests in Chicago). Delightful people all. May Rice was quarantined, (for the brother's scarlet fever), but we had a good chat just the same. May is now Bachelor of Music!

I learned that Florence and Abbie Hartwell have moved to Evanston, but did not get the street and number.

I specially meant to see Delia and Nellie Davis and Julia Anderson, but things crowded unexpectedly at the last so as to prevent.

If you would let me know of changes of address of yourselves or your mates, you would sometimes save poor, old Mr. Bragdon a good deal of trouble.

Who was it told me there was a Mrs. Henry Cook (a former graduate of the Seminary) now living in Evanston? We find no such graduate on record. Please send further particulars.

When you know that I saw my brother in Evanston only twice, you will concede that I did pretty well by the Lasell girls.

I enjoyed seeing George M. Eddy, of New Bedford, father of our Elizabeth Eddy Holden, of '88; Dr. Jesse Bowman Young, Editor of *Central Christian Advocate,* of St. Louis, father of our Annie Young, of the class of '97; Wilbur P. Thirkield (who has just been elected secretary of the Freedman's Aid Society), husband of our Mary Haven; Bishop Foss, uncle of our Fosses of some years ago, who says they are now at 44

Irving Place, New York City; L. H. Pearce, the father of our Etha E. Pearce, of '90, says that Etha is now a regular trained nurse; Mary Ninde, who was the other one of "We two alone in Europe," with our Lillie Potter, of '80; Mr. and Mrs. N. W. Harris; Mrs. Harris is the sister of Edith Gale, of '89; Edith Knight, who was here in '98, and ought to have come back to graduate, and her mother, who were interested in the Conference and the Deaconess question; and at the very last of the session my eyes were delighted with the sight of Annie Young herself, and she looked more attractive than ever.

C. C. B.

London, May 23, 1900.

Dear Mr. Bragdon:

Here we are in London, our trip is almost over, and it has been such a delightful one that we thought you, and, perhaps, some of the girls would like to hear a little bit about it.

In the first place we had very pleasant weather crossing, and were able to cable home the best possible message—"arrived safely—smooth passage—none seasick." We were eight girls together, and as our chaperone, Mrs. Crosley, had commended us both to the purser and captain, we had the best of care. Every day before lunch we went up on the bridge to visit with the captain, and if some one neglected to go he wanted to know the reason why.

Captain Harrisowitz was a German, and one of the best. Though our French would do Mademoiselle credit if we used it as correctly as he did English, we could not help laughing at some of his expressions. "I didn't thought you would do such a thing," or "send me one little postal-card," and "I will be there in one little minute," as if the cards were of different sizes, or the minutes of different lengths.

Mrs. Crosley's face was one of the first to meet us upon landing at Naples, and we were glad, indeed, to meet her and the rest of the party on their way back from Egypt and the Holy Land.

Our stay in Naples was a delightful one. The girls know what a lovely picture that is of the bay, hanging over the sofa in the parlor at Lasell. Well, the real bay is just as beautiful, especially along the ride to Sorrento and Amalfi. Frances Allen had told us so much about that ride that we were very anxious to take it, but it far exceeded our expectations. For twenty-eight miles the road winds along the bay, in and out around the mountain-sides, sometimes built up from the places far beneath, and again blasted out of the solid rock. We had our lunch in the old monastery at Amalfi, which is now used as a hotel, but everything looks so plain, neat and clean that we felt it was still the monastery. They showed us where the land-slide occurred in January, taking away just the end of the building in which were some of the monk's cells.

One day we made the excursion to the island of Capri, and the weather being favorable, were able to go into the blue grotto. This was quite a novel experience. The grotto itself is large and high, but the entrance is so small that only one little row boat can enter at a time, the two passengers lying flat on their backs in the bottom of the boat to prevent being hit by the roof. The water inside the grotto is a clear sapphire blue, caused by the reflection from without, and as our boat-man tossed it about with his oar, the light on the little waves and foam was very beautiful.

In Naples, too, we visited the aquarium, which is called the finest in the world. The fish are all found in the Mediterranean, but

there are all kinds from the tiny little gold fish to the shark. They have several specimens of the octopus, and we were interested to watch them as they opened and closed their "suckers" in search of food. One could easily imagine how they might eat away the life of most anything unfortunate enough to fall within their clutches.

Mt. Vesuvius was quite active during our visit. One day the trains up the mountain did not run at all, because so many rocks were thrown out, and we have learned since that the entire tracks have been torn up.

Such lovely drives! It seems as if each city had a more beautiful park than the one we visited before. Late in the afternoon is a favorite time for people to drive, and they have most elegant turn-outs. The carriages and horses, too, are larger and heavier than we use for driving. The coachmen and footmen are in livery, of course, many of them wearing white wigs, or else the hair over their ears allowed to grow long and arranged in funny little curls.

The country is very beautiful at this time of year. We have followed the season right along, coming north, and everywhere the fruit trees are in full bloom. The fields, too, look very fresh and green. Some are fairly yellow with dandelions, and there are the same buttercups, clover and violets that we find home. In Italy flowers are so cheap. We bought large bunches of tea roses with long stems for only ten cents. To be sure they asked three times that amount in the first place, but they will take whatever one gives.

In Paris we spent considerable time at the Exposition, and though the girls need not be ashamed of Chicago, '93, still Paris has done well.

The chief building there to our eyes, the U. S. building, was opened formally and given over to the French people on May 12. All Americans in Paris were invited to be present, and we should think from the number there, every one must have been on hand. They were a good class of Americans, too, and we felt proud to say we were from the States—then it did seem good to hear everyone speaking English for a change. Sousa and his band were there in all their glory, and the people clapped and cheered well to the "Stars and Stripes," and the "Star Spangled Banner."

The U. S. building, as you probably know, is simply a sort of reception and meeting place for the Americans, and is very homelike inside. We heard one Englishman say that the chief characteristic of the U. S. building was that it did not contain a single exhibit.

We enjoyed the art-exhibits ever so much, especially those of France, England, and the U. S. Then the flowers and fruit in the horticultural building are fine. We never saw before such delicious big strawberries, and the apples from the U. S. are big enough to be proud of.

There is one building called the "Topsy-Turvey House," which is ever so funny. Everything is upside down, the house standing on its roof and chimneys. The floors are where the ceiling should be, the sign over the door, and the door itself is upside down, while even the design on the wall-paper runs toward the ground.

Leaving Paris last Tuesday we went to Munich, stopping over two nights at Strasbourg. Then Saturday, p. m., we left in a heavy rain for Oberammergau and the Passion Play. A new railway has just been started, and is not in full running order yet, so it was very late when we reached our destination, but we found Frau Veit, the lady with whom we were to stop, waiting for us with a delicious lunch, and we all did it justice. And, by the way, if any of the girls

go to the Passion Play this summer, we heartily recommend the pension of Frau Veit. Everything is neat and clean, and the cooking of the best, though German of course. We found the weather very cold, for Oberammergau is much higher than Munich and surrounded by snow-capped mountains; a quaint little town, with its German houses, and at this time filled with peasants from the neighboring villages in their dark green suits and white plumed hats.

Sunday dawned bright and clear. The play began at eight o'clock in the morning, the first part lasting till twelve, and though this was a dress-rehearsal, nearly every seat in that immense house was filled. We saw numerous Americans and English.

The acts are short, and there are a great many of them. The waits between, however, are taken up by the chorus who sing several verses, and a tableau is presented showing some scene in the Old Testament corresponding to an event in Christ's life. Anton Lang, as Christus, is almost perfect —the best one Oberammergau has ever had, the critics say. He is only twenty-five, but his long hair and full beard make him appear some older. His every act was slow and dignified. The play did not seem sacreligious to us, though probably the people do not play it in quite the same spirit as they did once.

The first act opens with Christ's entry into Jerusalem. He is riding upon an ass surrounded by hundreds of people, and one thing that made it seem so real to us was the fact that no one was made up, the old men were truly old, and the children really young. The turning-out of the money-changers in the temple follows, their indignation and the decision of Caiaphus and the council to put an end to Christ's life. The part of Judas was exceedingly well taken. It seems wonderful to us to think that these peasants, most of whom have never been inside of a theatre could do so well. The crucifixion was very vivid, leaving an impression upon our minds that we shall never forget. It seemed as if Christ was truly nailed to the cross. The ascension, however, was very beautiful, and coming so soon afterwards makes us realize that if Christ was crucified, He overcame death at last and rose to heaven and the Father. The last part of Christ's life will always seem clearer to us than before, and we, at least, feel more than repaid for the distance we came to see it.

Our time now is almost gone, we sail the first part of next week, and hope to be at Lasell in time for Commencement. Hoping to see you soon. With love to all our friends, from

EMILY BISSELL
AND FRANCES WOOD.

A Gift to the Library.

With part of the proceeds of their capital kindersymphonie and German drama of Dornröschen in May, the students of the German department have purchased for the school library a number of valuable books, the selection of which was kindly made by Fraulein Stüven. The list, in part, includes the following: The Flügel-Schmidt-Tanger Dictionary, two volumes; Stacke's Illustrated History of Germany (in German) two volumes; Palleske's Life of Schiller (in German), Carlyle's Life of Schiller, and Lewes' Life of Goethe. Other volumes are to be added. For this generous gift the school returns its thanks to the donors, hoping that not a few of them may themselves enjoy and profit by the use of these books.

The first almanac was printed in 1460.

The first steamboat plied the Hudson in 1807.

LOCALS.

May 12. The German play, on which Fraulein Stüven and the girls in the German classes had spent so much time and thought, was given in the gymnasium. The program began with a Kindersymphonie, in which the following girls took part: Misses Ashley, Weidenmayer, J. Deering, Wells, Duncan, Conklin, Watson, Hart, Walker, Raymond, Flaherty, E. Chase, Moses, Roby and Cubbison. The performers were dressed either as little boys or little girls, and so completely were they transformed that one would hardly imagine that some of those who were so rapturously hugging dolls, beating drums, or playing comb solos, were dignified seniors. The following tableaux, representing some of Goethe's characters made up the second part of the programme:

Dorothea ..... Blanche Gardner
Haidenröslein (Heather-rose) .....Georgie Lord
Iphigenie ..... Emilie Kothe
Gretchen ..... Helen Wiedenmayer
Mignon ..... Marie Watson
Lotte ..... Agnes Flaherty
Lilli ..... Madora Marsh

The poses were admirable, and very well sustained, and the effect was much heightened by the singing of an appropriate German song during the display of each tableau by a singer behind the scenes. The last and main part of the program was the play "Dornröschen," "Sleeping Beauty." The girls were dressed in costumes befitting the time and place of the play, and deserve great credit for their ingenuity and skill in fashioning these, for they were largely of their own making. Every girl had her part well in hand, and the acting, as well as the German pronunciation, were highly commendable. The interest of the large audience was closely held throughout the four scenes, and the only regret was that there were but four. The program ended with a tableau of all the fairies who had appeared in the play. The cast of characters was as follows:

Ringold, King of Roseland, *Emilie Kothe*
Armgart, Queen, *Helen Wiedenmayer*
Röschen, Princess, *Louise Peycke*
Assiettus, Master of Ceremonies, *Isabella Clemens*
Court Jester, *Edith Tidd*
Page, *Cornelia Douglass*
A Court Lady, *Bertha Metcalf*
A Courtier, *Florence Plum*
Rosa, Queen of Fairies, *Madora Marsh*
Dämonia, Fairy of Revenge, *Agnes Flaherty*
A Cook, *Rebecca Taylor*
An Ambassador, *Johanna Deering*
Prince Reinhold, *Blanche Gardner*
Dick, a Squire, *Edith Dustin*
A Hostess, *Bertha Warren*
An Old Man, *Grace Bullock*

Other Fairies: Helen Deering, Georgia Lord, Helen Harris, Roe Porter, Jennie Hutchins, Maude Conklin, Edith Atwood, Martha Cubbison, Florence Roby, Marie Watson, and Alice Ashley.

May 13. Dr. Corwin Watkins took charge of the morning chapel service, as Dr. Gallagher was out of town. Dr. Watkins told, in a very interesting manner, some things about the work of the deaconesses in Boston, with which he is closely connected.

May 24. The lecture on William Morris, by Prof. Charles Zeublin, of the University of Chicago, was a highly instructive one, and greatly appreciated by all the students. Morris was a man of great versatility, and signal gifts, and his life and work is worthy of being carefully studied. Prof. Zeublin, with the help of some very good stereopticon illustrations, brought very vividly before his audience the character and quality of the various sorts of work done by Morris, and aroused in the girls an interest in him quite noticeable.

May 21. On this day occurred the annual Lasell excursion to Salem. The party began the day by a 7 o'clock breakfast, and

putting up lunches; then left on an early train for Salem. On their arrival there they were met at the station by Mr. Raymond, father of one of the girls here at school, who kindly invited them to lunch at his house. A barge was awaiting, and also one of the oldest and best guides of the city. The girls were particularly interested in Gallows Hill, where the twenty witches were executed, the old Roger Williams' house, the North Bridge, and the Court House, where they saw the rusty old pins which were used in torturing the witches. From there could be seen the supposed "House of Seven Gables," and Hawthorne's home. Since by this time all the members of the party were tired and hungry, they drove out to the lovely seaside home of Mr. Raymond. After being refreshed with their lunch, they proceeded with their sight-seeing, visiting, to begin with, the first Methodist church of America, a building twelve feet square; then the Museum, and last the old, old graveyard. The party got back to school just in time for dinner all tired, but feeling fully repaid by all they had seen.

May 26. Although the weather on this day was not at all of the kind one would desire for a lawn féte, still, despite clouds and chilliness, that given by the juniors was a very pleasant affair. Members of the class had industriously decorated all the morning, and as a result of their labors, yellow and white bunting, the class colors, made gay the Crow's Nest, and other conspicuous places about the lawn. A tent was set up in the hollow between the gymnasium and the main building where ice cream and strawberries were served. A hurdy-gurdy stationed near played constantly, while the juniors, with their guests, wandered about under the trees, or chatted together seated on the lawn settees, or on the grass.

After the lawn féte was over, the girls of the Canoe Club started off on their annual picnic. Going down to the boat-house, they took eight canoes, each accommodating four, and after paddling idly around for a while, went down the river to the place previously selected. Here, spread out in a pretty pine grove, they found a very appetizing supper, which they ate in true picnic style. After supper the homeward trip was made, the girls reaching the seminary at about half-past nine, having spent a very pleasant evening.

May 27. On this evening the Christian Endeavor Society of the Congregational church exchanged leaders with our own, as is the custom to do on one evening of the year. Mr. Colby, president of the church society, led the meeting here at six; and Miss Dustin, our president, led the meeting at the church at seven. Both meetings were very good. Our own was especially helped by the large number who accompanied Mr. Colby.

May 28. As far as weather was concerned, this was one of the few disagreeable Drill Days that Lasell has ever had; but the enthusiasm of each member of the battalion, as well as that of the many interested visitors, made up for other defects. Members of the different companies had that morning been at work since the small hours, and at breakfast time, all the best places for decorating were held by one or another of the three companies. As for some years past, yellow was the color of Company A, red of Company B, and light blue of Company C. By noon everything around the campus was decorated with bunting and the company letters. A little before half past two, the hour of drill, and just as the Salem Cadet orchestra began to play, the mascots were paraded across the drill grounds: Company A's being two black kids decorated with great bows of yellow ribbon, and Com-

pany B's a little Italian girl dressed in red, carrying a little red gun. At exactly half past two Company A assembled, and under the direction of Capt. Trowbridge, went through the drill in the midst of a cold drizzling rain, which, however, did not continue long. The drill of Company B, commanded by Capt. Cotton, followed, then that of Company C, under Capt. Houghton. All three companies did such good work that everyone was in doubt as to which of the two junior companies, A or B, the prize would be awarded. The sword squad composed entirely of the officers of the various companies, with Capt. Trowbridge in command, next did some very excellent work. After this followed the individual competition drill in the manual of arms by members of the junior companies; and then the competition bayonet drill by some of the senior company. The drill ended with the evening parade under Capt. Houghton as acting major. Then Major Seth A. Ranlett of West Newton, after a fitting speech, presented the prizes—marker flag to Company B; senior prize to Lieut. Eva S. Raymond, of Company B; honorable mention, 1st Sergt. Agnes E. Flaherty, Company B; 1st Sergt. Isabella C. Clemens, Company C; first junior prize to Helen Wiedenmayer, Company B; second junior prize to Ethel L. Gallagher, Company A; honorable mention, to Bessie S. Krag, Company B. The judges were Captain Bunnell of the U. S. A., and Captain Giles Bishop, U. S. V. The military men present spoke in the highest terms of the drill, and the cadets feel that all honor was due to their drill-master, Lieut. Ranlett.

June 2. A party of girls, accompanied by Mr. Winslow, went by barge to the famous Hunnewell Gardens. On the way they drove through the grounds of Wellesley College, stopping at College Hall and the new chapel. On arriving at Mr. Hunnewell's estate, the girls left the barge and walked through the gardens, admiring the rhododendrons and the tint of beautiful azalias. These last were in full bloom, but unfortunately the rhododendrons were just beginning to blossom, so that the girls had only a suggestion of what they must be in their full glory. The party passed Mr. Hunnewell's beautiful house and Italian garden, then through the green-houses, and out to the barge by another gate, feeling as if they had had a glimpse of the grounds of some old Italian palace. From there the girls went to South Natick, where they saw Harriet Beecher Stowe's house, and visited the museum, where they were shown many interesting things connected with Mrs. Stowe's book, "Oldtown Folks." Then the party turned toward home, all having greatly enjoyed the drive, and wishing to make a longer visit to the Hunnewell Gardens at some future time.

June 4. Dr. Gallagher took a party of thirteen girls to Plymouth. Although it was slightly cloudy in the morning, it soon cleared, and was an ideal day for the trip—clear and not too warm. The girls had an early breakfast, and after putting up their lunches, started on the 8.03 train. Of course the chief object of interest was the old Rock itself, but Forefathers' Monument, the old burial ground, the old papers filed at the Court House, and the relics gathered together in Pilgrim Hall, all came in for their share of attention. They drank, too, from the spring from which Elder Brewster used to get his supply of water. Through the kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Douglass, friends of the Seminary, the girls ate lunch at their home. A very pleasant half hour was spent after lunch in looking over the curios which Mr. and Mrs. Douglass have collected from many different countries. The party

reached the seminary at about six, and although some of the girls were disappointed to find that Plymouth Rock was rather smaller than they had expected, still all agreed that it had been a very pleasant day, and that they felt better acquainted with the Pilgrim Fathers than before.

June 6. On this afternoon, Mr. Bragdon took a party of girls to see the new steamship "Saxonia" of the Cunard line, which was at the dock in East Boston. It is a new ship, weighing 14,000 tons and measuring 600 feet in length. The party was fortunate in having a guide who showed them around the ship, explaining the uses of the machinery and other things, which those who had never been on a sea voyage knew nothing about. They visited the first, second class, and steerage quarters. The first class quarters are all that could be desired for comfort, and although the second class rooms are not so elaborately furnished, they equal the first class in comfort and cleanliness. After visiting the saloons, dining rooms, and state rooms, the girls went through the kitchens, which are thoroughly furnished in every detail, and then went to the engine rooms. Here we saw how the great ocean steamers are propelled through the water. After a visit of about an hour and a half the party returned to school.

June 12. This was the last chapel held, and every one felt the solemnity of the occasion. The first surprise was the exhibition of the class picture which was so artistically framed, and the likenesses of the class members were very good. Above it the 1900 banner hung, every class has one, but this one was unusually pretty. On the other side was the picture of Joseph Jefferson, presented by him to the class. The prizes for the best loaf of bread were then awarded, which resulted in Miss Isabella Cumming Clemens of Pottsville, Penn., receiving the first, and Miss Annie Emma Ives of Meriden, Conn., the second. The certificates in organ-playing, book-keeping, and cooking, were given to the following:

CERTIFICATED IN ORGAN PLAYING.

Alice Maude Ashley,	Norwood, N. Y.

CERTIFICATED IN BOOK-KEEPING.

Rebecca Wright Taylor,	Sewickley, Penn.

CERTIFICATED IN COOKING.

Alice Maude Ashley,	Norwood, N. Y.
Isabella Cumming Clemens,	Pottsville, Penn.
Ella Brooks Cotton,	Omaha, Neb.
Mary Houghton,	Red Oak, Ia.
Anne Emma Ives,	Meriden, Conn.
Katherine Ellene McCoy,	Kane, Penn.
Florence Pooler,	Wellesley, Mass.
Elsie Boardman Reynolds,	E. Haddam, Conn.
Katharine Vaughan White,	Parkersburg, W. Va.
Florence Benton Wilber,	Peoria, Ill.

—Katharine Mc Coy did a fine piece of work calling for the skill, both of the draughtsman and the surveyor, in that neatly-framed plan of the seminary grounds which occupied a place of honor on the chapel platform this Commencement season. It is well worthy of praise for neatness and accuracy. This is a new departure for the class in surveying, and speaks unmistakably of painstaking and intelligent work.

Rooms Left in Very Good Condition.

No. 8. Misses Winn and Frisbie.
15. Miss Stilson.
18. Misses Talcott and Whitney.
22. Misses Knowlton and Fuller.
24. Misses La Selle and Salisbury.
28. Miss Pinkham.
31. Misses Fry and Metcalf.
33. Miss Jenckes.
38. Misses Campbell and Wells.
48. Miss Friedeborn.
54. Miss Butler.
58. Misses E. Harris and Plum.
65. Misses Smith and Robinson.
14. Misses Warren and Duncan.
16. Misses Piper and Rodgers.
19. Miss Kimball.
27. Misses K. White and A. Taylor.
55. Misses M. Harris, E. Chase and L. Chase.
56. Miss Peycke.
62. Misses Hutchins and McCoy.

ANNEX.

No. 9. Misses Howes and Hayden.

The Commencement Season Opened With the Banquet to the Seniors.

THE annual Commencement banquet given by the Lasellia Club and S. D. Society to the seniors was held Friday evening, June 8, and was by all pronounced a brilliant success. The members of both societies, with the guests of the evening, assembled in the parlors, proceeding thence to the dining-room, which was beautifully and tastefully decorated with carnations, the class flower, ferns and smilax. The large pillars were twined with smilax and set here and there with carnations, and the tables, also, were adorned with the same. On entering the dining-room they were met by Misses Gurley, Taylor, Jenckes, Spalding, Hill, and Talcott, who seated them. The table was in the shape of a cross, at the opposite ends of the long arms of which facing each other sat the president of the senior class, Miss Katherine White, and the toastmistress, Miss Madora Marsh; while at the ends of the shorter arms were the presidents of the two societies, Miss Julia Cox, S. D., and Miss Sue T. Lair, Lasellia. At each place was a dainty menu card, and a carnation. The girls looked their prettiest, and a very happy evening was spent in enjoyment first of the bountifully provided delicacies, and afterwards of the spicy after dinner speeches and toasts. A considerable number of the old girls were present, together with several hononary members of the societies.

The menu was as noted below:

Consommé.

Pimolas. Olives.

Salted Almonds.
Escaloped Fish.
Cucumbers.
Pineapple Sherbet.
Waldorf Salad.
Sultana Roll.

Fancy Ices. Strawberries and Cream.

Assorted Cake.
Coffee.

Roquefort Cheese. Water Crackers.

* * * *

The after dinner program was as follows:

Lasellia President's Welcome, *Miss Lair.*
1900, *Miss White.*
"The Elixir of Life," *Miss Wilbur*
Song, *Miss Priscilla White.*
To the Survivors of the Lasell Fire, *Miss Kothe.*
"One may live without friends,
One may live without books,
But civilized man cannot live
Without cooks," *Miss Chase.*
All Sorts and Conditions of Men, *Miss Porter.*
Ten years from Now, *Miss Bailey.*
Farewell, *Miss McCarthy.*

The Baccalaureate Sermon.

ONE could never have wished for a more delightful Baccalaureate Sunday than was June tenth. So thought we of Lasell and our guests as we walked in a body to the Congregational Church, where the service was held. There the flags and the class banner and the flowers, which were exceptionally beautiful, made indoors as attractive as was nature outside, and the perfection of conditions was reached. At the church, the faculty and seniors occupied the middle front pews, while in those next back sat the juniors and the other girls who form the school at present. Former students and the invited guests sat on either side of the center.

The sermon was preached by the Rev. Everett D. Burr, D. D., formerly pastor of the Ruggles Street Church in Boston, now of Newton Center. He was assisted in the service by Rev. Mr. Worth and Rev. Mr. Southgate, both of Auburndale. The subject of the sermon was, "The Divine Law of Life," and the text was taken from John 12:25—"He that loveth his life shall lose it; and he that hateth his life in this world shall keep it unto life eternal."

Dr. Burr said, in part, that Jesus enunci-

ates this principle, this divine law of life, on several occasions. Hence, we believe that He thought it of vital importance, as regnant in life as He saw it. All that life evolves is not a ready-made product, but a result of processes. If the garners are full at the end of the harvest, it is because labor has been expended from the time the seed was put into the ground until the reaper did his work. To restate this principle, it is the law of cause and effect. We obtain power by harnessing the forces of sea, atmosphere, or earth. The law has a wide application in the physical world, and in the Master's kingdom must not be considered inoperative. Jesus felt Himself a king, but did not submit to the processes of ordinary monarchs. His were those of real life. He did not look for popular enthusiasm; he disliked sensations, and instead of seeking these, gave His time to the individuals morally and physically needy with whom He came into contact. Jesus refused to make himself a worldly sovereign. The advancement of worldly empires is not the advancement of the Kingdom of God. This comes by the indirect processes of life. If this be true of the Kingdom of God, extensive, it is true of it also intensive.

The Greeks were believers in self-culture and self-enjoyment. Jesus was also a believer in self-culture; but He gives us a different idea from that previously held as to what true self-culture is, and shows us that real enjoyment comes from self-sacrifice. The law of life is stated in terms of death. This is not unnatural. The grain of wheat lies dead beneath the ground only to find liberty for that brighter bit of life under its husk which shall later bloom in the sun. It is only through death that the highest life may manifest itself. The seed dies before the plant can grow. The plant dies in giving life to bird or beast, which in their turn die that man may live; and man, when his time comes, leaves earth for his higher and better life.

Life is a sacred trust. Why should we limit it by selfishness in any of its forms? We should employ the larger processes. Education was once limited, but we have now learned to call in the aid of actual experience of heart, hand, and head, while gaining information. Our best knowledge is obtained by activity. How shall we know God? By the study of doctrine or creed? No; religion is life. We get it by working out truths and principles in every day experience. We are apt to indulge ourselves in morbid sentiments. Emotion is vital energy, a secondary result of processes. Great waves of feeling do not mean the experience of religion, happiness; this would not be philosophic in Christians; but let us provide conditions of happiness, and delight will result. He that willeth to know his own will, will know. Although we want peace and joy, we too often deny and defy this law by which alone they can be realized.

What is true of knowledge on the moral side and of emotion on the æsthetic, is true of the cultivation of character. How can this be obtained? By the same law of indirection. Jesus chose twelve men, and by changing for eleven of them, their conception of the laws of life changed the conditions of life over the whole earth. He never presented the cross to them as a doctrine or dogma, but as a discipline, a life-process of self-abnegation and self-sacrifice. He taught that the greatest are the humblest, and that where life is selfishly saved, the soul is lost. We have woven too much romance around the cross, the symbol of holiest and highest life. Jesus never asks anyone to cling to the cross, as is sometimes represented. He tells us to *bear* it. Do not be mislead by the traditions of the ages.

There is no satisfaction in being told by others that our sins are wiped away, when we feel, despite the telling, that our souls are out of harmony with God. So we have spoken of the divine law of life as applied to knowledge, emotion, and cultivation of character.

How shall you and I have eternal life? By submission to ceremony? Jesus says, "Go, sell, give, come, follow me." We shall get eternal life through self-sacrifice, through death. This eternal life may be defined in terms of mind and spirit, for these persons having these like Christ's will have divine life. Jesus did not strive to fill heaven with people, but rather to fill people with heaven. This quality of life called endless, is itself life. Now He who came to the highest expression of divine life found in the cross His glory. The law of divine life bids us love God, serve Him, be happy, and become like Him by acting as He did. Through death we shall be conformed into His image, and by an inward process we shall be changed in heart.

To the class of 1900 the speaker said: "It is with great pleasure that I come here to speak to you to-day. You have had many opportunities in this school life which you are so soon to leave. You are going now into the school of life, one of discipline and full of holy offices. Do not shrink from its processes; for in the cross will be your glory, and there are happier times to come. The butterfly that is helped out of its cocoon has no such beautiful colorings on its wings as has that one which has struggled to break through its confining web. You have seen the waters of the lakes resist going over the falls at Niagara, clinging as long as possible to the banks on either side. "Shall we be confined," they seem to say, "within the narrow channel of a river?" Go down beyond the rapids and listen to the happy and victorious songs of the same waters as they flow on to the sea, turning the wheels as they go, and hastening to the sunlit ocean. They are but a picture of the larger lives to which you will address yourselves in life's larger disciplines. Our lives must go through the depths of the valley of service. Young women, let me charge you not to shrink from the difficulties of life, nor from its processes; but to make the divine law the law of your lives.

B. M. L.

The Commencement Concert.

ON Monday night occurred the Commencement Concert by the music pupils. The gymnasium was full, and every one seemed to enjoy to the uttermost the fine program that had been prepared for the occasion. The pupils did great credit both to themselves and to their teachers, showing how faithful and thorough had been the work of both. Professor Hills, Mr. Dunham, Miss White, and Mr. Goldstein, have just cause to feel proud of the advancement made. A number of outside friends were heard to remark on the excellent quality of this performance.

PROGRAM.

PART FIRST..

PIANOFORTE, Overture: The Merry Wives of Windsor, *Nicolai*
Misses E. Chase, Stone, Duncan and Wiedenmayer.

SONGS. (*a*) Time Enough *Nevin*
(*b*) Maiden, How Sweet
Miss Johnson.

ORGAN. Marche de Féte, *Claussmann*
Miss Ward. ....

CHORUS. Ave Maria, *Marchetti*
Choir Class.

SONG. Waltz Song (Romeo et Juliette) *Gounod*
Miss Cotton.

PIANOFORTE. "Un peu baroque." (Caprice) *Schutt*
Miss Cole.

SONG. The Quest, Eleanor Smith
Miss Winn.

PART SECOND.

CHORUS. Heaven, Smart

Choir Class.

VIOLIN. Fantasie, Op. 100. Scene de Ballet, *DeBeriot*

Miss Roby.

SONG. Song of Love, *Mrs. H. H. A. Beach*

Miss Flaherty.

ORGAN. Offertoire in D Minor, *Batiste*

Miss Ashley.

SONG. Summer, *Chaminade*

Miss Raymond.

PIANOFORTE AND ORGAN. Kamennoi Ostrow, *Rubinstein*

Misses Wiedenmayer and Walker.
Miss Byrnes, Accompanist.

Lasell Class Night.

THE Class Night exercises of the Class of 1900 were held in the gymnasium of Lasell at quarter of eight, on Tuesday of Commencement week.

When almost all the guests were seated, singing was heard, and a minute later the "grave and reverend seniors" attired in cap and gown, came marching into the room singing a humorous song, and carrying large gold stars to which were attached small toy wagons. On reaching the stage the class took its station on the platform, and the entertainment began.

The President's welcome by Miss Katherine White, was characterized by a tone of good will and cordiality. Miss Emilie Kothe next gave a very interesting roll call, making many bright hits on the peculiarities of different members of the class. When the name of Joseph Jefferson, the honorary member of the class was called, instead of his appearing in person, a large portrait of the famous actor, his own gift to the class, was brought forward and shown to the audience, amid great applause. The under graduates, especially those who were so soon themselves to be seniors, received sundry bits of profitable and wholesome advice concerning their duties and prohibitions. This was by Miss Blanche Gardener. The prophecy was illustrated by fine stereopticon pictures of the members of the class in the different stations of life which Miss Flaherty, the prophetess predicted for them. The Last Will and Testament was read by Miss Ella Cotton, and a very interesting one it proved to be, evoking shouts of laughter from all present. Miss Rhoda Porter then presented the school, in the name of the class, with a handsome cast of Luca della Robbia's "Singing Boys." The farewell was given by Miss Eva Raymond, and when she finished, moist eyes were the rule, and not the exception.

This closed the indoor exercises and now the class marched from the gymnasium to the front door where they were met by their "faithful supes," who were with lighted torches waiting to attend them in their further progress around the grounds. The first stopping place in their line of march was the small hill at the rear of the Seminary, where Miss Mary Houghton made an amusing speech to "The Naughty Ones," meaning the Class of 1901, who enjoyed greatly the good-natured hits made in it. The procession then went down to the front of the grounds where blazed the fire, and here, when they had taken position, Miss Edith Bailey gave a camp-fire talk, on the program entitled, "Smoky Mokes," and preliminary to the burning of the books which followed. This was the "last sad rite," after which the class, first sung Auld Lang Syne around their council fire, dispersed, to enjoy with their guests a pleasant social hour. It was a pretty sight to see all the gay young girls moving about here and there, with schoolmates, parents, and friends from outside, over the grounds which were beautifully illuminated with Japanese lanterns and electric lights, not to mention the moon in all her silvery glory; and it is

little wonder that it is to this festival of jollity that the school girls look forward most eagerly among all the pleasures of Commencement time at Lasell.

Class Song.

Rest ever, Lasell dear, upon thy green hill,
Rest ever, we'll sing thy praise with a will,
Our memory clings to thy sheltering walls,
And to the dear pleasures we've found in thy halls.

In years that shall come, as in those that are past,
For thee, O, Lasell, shall our love ever last;
And now as we leave thee, we'd fain have thee know,
What sorrows and sadness we feel as we go.

"Vincit qui se vinct," is in our motto to-day,
And we would remember its counsel alway;
Thus true to its teaching, our paths we'll pursue,
Having first conquered self, will all else then subdue.

That our class for thy glory some honor may win,
That thy bright spotless record may never grow dim,
That blessing on blessing be heaped upon thee,
Is the wish of the class of this great century.

Commencement Day.

COMMENCEMENT at Lasell! We all know what that means; throngs of visitors; troops of daintily dressed, attractive girls, chattering and merry; the library-table graced with the literary efforts of the graduating class; the class itself, soberly gowned in black, not so mirthful now, quite, as some time ago, but a trifle "teary round the lashes;" the long procession to the church, the delivery of the address, and presentation of diplomas; the appetizing lunch charmingly served by a bevy of young witches; lemonade in the hall below, trunks in the halls above, clothes, grimcracks, sofa-pillows, a marmalade of all sorts of girlish possessions; shutting of lids, snapping of locks, stern refusals to shut, the trunk remaining with its mouth open, grinning derisively at the unavailing efforts of six fat girls and one thin one heterogenously piled on top of it, groans, tears—Commencement Day!

This year the weather was as nearly perfect as is possible for weather to be; not hot, only warm, sunny, cloudless, with a welcome breeze from the east to make it just right. At 10.45 a. m. the school, forming in line, went to the Congregational church, where as is usual, the Commencement exercises were held. The Salem Cadet orchestra was in attendance, and played at intervals through the services of the hour. After prayer by the Rev. John Butler of Mexico City, the address of the day was made by the Rev. Wm. V. Kelley, D. D., of the *Methodist Review*. His theme was the important one of Individuality, and the discourse considered the nature of Personality, what it implies, the obligations it imposes, and the benefits it confers. Personality, said Dr. Kelley, is a great thing, because it means power; means citizenship, kingliness, obligation, responsibility, knowledge, unlimited possibilities, immense—nay, immeasurable reach and range of mind and spirit; means kinship with the Divine, and hence signifies man's ability to hold communion with God, from which spiritual intercourse, or prayer, he derives the greatest blessings it is possible for him to receive. Personality then means, chiefest of all, man's power and liberty to commune with the God of the universe. The class was exhorted to lay great stress upon personality, an exalted and consecrated personality; and to use this great power of prayer to the enriching and ennobling and making effectual of their lives.

The address concluded, Mr. Bragdon, after an interlude by the orchestra, and first making a few appropriate remarks, presented the class of fifteen with their diplomas. Then came congratulations, and the dispersion of the audience, most of them to the seminary lawn, there to enjoy the feast of good things prepared by Mr. Bragdon's generous hospitality for the school

and its guests on this occasion. Under a large white canvas tent stretched on the lawn below the Crow's Nest, were set some seven or eight long tables loaded with dainties; there were salads, sandwiches, biscuits, ham and tongue, coffee, ice cream and cake, luscious strawberries and other delicacies. The teachers, aided by the girls, who were remarkably deft and handy at this unaccustomed work, saw that the guests were well supplied with whatever they desired, and everything, to quote Howard Pyle, was as smooth as rich cream, thanks to good management. The lunch was at one o'clock, and such ample provision had been made that in an hour's time some three or four hundred people had been satisfactorily served with a good meal, and with not the least hitch or confusion visible. Then the girls and their friends, and the visitors in general, strolled about the grounds, or through the building,—all but those who attended the meeting of the alumnæ in the chapel at 2 o'clock.

This meeting Mrs. Parker, of Auburndale, class of '57, presided over, in the absence of Mrs. Conant, the president. There was no program of exercises, as is usually the case; but the meeting was devoted to the discussion and transaction of business. The question of the proposed endowment fund for Lasell, and that of Carpenter Hall, were discussed; the members of the newly graduated class were welcomed into the Association; and officers for the ensuing year were elected. These were as follows: President, Mrs. Isabel Jennings Parker, '57; vice president, Miss Edith Gale, '89; secretary, Miss Grace Loud, '95; treasurer, Miss Ruth Rishell, '99. Mid-winter and June reunions. Committee.—Miss Jessie Macmillan, '82; Miss Mabel Lutes, '95; Miss Elsie Scott, '99.

Thus closed the more formal part of Commencement Day, but the guests lingered long; and there was for some time yet a pretty brisk demand for the delicious iced lemonade from the big punch-bowl in the hall. Upstairs packing was already going on, fast and furious; and no one who has ever wandered—nay, squeezed through the halls of a girls' boarding school at vacation time, when packing was the order of the hour, will ask any description of a scene baffling all power of description. You may imagine it.

The Rev. Mr. Butler, father of Evelina, one of our girls this year, presented the school with a fine Mexican flag, which Lasell is proud to add to her very creditable collection of national flags displayed in the gymnasium. The seniors, too, were the recipients, on Baccalaureate Sunday, of a beautiful basket of flowers, which figured in the decoration of the church, and was given by Messrs. Freeman and Fletcher, Auburndale florists.

The juniors deserve especial credit and compliment for their tasteful decoration of the gymnasium on Class Day, and of the church on Baccalaureate Sunday, and on Commencement Day, as well as for the other work which they performed so well. Without their aid Commencement week would lose much of its beauty and charm.

COMMENCEMENT VISITORS.

Mrs. E. H. Bailey, Streator, Ill.; Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Flaherty, Massena, N. Y.; Mr. and Mrs. O. E. Crouch, Erie, Pa.; Mr. and Mrs. Chas. H. Gardner, Wilkes Barre, Pa.; Mrs. Joel S. Ives, Meriden, Conn.; Mrs. Herman Kountze, Omaha, Neb.; Mr. Geo. Kothe, Indianapolis, Ind.; Mrs. Sam Lapowski and daughter, Abilene, Texas; Mrs. Henry F. Lord, Irvington, N. Y.; Mrs. J. J. McCarthy and daughter, Austin, Ill.; Miss Cole, Chester, Ill.; Mrs. J. W. Porter, Port Huron, Mich.; Dr. Foster, president of Holly Springs University, Miss.; Mrs. Foster; Mrs. D. H. Scott, Paris, Texas; Hon. and Mrs. John W. Raymond, Salem; Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Ramsdell, Woburn; Mr. and Mrs. Fred'k F. Ward,

New Haven, Conn.; Mr. A. B. White, Parkersburg, W. Va.; Mrs. S. A. Talcott, Talcottville, Conn.; Mr. and Mrs. Wm. H. Yocum, Reading, Pa.; Mr. G. F. Washburn, of the Washburn Credit Co., Boston; Mrs. G. F. Washburn; Mrs. E. D. Leavitt, Butte, Mont.; Mrs. H. F. Bowland, New York; Mrs. F. D. Bratten, Waterbury, Conn.; Rev. J. W. Butler, Mexico City, Mex.; Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Robinson, Topeka, Kan.; Mrs. Frank P. Marsh, Providence, R. I.; Mrs. Wilson Reynolds, E. Haddam, Conn.; Mr. and Mrs. Myron H. Tarbox, Chelsea; Mrs. E. N. Thompson, Wareham; Gen. D. M. White, Peterboro, N. H.; Mrs. Henry A. Whitney, Boston Highlands.

FORMER PUPILS AT COMMENCEMENT.

Mary P. Jones, '56, Newton; Mary Shaw Rogers, '56, St. Louis, Mo.; Fanny Gray Merrick, '56, Walpole; Isabel Jennings Parker, '57, Auburndale; Charl A. K. Bancroft, '57, Wellesley; Adelaide Sears Gilman, '57, Newton; Susan Hall Blount, '60, Wellesley; Martha B. Lucas, '60, Boston; Angeline C. Blaisdell, '67, Auburndale; Fanny Barker Coffin, '68, Newton; Ellen W. Clark, '70, Cambridge; Nettie Holbrook Lathrop, '71, Elizabeth City, N. C.; Minnie E. Gilmore, '76, Cambridgeport; Lucy Curtis, '80, Rockland; Lillie R. Potter, '80, Boston; Jessie J. Macmillan, '82, Auburndale; Lillie M. Packard, '83, So. Boston; Marietta Rose Green, '86, Newton Highlands; Lizzie Burnham Lowe, '87, Essex; Sallie Head, '87, Hooksett, N. H.; Mary B. Hathaway, '88, New Bedford; Mary Cole Seaver, '88, Roxbury; Edith I. Gale, '80, Watertown; Nettie F. Woodbury, '91, Beverly; Alice E. Cole, '92, Chester, Ill.; Mary P. Witherbee, '92, Laurel, Del.; Jennie M. Arnold, '93, Peabody; Nellie M. Richards, '93, Groton; Bess C. Shepherd, '94, Boston; Grace E. Loud, '95, Everett; Mabel Lutes, '95, Indianapolis, Ind.; Mabel Sawyer Rogers, '95, Newton Centre; Mary B. Cruikshank, '96, Newton; Annie F. Cushing, '96, Foxcroft, Me.; Lestra M. Hibberd, '96, Richmond, Ind.; Martha A. Baker, '98, Port Antonio, Jamaica; Maude A. Mayo, '98, Foxcroft, Me.; Ruth K. Merriam, '98, Meriden, Conn.; Virginia C. Wilson, '98, Urbana, Ohio; Edith K. Allen, '99, Worcester; Emily A. Bissell, '99, Rockville, Conn.; Elsie Burdick, '99, Hartford, Conn.; Maude C. Case, '99, Highland Park, Conn.; Emma F. Cleaves, '99, Pigeon Cove; Mabel C. Currie, '99, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Carita L. Curtis, '99, Omaha, Neb.; Evelyn E. Ebert, '99, Kansas City, Mo.; Lorena M. Fellows, '99, Bangor, Me.; Florence Avila Grubbs, '99, Harrodsburg, Ky.; Alice Jenckes, '99, Nayatt Point, R. I.; Ethel A. Johnson, '99, Hallowell, Me.; Josephine E. Milliken, '99, Saco, Me.; Edith F. Moulton, '99, Salem; Helen Rishell, '99, Newton; Ruth Rishell, '99, Newton; Elise E. Scott, '99, Chestnut Hill; Mary B. Vance, '99, Cambridge; Ethel S. Walton, '99, Skowhegan, Me.; Gertrude Watson Linscott, '99, Woburn; Elinor K. Chamberlayne, Cazenovia, N. Y.; Hortense Watts, Sewickley, Pa.; Katharine McDowell, Medina, Ohio; Sallie Ellwood Wirt, Chicago, Ill.; Elsie Clarke, Fairhaven; May Merrill, South Framingham; Jessie Ball Rathbun, Grand Rapids, Mich.; Mabel Woodward, Batavia, N. Y.; Elizabeth Snow, Greenfield; Jennie Maxwell, Chicago, Ill.; Marion Stafford, Fall River; Corrinne Nickerson, Leominster; Margaret Tarr, Rockport; Elizabeth Ford, Rochester, N. Y.; Emeroy Ginn, Belfast, Me.; Frances Wood, Worcester; M. E. Ransom, Williamsport, Pa.; Edith Brodbeck, Hyde Park; Anna MacKeown Chase, Malden; Frances L. Gregg, Milton, Mass.; Emma Bacon Martin, Danbury, Conn.; Elsie Woodbury, Beverly; Marion Stafford, Sharon; Alice Ames, Spencer; May Stanley, Pawtucket, R. I.; Irene Wellington, No. Oxford; Lucy D. Harvey, Gloucester; Kate W. Bruce, Houlton, Me.; Annie Judson Hannigan, Cambridge; Gertrude P. Reynolds, East Haddam, Conn.; Clementina Butler, Newton Centre.

PERSONALS.

—Francis Barbour Sonntag writes of two of our girls now living in Chicago, Mrs. Arthur Eddy and Charlotte Mallory. Lu Orrell Eddy, she says, she has not yet seen.

—Announcement is made of the engagement of Lestra Hibberd, ('96), to Samuel Saxton, of Canton, O. The two met last December at Katharine Mc Dowell's. Lestra says that Ella Ampt is engaged to a doctor of Cleveland. (Send us the name, Ella). She, Lestra, and Marie Wilson, were last winter at Palm Beach, and met Carol Case in St. Augustine. Florence Ray, she says, is in Europe.

—Mabel Taylor, ('95), of Omaha, sent us kindly wishes for a good Commencement. It would have been all the brighter might we have taken Mabel by the hand again on that day; we wish to see her quite as much as she wishes to see us. She speaks of Martha Stone's wedding, then in prospect; of a call that she and Grace Allen made

upon Lily Tukey Morrison a few days before, and of their nice Lasell chat together. Alice Andreesen Kountze is now settled in her beautiful home. Gertrude Gleason Shepard, on her return from her wedding journey, will make Omaha her home, rather than Council Bluffs. Mabel's family are now in their new home, and enjoy the change greatly. They are but three squares from Martha Stone's home. Mabel is still a very truly loyal Lasell girl, if we may judge from her way of speaking of her old school.

—Julia Anderson, ('94), we are glad to learn, is at home once more after her tedious tarrying at the hospital. She is gaining, and feels very hopeful that now she will soon be completely well again. She mentions having had a call from Helen Gilbert, and an interesting letter from Carrie Johnson Miller, ('94). Mae Burr, she says, has written her of a projected trip to New York, to last several months.

—Kitty Tebbs, her grandparents, and her brother, are at home together again. She thinks they may come north for awhile during the summer.

—Jessie Ball Rathbone, (Mrs. Alfred Day Rathbone), was here one day with her mother, and her mother-in-law. We were glad to see them.

—Bessie Hayward, ('96), kindly sent us invitations to her graduating exercises at Boston University, June 6; and Zella Robinson, ('97), did us similar favor in regard to her graduation from the Ohio State University, June 10 to 13. We are proud of our girls who thus show their ability and ambition, and should have been glad to see both receive their parchments, had it been possible.

—Grace Allen, ('95), in a recent letter speaks with pride of the "Omaha senior" of this year's class, Ella Cotton, and says she's expecting to hear from her all the news of Commencement, once she gets back home again. Lasell days are still a pleasant memory to her. Elizabeth, ('98), still keeps up her music. Ura Kelley recently announced her engagement to a Lincoln gentleman. Mabel and Alice she, Grace. sees often. Lily Tukey Morrison and Mae Burr had called on her a few days before.

—Ethel Walton, ('97), is studying law.

—Fannie Gibson, Mrs. Woodbury, wife of the principal of the Academy at Fryeburg, Me., (Miss Barrows' home), has a charming child.

—The magnificent fern, which one saw in the front hall for the first time on Baccalaureate Sunday morning, was the generous gift of Mrs. Captain Tower, widow of a former President of the Board of Directors.

—Jessie Hill, here in '84, is living with her sister, Mrs. Henry King, in Pittsburg, Pa.

—Some of the girls gathered in the Chapel as used to be the custom, of late years intermitted somewhat, on the last Sunday evening of the year, for a sing. Evangeline Winn added to the enjoyment of the evening by two solos earnestly rendered, "O Rest in the Lord," from Elijah, and "He Giveth His Beloved Sleep."

—I went to see Elizabeth Eddy Holden to-day. Mrs. Eddy was there and her two children—friendly at once.

—Elizabeth Fleming, we hear, is shortly to be married, after which she will live in New Jersey. What her married name will be, we have not learned.

—Through Harriett Scott, ('94), we first had news of the death of Mrs. Alexander Hogg, Julia Hogg Powell's mother. Later

came more direct news from the family, with newspaper notices. Mrs. Hogg was ill, it seems, but one week, and though a great sufferer during her illness, died a serene and peaceful death. All the immediate family were at home when the great change came. It is sad, indeed, when the mother is taken away.

—Invitations have been received for Emma Hackett's graduation exercises at the Woman's Medical School, Northwestern University, June 14. We should be glad to be present on this occasion to see this former pupil and cherished friend of Lasell take her diploma.

—Alice Fuller, too, invites us to the Annual Exhibition of the work of the Pratt Institute students, but this also proved out of our reach, by reason of the time chosen. Alice, we believe, is to be among the graduates of Pratt this year.

—Elizabeth Warnock, ('94), has been traveling in the west, recently, with her sisters. On their return trip from California, Elizabeth wrote for the *Urbana Citizen and Gazette* an interesting travel-letter, descriptive of Salt Lake sights. We should like to print the letter entire, did space permit. Her father, Judge Warnock, has recently been nominated for congressman from the Eighth Congressional District, which occurrence was the occasion of a popular demonstration of pleasure that must have been very gratifying to the Judge.

—Mabel Case, ('94), whose wedding occurred on the seventh of this month, sailed with her husband for Europe two days later. They had in prospect a ten weeks' tour in England and on the continent, expecting, of course, to take in the Paris Exposition, and possibly Oberammergau, besides Milan, Florence, Venice, Switzerland, Munich, Heidelberg, Mayence, the Rhine-country, Cologne, Brussels, Antwerp; then back to London. What a delightful trip! All happiness to them.

—Carrie Kendall, ('98), thinks "Experiment Hall" a fine thing. She is now at home, having when she wrote, returned but recently from New York where she had been spending some weeks. While there she lunched one day with Edith Howe, ('97), seeing Emeline Carlisle, ('97), at that time; and at various other times saw Maria Coley, whose engagement to a Mr. Brown is announced, Katharine Pierce Martin and her husband, and Ruth Merriam, ('98).

—Emma White writes of busy hours brightened by a taste of home-life, for both she and Alice are now at home, in Wethersfield, although Emma's business is in Hartford. But the enjoyment of being in the country, and of seeing the dear home-flock more than compensates for the extra time it requires to get to her work in the morning. She manages to get opportunity for some enjoyment of play and concert now and then as she goes along, and speaks with especial appreciation of a musical evening given by the Hartford Philharmonic Society, which does excellent work, and of a Boston Symphony concert, the event of the season to Hartford music lovers. It is both pleasant and wise thus to vary one's work with recreations so really helpful and restful as these.

—Emma Peale Hollingshead, (Mrs. A. M. Hollingshead), is living at No. 141 Ashley street, Hartford, Conn. Ella Peale's address is still Hotel Majestic, N. Y. City.

—From Mary Packard Cass, ('89), we have received a photograph of two as bright and interesting little people as we have seen in a long while—Kingman Packard Cass, now a little over six, and William True Cass, Jr., one bright year old.

Belle Loudon Bragdon, of Pueblo, Colo.,

with three children is spending the summer with her mother, Mrs. Bemis, at 10 Central avenue, Winthrop Highlands, Mass.

Stories by our Annie Young, of the class of '97, are being published in the *Youth's Companion.*

Senior Song.

Fair ladies and good gentlemen,
Your attention kindly lend,
While we just sing a verse or two
Before our ways we wend.
We've been so very happy here
We hate to say good-bye;
And yet its very foolish—yes,
To wail and cry and sigh.
Therefore to do away with grief
We have decided quite,
That when you shall remember us
You'll think of our Class Night.

CHORUS.

When 1900 takes the front
In a manner quite genteel,
All say in speed we're hard to beat,
By even that famous automobile.
We hitch our wagons to the stars,
And around their orbits go.
You ask how we got up there so high.
You may guess; but you never will know.

So stately and so dignified,
We stand in cap and gown,
One hardly would dare to speak to us,
We claim such great renown.
Our brains are full of knowledge,
But our hearts are full of fun;
And we are sure that you'll approve
Of everything we've done.
We are a most progressive class,
Although our number is small.
The Naughty Ones can't equal us,
When they come back next fall.

CHORUS.

We've studied hard in literature
In the languages and art;
We've seldom said, "I'm not prepared,"
And to cut we've not the heart.
We've waded deep in mysteries
To find out why we be;
We've studied law and taken notes—
Oh! very faithfully.
If after what we've had to say,
You doubt what we can do,
Just read our essays carefully,
And then you'll all say, too.

CHORUS.

PASSED AWAY.

—Word comes to us of the bereavement of Julia Hogg Powell, her sisters, and father, in the death of Mrs. Hogg, wife and mother, a woman of rare qualities, and very tenderly beloved.

—Madame Elizabeth Gardner Bouguereau and her husband mourn the death of Adolphe Paul Bouguereau, M. Bouguereau's son, a young man of thirty-two.

—It is with sorrow and earnest sympathy with those who mourn her loss that we record the death, on June 2, of Mrs. Mary Bancroft Kendig, wife of the Rev. A. B. Kendig, D. D., and mother of our former pupils, Annie Kendig Peirce, ('80), and Carrie Kendig Kellogg, ('79). A woman of rare gifts and graces of character she was, and will be sorely missed.

MARRIED.

—Emma Peabody Choate to Herbert Chester Needham, on Thursday, April 12, at Brockton, Mass. They will live at No. 100 Lowell avenue, Newtonville, Mass.

—Gertrude Irene Gleason to Guy Connell Shepard, on Wednesday, May 9, at Council Bluffs, Ia. Home address: 1135 Park avenue, Omaha, Nebraska.

—Ella Dexter Brightman to Frank Barton Ricketson, on Wednesday, June 20, at New Bedford, Mass. Home address: 70 Mill street.

—Martha Blair Stone to Frederick Joseph Adams, on Wednesday, June 20, at Omaha, Neb.

—Beulah De Forest to William Howard Wright, on Tuesday, June 5, at Schenectady, N. Y.

—Mary Pierce Johnson, ('98), to Richard Merrill Whitney, on Wednesday, June 6, at Manchester, N. H.

—Nellie Daughenbaugh to Charles Fay Sperry, on Tuesday, June 5, at Des Moines, Iowa. Home address: Somers, Iowa.

—Laura Mabel Case to Joseph Nicholas Viot, on Thursday, June 7, at South Manchester, Conn.

—Sarah Ferris Coleman to John Ransom Bragdon, on Tuesday, June 26, at Pasadena, Cal. Home address after August 1, 70 South Madison avenue, Pasadena, Cal.

The first printing press in the United States was introduced in 1629.

Gymnasium Statistics.

AVERAGE	SEPT., 1899.	MAY, 1900.
Age,	18 yrs., 6 mos.	
Weight, lbs.,	110.16	119.46
Height,	5 ft., 3.26 in.	5 ft., 3.624 in.
Lung capacity,	143.36 cu. in.	163.18 cu in.
Strength of back,	91.21 kilos.	117.5 kilos.
Strength of chest,	28.47 kilos.	31.66 kilos.
Strength of r. forearm,	23.45 kilos.	25.45 kilos.
Strength of l. forearm,	20.13 kilos.	21.74 kilos.

Number of pupils incapacitated for gymnastic work during the school year, none.

Number of pupils in the gymnasium during the school year, 117.

STRONGEST PUPIL (May, 1900), MARION COLE.

Age,	17 years
Weight,	125 lbs.
Lung capacity,	165 cubic inches
Strength of back,	140 kilos
Strength of chest,	33 kilos
Strength of r. forearm,	31 kilos
Strength of l. forearm,	29 kilos
Height,	5 feet, 3.8 inches

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AVERAGE		AVERAGE GAIN.
Age,	20	
Weight,	122.6 lbs.	8.15 lbs.
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Lung capacity,	158 cu. in.	16 cu. in.
Strength of back,	108.66 kilos	26.66 kilos
Strength of chest,	29.66 kilos	4.4 kilos
Strength of r. forearm,	24.66 kilos	3.8 kilos
Strength of l. forearm,	19.73 kilos	3.6 kilos

Tallest pupil, 5 ft., 9.3 in., Miss Kendrick.
Heaviest weight, 187 lbs.
Lightest weight, 82.5 lbs.
Greatest gain in weight, 25.5 lbs., Miss Friedeborn.
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